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THE

JOHN BULL

MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY RECORDER.



VOLUME I.

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THE

JOHN BULL

Magazine.

VOL. 1. JULY, 1824. No. 1.

AN APOLOGY FOR A PREFACE.

We said in our advertisement, that prospectuses were merely humbug, and in that faith will we die. Take up the prospectus of any periodical work, great or small, and, after comparing its performances with its promises, ask yourself honestly, if we have not spoken the truth. Begin with the bulky Encyclopædia, with its hundred parts, and travel down to the dirtiest two-penny which serves to light your pipe, through all the realms, or, if it so please you, reams of magazines, reviews, gazettes, council of ten, album, athenæum, museum, *et omne quod exit in hum*. There, for instance, to begin with the beginning, honest Abraham Rees's Cyclopædia, which, at starting, confessed, what every body knew would be the case, that an alphabetical Cyclopædia of Arts, Sciences, History, Geography, Theology, and *omnia scibilia*, must of necessity be a heterogeneous hotch-potch, as it is, without order, arrangement, sense, or meaning; but, at the time of confession, promised in his *prospectus*, to make all clear and clean by an index, which promise, the worthy and venerable editor forgot to perform, thereby rendering his worshipful work a mess, like the old miser's soup in Old Mortality, where, after fishing for half-an-hour, you might have the good luck to fasten on a lump of something solid, lurking in the vast profundity of trash floating about it.

In like manner, Frank Jeffery, when he first started his concern in the North countrie, vowed, in his *prospectus*, that he would make his Review a perfect picture of all the extant literature of the kingdom. How has Francis, the little, redeemed his pledge? Why, by bringing out every quarter of a year a bundle of heavy essays, principally on politics, without at all minding what the reading and writing public are operating on; or else a handful of puffs on the volumes vented by Archibald Constable and Co., utterly regardless of the books imprinted by their brethren of the book-vending generation.

But we should fill our magazine chuckfull on this one subject, were we to proceed in this enumeration of the utter humbuggism of prospectuses, particularly of the Magazine people. They all promise vast erudition, agreeable information, unquestioned originality, decided impartiality; in place of all which, in nine cases out of ten, they display intense ignorance, gross stupidity, unlimited pillaging, and a fixed determination to vilify their personal enemies, and bedaub with puffery their personal friends. They are all to be conducted by men of eminent character, both in a literary and moral point of view, and, no matter how they may start, you may be pretty certain that, before the end of six months, they fall into the hands of some obtuse plebeian, who cannot write three lines, and who has taken up that trade out of confessed inability to conduct any other. Now we, on the contrary, have promised nothing—absolutely nothing—therefore, reader, whether thou beest gentle or ungentle, you cannot accuse us of unduly raising your

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expectations, or extorting your shilling out of your breeches pocket on false pretences. Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he will not be disappointed. If you have expected any thing, blame yourself for the disappointment, for we have not given any reason whatever for your aspirations.

For this, you may be assured, we have reasons good. One of the principal of which is, that we do not well know, in our own mind, what is to be the exact line we mean to adopt. We shall just float down the stream as merrily and as carelessly as we can, writing straight a-head whatever enters our cerebrum, or cerebellum, or whatever other part and portion of us is endowed with the thinking faculty. *Vogue la galere tant qu'elle pourra voguer!* If we be wise one month, we shall be foolish the next three—if stupid, as we rather imagine we are this month, better days will dawn upon the intellectual faculties of our readers in the next. Against one thing shall we wage war—war, fierce, turbulent, no-quarter-giving—against HUMBUG. That elderly gentleman shall have no favour in our eyes; no matter in what harlequin jacket he may think proper to array himself. Whether he appear rigged out as patriot or critic—saint or sinner—wit or ass, it is all one; we shall most unrelentingly expose him whenever he happens to fall in our way.

As for Balaam, a word, for the invention of which the Rev. Mr. North, of Edinburgh, cannot be sufficiently extolled; it is entirely out of the question, but that we must have our natural share of *that*. Like the atmosphere, it surrounds all periodical works; we cannot breathe but we suck it in. And why not? Is there any act of parliament against any man's writing nonsense, and that too of the most conspicuous kind? Forbid it, Heaven! It would be a most suicidal act, if any such existed, for it would cut the throats of nine-tenths of the proceedings of our lords and masters in the houses above and below. But though thus perfectly convinced of the intense necessity of Balaam, yet we shall most decidedly discharge from our pages all such matter as is avowedly and unblushingly so. Avaunt, therefore, Commercial Reports, Agricultural ditto, Medical ditto. Away with Lists of Bankruptcies, Promotions, Preferments, with announcements of Births, Deaths, and Marriages; with Provincial Occurrences, whether arranged geographically in the style of Sir Richard Phillips, or after the good dame-school process of the alphabet, as is the mode of Cyrus Redding, Commander-in-chief of the small text of Colburn, Saunders, and Ottley's Magazine. Those who are concerned in farming, buying, or selling, or speculating—those who are looking after the loaves and fishes, the shoulder-knots and epaulettes, the coifs and wigs, the lawn-sleeves, or shovel-hats, of this world, do not need the slow-coming, snail-pace, once-a-month, heavy waggon of a magazine, to inform them of what guides or regulates these momentous matters, when they have the bang-up-four-in-hand fly-a-way, smacking and dashing on every side of them in the shape of newspapers, brimful of such intelligence, morning and evening. The births, marriages, and deaths of those whom it most concerns us to know about, are ticketed and labelled in their own appropriate repositories, as peerages, baronetages, &c. except the deaths of men conspicuous in their generation for mind in any of its varieties, who, indeed, rarely appear in the above receptacles, and *they* have their peculiar mummy-cases, in the shape of quarto, octavo, or duodecimo memoirs, published by mourning friends, in honour of the deceased, and out of compliment to the coin of the bibliopolists. As for provincial affairs, synopses of intelligence, or by whatever other name the stupid things are called, what do we, living in the polite regions of Smithfield, care about such barbarian matters? What do we want to know, for instance—that the wiseacres of Wisbeach were deep in deliberation on the propriety of building a bridge at Long Sutton Wash?—A fact stated in all the glory of leaded brevier in the two hundred and eighty-sixth page of the forty-second number of the New Monthly Magazine? By abstaining from such stuff, we save our readers—a thing, good readers! not to be despised—the expense of at least sixteen, perhaps, twenty additional pages.

As for politics, however,—but we reserve our resolves on that head, deep buried in the profundity of our own ample bosoms.

Now, we had no more notion of writing any thing like a prospectus, when we began this essay of ours, than we had of going with Captain Parry to flirt with Iligluik, the Eskimaux belle—and yet we have written one after a sort.

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After a sort we may say, for we own we never had any chance of shining in the art of prospectuses. If any lady or gentleman wish to see a prospectus, let him or her read over the modest and pathetic appeal to the public, lately set afloat by Mr. Mc Dermot, of the European—the New Old European, we mean—in which every thing is superb. He assures you, that he is himself clever—his articles clever—his men clever—his *tout ensemble* clever. He informs you that he has chosen himself editor, in consequence of the vast talents he found that he had displayed in writing some metaphysics for the playhouse, which he had the rare merit of reading—and promises that he will, every month, give you a chapter, on a fresh poet, and fix his place for ever in the literature of the country. There's a conspicuous Celt for you! We doubt if there be a finer at the door of any snuff-shop in the metropolis.

But even he is eclipsed by the coming glories of the European Review; to be edited in Bayswater, and published by Pouchée, in Covent-Garden Market. This is truly the prince of all possible prospectus-writing. It starts well. It is the European Review, or MIND, AND ITS PRODUCTIONS IN BRITAIN, FRANCE, ITALY, GERMANY, &c. —which, &c. means all nations in the world. In this is to be found "*all* the intellect of the continent as it were in *deposit*." A pretty pawn-broking phrase, which is corroborated by the assertion that "the most distinguished men of Europe have *pledged* to it their genius." Statesmen best acquainted with the court, the cabinet, and the country, are to write its politics—and its literature is to exhibit the sum total of intellectual and social advancement, during the gradual progress of the year. There is to be in it no pedantry, no dryness, no want of talent, discrimination, nor courage, as in all other books. Nothing can be more beautiful than the *naïve* simplicity with which the capacity of executing all these fine things is taken for granted—or than the noble jolter-headed manner in which the editor divides all arts and sciences for the better conduct of his five-shilling deposit for the pledged genius of Europe. The arrangement of Bacon, he observes, though admirable for the time in which he lived, is full of errors—the table of D'Alembert, even after the lapse of *some centuries*, (D'Alembert lived and died in the *next century* to Bacon,) was but a copy of Bacon's. And, under those circumstances, he proposes his arrangement. It is oracular and mystic. It puts us in mind of an orphic rhapsody on the prima stamina of the universe.

General Enumeration of the Bayswater Review's intended Contents.

"PRINCIPLES of all things—ELEMENTS which these *principles* originate—BEINGS which these *elements* form—ORGANS which these *beings* develope—WANTS which these *organs* experience—SIGNS which these *wants* excite—SOCIETIES which these *signs* produce—COUNTRIES which these *societies* inhabit—EARTH which these *countries* compose—PLANETARY SYSTEM to which this *earth* belongs."

Which general arrangement is followed by a minute sub-division into half a hundred heads, according to which hydra, the great critics of Europe will regulate this immortal work!

After this he need hardly have told us, that universal conclusiveness is the first characteristic of his forthcoming Review. We fear, however, it will never appear at all—we fear it, we say, for it holds forth all the promise of being the most splendid of butts.—

But we are wasting our time.—

Therefore, no longer we'll keep you a waiting,
Filling our columns with prefaces dull;
Let's rather drink, without further debating,
Success to our new Magazine, the John Bull.

Join in the toast we are merrily drinking,
Heaping your glasses, we charge you, brim-full;
We don't allow any scrupulous shrinking,
When we drink to our new Magazine, the John Bull.

Long may it flourish, all humbug despising,
Laughing at blockhead, ass, goose, and num-scull;
Honouring talent, good fellowship prizing,
So success to our new Magazine the John Bull.

What, then, shall we begin with?—Why any thing. Here is a lump of a story from Ireland—So let us, in the name of Bœotia, begin with that. Both Blackwood's and Colburn's last Magazines began with Irish affairs, and as it is evidently voted that they should be the regular bores of all good society, why should not we too open with number one of a dull series of—

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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF IRISH LIFE.

No. I.—The Chaired Orator, and the Purplemen.

[In the following sketch, for a story is hardly aimed at, it is endeavoured to give the feelings and arguments of the different violent parties in Ireland as they exist at present. Those who know that country, will perceive that no individual character is intended in any part, though they may recognize traits common to many leaders of the several factions. The ground-work of the story has some foundation in fact.]

Introductory.

I do not remember where I saw it remarked, but I certainly have seen it somewhere, that the natives of the Gothic race, actuated by a spirit of union, went steadily forward to their great object of subjugating countries and founding kingdoms; while the Celts, fierce and disunited to the last, were no sooner established any where, than they turned their arms on one another in savage civil war, and were consequently driven by external foes gradually into the holes and corners of Europe, the mountains of Biscay, the fastnesses of Bretagne, the highlands of Scotland, the hills of Wales, the morasses and forests of Ireland. There has been, I know, much disputation, much ink-shed, and I believe some blood-shed, as to the filiation and the superior claims of their races. I feel little interest in the quarrel, but assuming the hypothesis, which makes the aborigines of Ireland Celtic, the character of pugnacity is fully borne out by their proceedings. There is, as we all know, one grand feud of Protestant and Roman catholic, dividing the population into two great classes. It is only the representative of the feud between English and Irish-mere; and had the reformation chanced to have taken a different course, had England remained in the pale of the Romish church, the quarrel would be just going on in the same way as it is now. Indeed, it is probable, that the mob of Ireland would be at present ultra Protestant.

But besides this feud, there are a thousand others, incident to a demi-civilized state of society. In almost every parish, there is a hereditary quarrel handed down from time immemorial, between families of names of discordant barbarity. Driscoll fights Sweeney; Slattery is pitched against Shaughnessy; Connell is ready to hoist cudgel against Scully, all over the land. If you seek the cause of dispute, you may be told that Scully's grandfather had murdered Connell's grand-uncle, or ravished his grandmother; but most probably you will be answered, that nobody knows why they fight, but it is an old fashion of the families, which it would be a shame to give up. Among the higher classes, the national disposition is of course curbed by the forms of polished society; but even there, it is visible in the extra number of duels, the fierce contentions at public dinners, the angry personal denunciations in speeches and pamphlets, which are almost peculiar to Ireland. Even the labourers in the same vineyard cannot agree to carry on the work in harmony. So long ago as the days of the martyr Charles, Ormond strenuously advised that the Roman Catholics should be allowed to meet, because he asserted, from his own long experience of them, that they could not come together without quarrelling, and his assertion was verified by the result. In our time, the Catholic body was shaken to its centre, by a division about the policy of allowing the crown a control over the nomination of their prelates, or, as it was called, the Veto. The more moderate party, anxious principally for the acquisition of civil rights, were willing to grant it: the more zealous, including the chief orators of the sect, the priests, and consequently the mob, clamoured that it would be an invasion of the unity of the church, and an abomination not to be tolerated. There was an immensity of angry discussions on the subject, and the Vetoists and Anti-Vetoists hated for the moment one another more cordially than they did the common enemy.

The Veto Row.

It was during the heat and fervour of this feeling, that an aggregate meeting was called in the city of ———; the object of which was, to petition Parliament for the removal of the remaining enactments of the penal code. In that rich and populous city, the upper classes of the Roman Catholics were almost without exception Vetoists; the mob, as I have already said, were there, as everywhere else, enlisted warmly on the other

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side. The Vetoists had formed a local board, from which this meeting emanated. It was, therefore, expected that they would have had every thing their own way. A gentleman of immense wealth, and considerable talents, was chosen for the chair; the resolutions intended to be prepared, were carefully and cleverly written, with what appeared to them a due mixture of firmness and moderation: and the most respectable men of the party were primed with speeches, intended, by an innocent deception, to pass for extempore. No difficulty was apprehended. But alas, as in true love, so in politics, the current can seldom be got to run smooth. The mob leaders had determined that Vetoism should not be the order of the day. This determination, however, they kept in a great measure to themselves. Their resolutions were composed in secret conclave, by the select few; the newspapers in their pay, uttered only indistinct murmurs; the priest from the altar muttered merely vague insinuations of the dangers of the church. Underhand, every thing was organized with a skill invigorated by fiery zeal, and rendered dexterous by continual practice. The Vetoists knew nothing about it, and went on with their preparations. They provided a spacious building capable of containing some hundreds, for they knew enough of the state of public feeling not to trust themselves to an exhibition *al fresco*, and they determined on filling it exclusively with their friends. When the day arrived, they succeeded in this object, and the meeting, with scarce any exception, was composed of partizans of Vetoism.

The business of the day had begun. The chair was taken; the opening speech, dwelling on the grievances under which the Catholics laboured, their undeviating loyalty, their devotion to the laws, their determination to act as peaceable members of society, without resorting to any agitating measures, and other similar topics, was making; when a horrible clamour outside interrupted all the proceedings. It was a jubilant shout, raised by the mob, which had gathered in some thousands about the place of meeting, on the arrival of a priest, whose intense zeal in the cause, and powers of popular eloquence, had made him a great favourite with the rabble. He was not long idle. "What," said he, "is the meaning of all this? Who are these people, who have taken it upon them to represent this populous and important city? Is there a man among them whom you would trust? I vow to Heaven, not one.—No, I repeat it—not one!" The cry was echoed by the crowd. "No! No!" they roared forth—"not one! down with them, down with them." "Patience, my friends," said the speaker; "Patience! let us have no violence. Is it to be endured, that they, corrupt fawners on our oppressors, lickspittle lacqueys to the ascendancy men, whose game they are playing, are to pass milk-and-water resolutions, bowing down before our tyrants, and begging with cap in hand for the indisputable rights to which, as men, as Irishmen, we are entitled? Not it." Again arose the echo. "Not it—not it," was shouted by a thousand voices. "Turn them out—knock them to the devil." "Wait awhile, my friends," continued the priest, "wait awhile. You know Counsellor —— is in town; he told me that the moment he could get out of court, where he is this instant defending a poor man, of whom the Orange magistracy are anxious to make a victim, he would be here." This was *ben trovato*. The generosity of the popular barrister, rescuing a poor man from the fangs of ravenous orangism, was irresistible. It raised him fifty degrees in the estimation of the auditory; to whom the priest said nothing of the three guineas, which the generous lawyer pocketed on the occasion.

Here another orator presented himself; he was a man of gigantic stature, a noticeable fellow of thews and sinews, who was ever prominent in promoting a row. "Why then," said he, "it will be a pretty joke, to bring the counsellor here when all is over. The fellows inside are as cunning as foxes, and will pass their vagabond resolutions now in double quick time. The sneaking rascals will print them in the papers, as the proceedings of the Catholics of the city, and the d——d orangemen will chuckle at having nicked us. Who will back me in collaring the turnspit in the chair inside, and shaking the liver out of him?" A unanimous burst of approbation assured the speaker that he would not be deserted in his laudable attempt. A grim smile passed over the murky countenance of the priest, on seeing that what he desired was thus to be accomplished without compromising him. He put in, however, a faint caveat in favour of moderation, which was drowned in the tumult of the now excited mob. A

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desperate rush was made at the gates of the building, which those inside had hastily closed when they perceived the violence of the crowd; and a simultaneous attack was directed on all sides at the windows. In a moment, the doors were torn from the hinges, and the multitude rushed forward to dislodge the former occupants. They, alarmed even for life, fled as well as they could through a large window in the rear; or, mingling with the invaders, gave up the contest. At the side-windows, where the narrowness of the entrance gave the minority some chance of contending against superior numbers, the Vetoists shewed fight, and in some instances they succeeded in making their ground good. But the rush through the door overpowered them, and their partial success did them no farther service than to secure them an additional sallyport or two of retreat. The scene of tumult was vivid. In every corner was miscellaneous fighting, and the house rang with the cries of rage, exultation, or pain; with huzzas, yells, oaths, and execrations. Black eyes, bloody noses, and broken bones, were there in plentiful abundance; happily, however, no lives were lost. The struggle did not last two minutes; a panic had seized the Vetoists, and *sauve qui peut* was soon the order of the day. The benches, platforms, hustings, and all the paraphernalia of public meetings, which they had erected, were torn down, and converted into weapons of offence against themselves; and the brawny orator, who had led forward the rabble, and done the cause some service in the fistic war, which ensued, rising upon the shoulders of his tumultuous associates, was proceeding to put his threat of collaring the chairman into execution. That gentleman had kept his seat unmoved during the disturbance, and now seeing the utter discomfiture of the project of his friends, had recourse to the only manœuvre that could at all get him out of the scrape, with even the appearance of decency. He rose, and by gestures, for no voice could be heard in the deafening clamour which raged around, supplicated for a hearing. Angry as the mob was, and flown with the insolence of victory over their superiors, his personal character and influence had considerable weight with their leaders, and a well understood signal from them lulled the multitude, after some indignant cries of contempt and hatred, into an unwilling silence. He took advantage of the pause, to declare the meeting adjourned, and made a hasty retreat through the window behind him, amid cries of "no, no, no adjournment; shame, shame," mixed with the most truculent hootings, and garnished by a flight of missiles, the fragments of the broken furniture. He escaped comparatively unhurt, rallied about a couple of hundred of his friends at a considerable distance from the scene of contest; marched them to a tavern, passed unregarded resolutions, and unavailing protests, and retired home to ruminate on the absurdity of men, who think of proposing half measures to an unreflecting populace.

Speeching and Cheering.

Meanwhile the victors were subsiding into order. Silence was obtained, and, after some difficulty, a gentleman was found hardy enough to preside. In order to accommodate all parties, a spacious breach was made in the wall, and in the opening was placed the chair.—By it was hastily thrown up a platform, on which the orators were to exhibit, so as to be heard by the crowd within and without. The arch-demagogue, the prime attraction of the day, did not however arrive for an hour, and the time was filled up by provincial performers, who tumbled through their periods for the diversion of the audience. These, however, kept carefully aloof from the grand common-places of the party, which were reserved for the chief ornament of the scene. When their prattle was getting generally voted tedious, a shout from the extremity of the crowd announced the arrival of the counsellor, and a lane was instantly made for his passage to the platform. He sprung up in a moment, and stood bare-headed and erect in the middle of applauding thousands. His cheek was pallid, but his eyes beamed with intense excitement. He looked round with a slow and steady glance, and threw back his ample shoulders to give full force to the words he was about to utter. His whole demeanour marked him a practised artist in addressing such a crowd as was around him. He bowed once or twice carelessly, and waved impatiently with his hand to check the thunders of applause. Loud and long did that thunder continue, nor was it checked by any other consideration than that it was hindering their champion from speaking. When the anxious ex-

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ertions of the chair procured order, the orator immediately began. "Gratified as he was (he said) by the flattering, unbought approbation of his suffering countrymen, yet he would not waste another sentence on the subject; his heart was too full of his country, her wrongs, and her sorrows, to leave room in it for a thought connected with so insignificant a being as himself. And, heaven knows, enough there is of bitterness in our situation to wring and sadden a heart like mine—Irish in every vein. Was ever a people so hapless as we? We are strangers in our native country. Helots in the fields over which our fathers swayed. Neither time, nor our loyalty of demeanour, nor our exertions in fighting the battles of the country with purse and person (it was in the height of the war against Buonaparte that this speech was made) nor our readiness to give every pledge which the *most lynx*-eyed investigator could demand, can make any impression on the minds of those whom their own baleful and bigoted passions and prejudices have arrayed in opposition to the millions of their countrymen. Year after year we are doomed to feel the bitterness of hope deferred. Year after year we have the same stale, and a hundred times refuted sophisms brought forward with unblushing effrontery to oppose our just pretensions. Can any man, who has the spirit of a man, put up with this? But it is said that we are clamourous—gentle souls! So it appears that we are to lie down without even the poor privilege of pigs *(a laugh)* without leave even to squall when our tormentors are plunging their knives into our throats. And again, there are agitators among us! agitators! aye, to be sure. I am an agitator—so I hope and trust are many whom I see around me. I hope that we will never cease to agitate and ruffle the slough of despond into which our enemies have cast us, until we emerge from its foul waters for ever."

This was a trope, or a figure—I do not know which—and, of course, was received with the applause, which is the regular tribute to trope and figure in Ireland. The orator went on. He spoke of the goodness of the Irish heart, the beauty of the emerald isle, the bravery of its sons, the chastity of its daughters. —He proved, to the satisfaction of his hearers, that Maida, and Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria, were won by the Irish Catholic, much in the same way that his brother Celt from Badenoch or Lochaber would prove that they were achieved by the unaided arms of the breeches-less heroes of the Highlands. He held up the Duke of Wellington as a model of ingratitude, for not supporting, in the Lords and the Cabinet, the cause of those men to whom *alone* he was indebted for the ducal coronet and the knightly garter. "Yet, in the army of this very man—I am sorry to say he is an Irishman, though happy to add, that his *Grace* has the *grace* to deny it—[hear, hear, and a laugh,]—though the bayonet is irresistible in the hand of a Catholic, the double epaulet of the major must not shine upon his shoulder. He may win his weary way up to the glorious privilege of commanding a company—though in practice even that paltry boon is but rarely conceded—but a regiment —What! a Papist, an Idolator, an Amalekite command a regiment! The idea would make every hair in my Lord Chancellor's wig, well arranged as it is, uncurl and stand up with horror. A Popish or Romish officer—they have a variety of pet names for us—is brave as his own sword—loyal, skilful, dashing, in all points of war, in all the pomp and circumstances of military glory, in all the regularity and etiquette of military discipline, absolute and perfect—he may be qualified to be a marshal of France—but a British major he must not be!—Why?—Is any fault found with his knowledge, his bravery, his honour, his birth, his loyalty? Oh! no—none whatever. What then is his crime? —He believes that the blessed Virgin—glory to her name—[here he blessed himself, and the crowd bowed in reverence]—he believes, I say, that the Virgin Mary is mother of God, and, *therefore*, be he brave, be he all that can be said or sung in praise of a perfect soldier, he dies a subaltern!"

Tumultuous uproar of applause followed this sentence. Many minutes elapsed ere order could be at all restored. The cheek of the orator was now flushed, and his eye blazing when he got through the next period. He went over the different professions—how the Catholic could not rise in the navy, though he might direct the thunders of the British oak with unerring intrepidity—how parliament was closed against him, and open to mutton-pated people, whose sole merit was hatred of the majority of their countrymen—how the nobility of Howard, the antient

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fame of Talbot, the active loyalty of Kenmare, the baronial ancestry of Clifford, were all equally unavailing to seat them with their peers—" or to come to matters nearer home, long standing at the bar, extensive practice, some degree of knowledge, at least of experience, unimpeached integrity, must be contented with a gown of stuff—don't laugh, gentlemen; it may appear matter of form—but it is matter of substance—in my case it might make a difference of a thousand a-year—while insufficiency, inferior standing, ignorance, and want of public respect, figures away flauntingly in a gown of silk. And why—why, I ask, is the hardy sailor, the man of wealth or talent, the high-born lord, the learned lawyer kept from their stations—no impeachment is on their honour, no tache on their blazonry, no doubt of their powers—but they hold by the faith of their ancestors, they believe in the creed of the majority of the civilized world—they believe that the Blessed Virgin [another blessing, and another responsive reverence from the multitude,] is worthy of honour. There is their crime—we all know what is its punishment." [*Applause.*]

He had now fairly worked himself into a passion, and began to rage. He went into a history of the penal laws, from the treaty of Limerick to the moment he was speaking. He reminded his audience how the Catholic priests had been hunted down like wild beasts—a price fixed upon their heads—their churches, or, as they were insultingly called, their mass-houses closed—how the layman had been deprived of arms, aye, even of a fowling-piece, to pursue the game over the lands of his ancestors—how a papist dared not ride on a horse of the value of five pounds—how children had been set against parents by a lure to their cupidity—how the youthful progeny of the poor had been dragged away from them, to be inclosed in seminaries of proselytism—how every thing, in short, which could be said or feigned of all former persecutions of the church, had been enacted in tenfold ferocity against the unfortunate Irish. "Yes, my friends, and fellow-sufferers, former persecutions, those of Nero and Diocle-sian, were less cruel than those of our English oppressors. These pagan princes, it is true, cut off by fire and sword the holy martyrs of the church; but they did not wage war on a whole people a people. Where the sword smote there the victim died, and there was an end. But, in our case, we were submitted to the process of lingering death: we were roasted at a slow fire. Like the tyrants of old, they bound our living bodies to the dead carcase of a treaty putrefying in their corruption. [A trope Hibernian—and, of course, followed by immense applause.]

"Gentlemen, [there were not fifty coats whole at the elbows in the multitude, but, nevertheless, they were ex-officio gentlemen: though it would have been hard to deduce their title to the name, either from their gentleness or gentility.] Gentlemen, it is vain for us to conceal from ourselves the miserable fact of our horrible degradation. We *are* slaves. We dare not speak." To corroborate this fact of their slavery and silence, a tumultuous shout

—That rent heaven's concave and beyond,
Frighted the Vetoists—

arose, denouncing vengeance against the ascendancy, and the bloody Orangemen. When it subsided, the counsellor continued,—"Yes, gentlemen, we dare not whisper above our breath. The intrusive novelty of this three hundred year old church—this mushroom of yesterday—must not be muttered against. Well, be it so. It shan't be so long. The ranks of the establishment are scattered and broken up. The Cossacks of methodism are invading them in one flank, the murky-muzzled fanatics of the presbytery are assailing them in another, while we, children of the cross," [a blessing] "bearing the sacred symbol of our holy and unchangeable religion, hoisting the oriflamme of the church, are bearing down on them in unbroken phalanx, and down the accursed thing must go. Down—down—to eternal darkness—as sunk the Arians, the Nestorians, the Waldenses, and all other foes of Catholicity, so must sink this spawn of Luther, this swarm of locusts, which issued from the bottomless pit, as pious Pastorini, a book which you all should read, has learnedly demonstrated. But to drop the consideration of these ecclesiastical matters for the present, though I hope and trust, brother Catholics, they will ever be prominent in your minds, for our religion is all that is left us, and turn to the matter more immediately in hand—a chance of our re-appearing in the possession, or, at least, in the show of possession, of the rights so abominably withheld from us, is now before us. Something,—it is needless to exa-

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mine too minutely what—has so disposed the minds of those in authority, that they are thinking of doing us some sort of tardy justice. But beware of the insidious manner in which it is proposed that this should be done. Some, no doubt, actuated by a real affection for liberty—alas! they are but few—and some, out of indifference to the cause of the church, to which they nominally belong, would grant us emancipation without farther conditions. But others, sham friends to our cause, which they hope to ruin by their patronage, or else obliged to bend to the bigotry or hatred of the dark-gowned churchmen of Oxford, or the purple-visaged corporators of Dublin, or the iron-handed and iron-eyed Anti-Irishmen, who rule Ireland all through its ill-fated hills and valleys, bawl aloud for securities. New oaths, new tests, are required of us—our pure episcopal order is to be put under the *surveillance* of the underlings of an inimical cabinet, our ecclesiastics, &c."

I need not go on any farther with the counsellor's harangue. He went over every topic, which, from long experience, he well knew would excite discontent, or inflame indignation. He proposed, that a resolution, declaratory of their unshaken attachment to the church, and their consequent firm determination to resist the insidious encroachments of vetoism, should be instantly adopted—and adopted it was, amid a thunder of applause. A petition, framed in any thing but the spirit of supplication, was passed in a similar temper; and the whole was wound-up by a second appeal, still more animated and unconciliating, from their favourite spokesman. The mob shouted, groaned, growled, wondered, hooted, or were mute in silence, as the various portions of his fervent harangue worked on their several passions; and, when at the peroration, he told them to spurn with indignation the paltry shuffling of cowardly or crawling compromises of their liberties and their religion, and to trust in the goodness of their cause, which must be blessed by the God of the whole world and of Ireland, [a common piece of Hibernian bathos] they interrupted his uplifted voice to exclaim, as if with the cry of one man—"Say no more about it—we trust in YOU." He bowed, as if oppressed by the weight of a compliment which he had anticipated, and sate in modest silence—while a resolution, hastily put, and more hastily carried—decreed, that the Man of the People should be drawn from the place of meeting, in triumph, to his lodgings in a distant and more fashionable part of the city. He opposed it with becoming diffidence—why should he not? The Nolo Episcopari is not confined to churchmen—but, like the unwilling candidate for the mitre, suffered his scruples to be over-ruled, and placed himself in an open carriage, decorated by what symbols of their party they could hastily collect—green boughs, shamrocks, knots of ribband of the emerald dye—and drawn by hundreds, happy to perform the office of coach-horses in a cause identified by them with the cause of their country.

Interior of an Orange-Lodge.

The procession moved on as such processions are wont to do, noisily enough; its ranks thickening as a snow-ball, by rolling onward. Its way, ere it had proceeded very far, lay through a long and narrow street, through which it had to wind slowly and cautiously. Now it so happened that in that very street was a tavern of an humble class, so humble indeed, as to deserve scarcely a higher appellation than that of a public-house. In London, to be sure, it would have assumed the title of Wine Vaults, and sold fine Port and undeniable Sherry; but here it sported only whisky-punch, and matchless porter. So it was, that, call it as you please, it was the place of meeting of one of the most violent Orange Lodges of the City. That day happened to be one of those appointed for their monthly meeting, and they had assembled in considerable force. Long, however, before the hour of the procession had arrived, the Orange Lodge had dissolved; but some business of internal arrangement detained its Purplemen in anxious conclave. The departure of those, who, though initiated in the primary mysteries, knew nothing of the purple arcana, had reduced the numbers to but five. These had done their business, which occupied some time; and, as it had then advanced somewhat into the evening, they remained to dine. (Even the uninitiated know that matters of mastication and refreshment, as they are technically termed, are excluded, by positive and unbending enactment, from the Lodges of Orangemen and Freemasons; but nevertheless, in both societies, these form the usual appendage to their labours, after

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business is declared utterly concluded.) Dinner was but just over, and the Right Worshipful had given, over a foaming jug of punch, the far-famed Shibboleth of the party — "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from popery, slavery, brass-money, and arbitrary powers;" with such additional prayers for the success of its partizans, and imprecations on its enemies, as his talents or experience in that line dictated. The high bumper was duly honoured.— "The thrice repeated ery, which hails alike the wine cup and the fight" (I forget the exact words in Don Roderick) was given with all the ability of the lungs of the company; and the upturned glasses on the table proved that no one there had disgraced the memory of the much-loved chief, by omitting to drain the beverage to its last drop. Just then a distant shouting and tumult reached their ears, and the landlord, eagerly bursting open the door, communicated to them the intelligence that a huge Papist mob, chairing their ruffian counsellor, was proceeding to enter the street. "What is to be done?" said he; "I know they will tatter my house, or at the least smash my windows. Are the villains coming?" said the master, starting from his seat, which he had resumed on the entrance of the landlord. "You had better, Martin, fasten up below—hoist the shutters—bolt the doors—and muster as many good men, and true, as you can find to stand by you in case of an assault." The advice was the best that could be given, and Martin hastened to summon his household to put it into execution.

"What shall *we* do?" asked, rather anxiously, one of the five. "What shall we do?" indignantly retorted the master—"why, stick by poor Martin, against these bloody murderers, as long as flesh and bone hold together. Do you think that we should desert him, and leave him to be roasted at a slow fire, as these villains did the other day, in Duhallow, to Regan the proctor? or have his ears cut off, and stitched into his mouth, as they did at Knocknecroghery to Jack Stubbs, for not knowing how to bless himself?"—"Ay," said another, "or be piked and hung out like a salmon on a gaff, as they did to the Protestants on Wexford Bridge."—"Or burnt alive," added a third, "as was the case at Scullabogue."—"The short and long of the matter," said the master, cutting short this catalogue of enormities, "is, that I shall open a Lodge of Emergency. Hand me the constitution book, brother secretary, and I shall look at the bye-law! Is Martin purple?"—"To the back-bone," quoth the secretary. "He flung us the sign of distress coming in, if I mistake not?" asked the master. "He did," was the reply.—"Call him in, then, and let him report what progress he has made below."

Martin announced that all was secure, that he had put the women and children in the back of the house, which projected over a river, and left his son, a grown-up stripling of about nineteen, and two men-servants, on guard in the front shop. "Are they the right colour?" said the master. "Your son Tom, I know is, for I did the job for him last lodge day myself."—"I know they have got one step," said the landlord, "but cannot say whether they are higher or not."—"Let them be tried," said the Secretary, "for we are going to open a purple or orange lodge—the former if possible—and wish to have as many in the room as we can muster."—"I shall call them," said Martin, and in obedience to his call they made their appearance. "One at a time, brother," said the master; and he got severally from each the word and sign which gave them title to sit under the jurisdiction of his hammer.

What these tests are I cannot say, nor is it material to my story. "Before you open, brother worshipful," said one of the company, "I propose 'the aforesaid;' for our brethren just now come in have not drank it yet."—"Here, Martin," said the master, "order off this punch, and post on the table a bottle of your primest port. We shall give it in the regal purple stream. 'Here is the Glorious, Pious—and may he who will not drink it be rammed into the great gun of Athlone, and spattered into pieces against the battlements of Hell, to be made into sparables for Orangemen's shoes.' Hip! hip! hurra! hurra! hurra! which was of course uproariously responded by the company. As the hurraing concluded, he flung the glass vehemently against the cieling, that it might never be polluted by being employed in the service of a less sacred pledge, and the room immediately rang with the clatter of shivered glasses, and the jingle of their falling fragments.

He seized his hammer, ordered on the purple cloth, decked himself with the

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paraphernalia of his office, in which he was followed by his brethren: sent brother Gubbins (one of the servants, but there is in lodges no distinction of persons—all being brethren) to tile the door, and opened business with the accustomed prayer. "How stands the enemy, brother?" said he to Tom; "look out, and see." Tom looked accordingly, and reported that the crowd appeared to have met with some check, for they were only thickening at the end of the street, and making no progress. In fact, an accumulation of broken pavement at the entrance of the narrow pass had delayed the advance for some few minutes, and they were busily employed in removing it, while the more practised were reserving the ammunition thus casually in store, in expectation of that most probable of all occurrences—a *row*. "We have brought ourselves, Worshipful," said an enthusiastic orangeman, whose *father* and uncle had been murdered by a party of rebels, during one of the insurrections so common in Ireland—"we have brought ourselves, Worshipful, to a pretty pass. If there ever was a body of men to be pitied, it is the Protestants of this country. We had the land in full domination, entirely in our own power, scarce thirty years ago, and now we are obliged to skulk into holes and corners, to declare our adherence to the principles which put the house of Hanover on the throne—which raised its princes from being petty electors in beggarly Germany, where, in all probability, they would have been lacqueys, cap-in-hand to Buonaparte, or some of Buonaparte's people, to the high rank of monarchs of the greatest empire of the earth. We have, of our own mere motion, raised the Papists from a state of lowly depression to a participation of rights which they never granted to any Protestant community in any country where they bore sway—we have given them rank, and weight, and wealth—we withheld from them nothing but the enjoyment of power, which they have always abused when they enjoyed, and which they are now clamouring for, only for an opportunity of abusing it again. They long for the days of the massacre of 1641—their souls yearn after a repetition of the rule of James, when at a slap they attainted 3,000 of us, and when they caged us up wherever they had dominion, to be murdered at the sanguinary dictate of their bloody priesthood. Blessed be God! we beat them then. The policy of our ancestors bound them with heavy chains, and they bent under them patient as Issachar. In 1715, Scotland and the north of England arose in rebellion in favour of that accursed house, for which the Papists had bitten the dust beneath our swords at the Boyne, at Antrim, and at Derry, and yet all was quiet here. In 1745, the Pretender shook England to its centre—and Ireland looked on. Why? They were kept down by our fathers. But a day comes, and *we* relieve them of the weighty bonds of which they complained. How are we thanked? By rebellion after rebellion—by murder and by fire. Their gratitude is to turn, viper like, on the hands that warmed them into life. My poor father—but to speak of matters not personal to myself—are not our churches insulted—our ministers mocked—our church-yards violated—our persons attacked? Is not this very mob a proof—

"The noise is getting nearer, brother Andrews," said the chair. "Curse them, that ever gave them liberty to make it."—"Ay," said Andrews, "they have rued it already. He that first moved Popish Emancipation in the Irish Parliament lay dead beneath a Papist ball in his heart, at Three Bullet-gate."—"I tell you what, lads," said Hopkins, the Secretary, a dashing, active, and tumultuous young man, on whom the wine he had swallowed had done its office in some degree; "suppose we show them who we are; suppose, I say, that we hoist a flag of defiance, and shake over the vagabonds the honest banner of King William. Here it is," said he, lifting it from the chest—"here it is, my boys; will you refuse to spread it to the blaze of day?"—"Not I, for one," said the chair, "but we should be prepared for consequences. There will be an attack on us decidedly, can we resist? Are there arms in the house?"—"And plenty," said Martin; "the chest is in the room, with arms enough for twenty men, primed and loaded, I warrant them, and oiled, in good condition; there is ammunition too enough for our job."—"Arm ourselves, then," cried Andrews, "in the name of the God of Joshua, son of Nun. We are going to do no harm—but force must be resisted by force—The blood be on the head of him who does the first act of violence."

The Orange Insult.

In a moment the chest was open, and muskets, pistols, and blunderbusses, put

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into the hands of each, as they chose the weapons. Of all, there was a store; such is the tumultuous condition of many parts of Ireland. Immediately the centre window was opened, and almost as soon, the long flag-staff thrust forth—up the side of which, the banner, displaying the armed figure of William, on horseback, worked in black upon an orange ground, encompassed by the war-cry of the party, "The Glorious Memory 1690," and his family motto, "*Je Maintiendray*," in shining letters, slowly coiled under the guidance of Hopkins. A cross stick was pushed forth, to steady its corners, and the hook-nosed king stood conspicuous with his truncheon, pointed as if in defiance of the crowd, which had at that moment arrived under the window. "There you go," said the operator; "there you go, bless your face. Aye, aye, we'll give them one look at your eye-brow, and scare their cowardly souls, as you did in the old time.—See how they shake. Afraid of *them*, indeed! Afraid of them! Why, in 98, I held the churchyard of Shanakil, by myself, against three hundred of them, and made them skelp. Look to yourselves, however, my lads, for the Amalekites are beginning to look dangerous."

In fact, it was as he said. The mob had suddenly stopped, like a checked wild beast, and stood, tyger-like, in act to spring. Rage, in tenfold rabidity, in consequence of their passions having been excited by the harangue of their great champion, and the intoxication always attendant on numbers, was soon the predominant feeling. Curses, loud and deep, were immediately uttered upon the figure of the victor of the Boyne. The chief, whose title gave the name, and whose recollection, the confidence to their hated antagonists, met their eye, slowly swaying over them in the wind. Their first files were in hasty consultation on what was to be done; whether to commence an immediate attack with missiles, or to batter in the door by the main strength of their dense numbers. The consultation, no doubt, would have been but short, though it is not unlikely that a secret dread, inspired by the old, and long undisputed superiority of the party which offered the insult, and a perfect certainty that they were prepared to defend it to the utmost, operated in making it longer than; otherwise, would have been the case. Within, at the three front windows of the upper floor, whence the flag was hoisted, stood the Purplemen, three in each, screened by the sides of the windows, or crouching under the cover of their bases; every man with his piece cocked, and in readiness to fire at the first symptom of violence against the house. There was every reason to expect a bloody result. It would have been impossible to have missed in that immense concourse. Every shot must have told; and if the crowd could have taken courage, after the death of some twenty or thirty of their associates, it would have been equally impossible to have held the house against them. The civil, or military power, was out of the question; the whole affair of the panic, or the victory, would not have lasted five minutes.

The counsellor prevented these horrors. It was some time before the check reached his part of the procession, and when it did, those immediately about him could not tell the cause. An inquiry, hastily passed forward from him, and as speedily answered, communicated to him how affairs stood; a hundred hands pointed at once to "The flag! the flag!"—"The flag from the window of Martin the Orangeman." He immediately saw the danger, and jumping up in his chair, stamped eagerly with his foot, and pointed onward with his hand. "On! On!" he cried, in a vehement accent. "On! On! in the name of God and the Virgin! Touch not a stone of the house, or a thread of the silk of that accursed flag. They want you to do it. It will be their greatest triumph. On! On! I implore—I pray—if you love me—if you love your cause—if you value your religion—go on." The few men of common sense, in the crowd, added their intreaties to his, and after a dead pause, and a deep silence, the unwilling multitude moved slowly on, darting savage and sanguinary glances at the prey with which they had hoped to have glutted themselves, and at the detested symbol of insult, which hung over them like a pestilence.

When they moved forward, the master sprung up from his post. "There they go—the cowardly rascals—there they go; true children of dirt—real followers of filthy James. Here, brethren, send them the charter song after them, like duck shot into their tails. Chorus it at the pitch of your voices.

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'Sound, sound the trumpet, sound;
Beat high your rattling drums,
Behold, your hero enters,
Your great deliverer comes."

The roaring of the multitude soon drowned the utmost exertions of their voices, but they still continued the song; and the crowd moved on, fretful, glowing, agitated, and thirsty for blood, rending the sky with shouts of execration and vengeance. If, for a moment, these were intermitted, the hoarse voices of the nine Purplemen were heard floating above them, like surf upon the sea, chaunting disjointed verses of their favourite anthem. Many a day of blood in Ireland, has resulted from a cause as trifling as what I have related.

THE PRESS'S RAGING FURY;

OR, THE

HONEST REPORTER'S SUFFERINGS.

Being a relation of their perils and dangers, and of the extraordinary hazards they undergo in their noble quest of adventures: together with their undaunted valour, and rare courtesy in writing facts for the public, and the manner of their spending their coin in pot-houses, whenever they can.

Ye gentlemen of Cockney land,
On beef and beer who mess,
Ah, little do you think upon
The perils of the Press.
Give ear unto its Gentlemen,
And they will plainly show
All the cares, and the fears,
While the type-fed cases go.

All ye, that be reporters,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the press
Ye must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
At lie, fib, bounce, or so,
Ye must hoax silly folks,
When the type-fed cases go.

The kickings and the horse-whippings
Poor *gentlemen* endure,
From hostile whip, or scornful lip,
We seldom rest secure.
Our sleep it is disturbed,*
By dreams of Barry O——
We must feel whelk and wheal,
When the type-fed cases go.

'Mid sheets of roaring blunders,
And lies, and libels coarse,
We give you charming poetry
Fit to enchant a horse.
Such as that pretty epigram
Upon Sir Hudson Lowe,†
And the bar of Helenar,
When the type-fed cases go.

Sometimes to Abraham's bosom
A living man we send,
(As lawyer Scarlett,‡ whom we doomed
A month since to his end.)

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY;

OR, THE

GALLANT SEAMAN'S SUFFERINGS.*

'Being a relation of their perils and dangers, and of the extraordinary hazards they undergo in their noble adventures: together with their undaunted valour, and rare constancy in all their extremities: and the manner of their rejoicing on shore, at their return home.'

You gentlemen of England,
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas:
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure;
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure.
Our sleep it is disturbed
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond our wonted course;
Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is tost in waves,
And every man expecting
The sea to be their graves;

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* See Old Times. † See Morning Chronicle. ‡ See Courier.

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Which we must contradict, again,
In the next post, or so,
We belie, low and high,
When the type-fed cases go.

We laugh at faith, and prayer,
With all our might, and thought,
And if we be detected
Strong lying bears us out.
Of God we ask no succour,
For he, as all men know,
Never guides us, or sides us,
While the type-fed cases go.

There was poor Lady Lauderdale,*
Wife of an Earl renowned, [harm,
While snug and warm, she thought no
We burnt her to the ground;
And then with ease, like Beddome's bees,†
So famed, not long ago,
Lady L. revived quite well,
While the type-fed cases go.

We scribble doughty paragraphs,
A penny a line the price,
To serve our English assery
With many a rare device;
To please our English assery
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and we moil,
While the type-fed cases go.

We send lords to the Indies,
Who ne'er were destin'd there,
Sometimes again, from France and Spain,
Get letters past compare.
Which in garret high carousing
O'er small-beer, all-a-row,
We did write, clear and bright,
While the type fed cases go.

When Parliament is over,
And lengthy speeches past,
Of Mr. Weare, or Thurtell fair,
We make the folks repast:
But when Dick Martin grumbles,
Or Brougham does furious grow,
Then we rouse up the House
While the type-fed cases go.

If Cobbett should abuse us,
When we are all at wars,
Or if John Bull misuse us,
We care not for their scars;
Our roaring pens shall teach them
Our brazen pluck to know,
While we roar, like bear, or boar,
When the type-fed cases go.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true reporters bred;
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread.
We still call names most nimbly,
Whether we are right or no,
With our mates please the Fates,
While the type-fed cases go.

Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low;
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer,
With all our might and thought;
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out:
To God we call for succour,
For He it is we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price;
To serve our English gallantry
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and [we] moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at wars
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds nor scars;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred;
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We'll ply our business nimbly,
Where'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Streights,
When the stormy winds do blow.

* Morning Chronicle. † Morning Post.

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Then courage! all, brave *gentlemen!*
And never be dismay'd,
While England holds a long-ear'd rout,
We ne'er shall want a trade.
Our masters will employ us,
To fetch them stuff I know,
Like men of sense, work for pence,*
While the type-fed cases go.

When we have done our week's work,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster, and the vintner,
Will help to share our gains.
We'll call for liquor roundly,
And if we're let, we'll owe;†
Then reel home grand, along the Strand,
While the type-fed cases go.

Then, courage! all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd;
Whilst we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade:
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains;
We'll call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar, on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

SONG FROM THE SPANISH.‡

[Mientres duerme mi nina
Zefiro alegre,
Sopla quedito,
No la recuerdes.
Sopla manso viento
Al sueno suave
Y ensena á ser grave
A tu movimiento, &c.]

While sleeps my darling,
Breeze of the west,
Zephyr! breathe lightly,
Break not her rest;
Soft be your breathing
O'er her sweet sleep;
Be all your movements
Gentle and deep!

Bring me back, zephyr,
That balmy breath,
Which you will feast on,
Her pearl rows beneath;
But still I charge you,
Breeze of the west,
Zephyr! breathe lightly,
Break not her rest.

Mar not her sleep, while
Dreaming she lies;
Death, if she wakens,
I fear from her eyes.
How should your stars
And your fortunes be blest,
That let you wander
O'er such a breast!

But still I charge you,
Breeze of the west,
Zephyr! breathe lightly,
Break not her rest.

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* Pence, certainly. Gold is out of the question.

† In the old poem, "And pay before we go." The new reading is evidently much nearer the truth.

‡ In the Edinburgh Review, No. lxviii. is a translation of this Song, which, however, does not keep very close to the original, as any one who compares them will see.

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ON THE FOLLY OF BOASTING OF HIGH BIRTH;

Including Remarks on Moore, Hogg, Cunningham, Jeffery, Sheridan, Lord Glenbervie, Thelwall, &c. &c.

THERE is no species of pride more repulsive, than the pride of merely high birth. Now we do not say this, because we ourselves happen to be descended from three generations of taylors, beyond which we cannot count; but in simple sadness, as we would deliver a problem in Euclid. Your men of really high birth, seldom show their sense of its importance, obtrusively, if they are in any condition to cut a figure in the world in any other way whatever—but when it happens, that they have no other pretensions to distinction, they too often become very clamorous and absurd. Yet nothing can be truer than the old observation, that there is no nobility that is not sprung from beggary, or no beggary that is not descended from nobility.

Talent, at all events, does not follow birth; and we were led into these observations, by a conversation we had the evening before last at the Mitre, with some eminent literati on the subject. We could not help remarking, how many of our present literary men arose from humble situations. Tom Moore's father is, or was, a grocer and small cheesemonger, in Fleet-street, Dublin; and we are informed, that Tom's original occupation was 'tending the customers. It was here, we suppose, that while dispensing curry to cooks anticipating the East Indian steam of mulligatawny, he first took a fancy to the land that far away

"Into the golden orient lies,"

and his thoughts were turned to the "spicy gales" of which he so often speaks, by the juxtaposition of mace and cinnamon. It would be, perhaps, pushing the question too far, if we were to conjecture that the far-famed sweetness of his verse was derived from the dulcet condiment of his paternal counter—that the heat and pungency of his political squibs could be traced to its pepper—or that the very name of Brown, which is affixed to them, was adopted in compliment to the colour, either of his father's sugars, or the paper in which his infant fingers delighted to wrap the parcels which he carried trippingly along the street. We all know that Hogg is a shepherd, not metaphorically, but literally battening his flocks—that Allan Cunningham used to carry a hod upon his shoulders, as own man to a stone-mason, a post which he has exchanged for that of being head-labourer at Chantrey's, in Pimlico—and is the verse or prose of these eminent men in the slightest way affected by these circumstances? Not in the least. You only remark, when you learn them, that Hogg has so much consistency, as to draw the characters in his novels with the same free pencil, fearless hand, and elegant colouring, as he marks his sheep; and that Allan hammers a story for the London Magazine, with the same delicate touch as he would use in hewing out a headstone for a blind cobler, to be erected in some woeful-looking churchyard, overrun with thistles, and infested with all sort of crawling things.

We said that Hogg and Cunningham's original condition in life were well known—but, perhaps, of another great "talented man," of the same country, Mr. Jeffery — it may not be known, that he is, by paternal origin, a barber—Old Jamphrey, as they used to call the name in those days, having exercised the tonsorial art in the Old Town of Edinburgh, with great credit to himself, and much ease to his patients. Poor Lord Byron, when we met him one night at Lady Caroline Lamb's, (about ten years ago) we remember said a pretty fair thing on this point, "You may trace the old blood, James," said he, "at work; you see the varlet is still at the hereditary trade of shaving and puffing." Now who can say, that Mr. Jeffery's barberian descent, in the least particular, injures the brilliancy of his articles? There are few peers of the realm could write any thing so clever—but Lord Byron, at that time, had taken a great dislike to the "talented man."

Sheridan's father was an itinerant lecturer, who picked up the crumbs as well as he could, by shewing that people should call b. a. y. o. n. e. t, *bagnet*, and s. e. r. v. a. n. t, *sarvant*, and other pleasant little curiosities; yet, we regret to say, that even Sherry, after he rose in life, had too much of this petty pride, which we are exposing, about him. For when the late Syl. Douglas,—who was a very respectable and decent man, well and honestly employed in various departments, in the course of which he translated a poem called Ricciardetto,

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was made a lord by the title of Glenbervie, what was Sheridan's remark? You must know, that Syl. Douglas had been an apothecary originally, and a very respectable profession it is—(the late Mr. Keats, who wrote Endymion, a poem, and other books, was an apothecary)—but what then? He was now a lord. However, what do you think Sheridan said? The old rogue was playing cards when he heard of Syl's promotion; "what's his title?" said he; "Glenbervie," was the answer: on which he spoke the following indefensible verse while playing his game:

> "Glenbervie—Glenbervie—
> What's good for the scurvy?
> But why is the doctor forgot?
> In his arms he should quarter
> A pestle and mortar,
> For his crest an immense gallipot.

Could any thing be conceived more illiberal?

As we ourselves are goose-descended, we shall not say any thing about taylors; but, *en passant*, we may remark, that many men—aye, *men*—of genius have been tailors. We instance Mr. Thelwall, and look at his poetry! You will find it all good measure, and exeellent stuff, as Thelwall told Jeffery, when he formerly abused him. "You may *curl* up at me, as you like," said the rhyming tailor, "Mr. Jeffery, but I shall *comb* you down. I'll not be *bearded* by you. You shan't stir me up with your *pole*." This took off the edge of the criticism very much, and Mr. Thelwall is lecturing to the present day, with infinite satisfaction to a crowded audience, including himself.

We confess that the manners of the great cannot be immediately caught by people who come up from the low walks of life; but, after all, what is more common-place and ridiculous, than to make such an objection. Our manners are moulded to a sphere of life in which we act—a dandy initiated thoroughly in all the mysteries of Almack's, would be as much astray in a company of fox-hunting Yorkshire 'squires, as any of the 'squires would be amid the starred and spangled company of Almack's. Now you certainly would take Wordsworth, if you met him in company, for a sort of upper bailiff to a small farm in the north; never for a great poet and stamp distributor. What then? It only proves that Mr. Wordsworth, living in the blissful solitude of the eternal hills, or in hearing of the primæval fall of murmuring streams, never was used to the company of ladies and gentlemen—such as we meet eating, drinking, talking, and flirting in this frivolous age. We knew an American, who, after having been reared a carpenter in all the fine simplicity and freedom from manners prevalent in the United States among that class of people, was left a large property by the death of a distant relation in Hampshire: He came over to this country, and found himself among rather a *recherchè* set of fashionable relatives. They, shocked at his manners, determined to break him in at home, before they exhibited him in company—and one of the ladies was deputed to perform this difficult task. With great pains, she made him sit on a chair—eat off a plate—forbear the use of a clasp knife at meals—and some other such ceremonies. At last, he was deemed perfect enough, and a large dinner was given to the neighbouring Hantsmen, at which he was introduced. Unfortunately, it had been forgotten to teach him to take wine at dinner, and he accordingly made no motion towards accomplishing that piece of table manœuvering. His patroness observed it, and determined to give him a hint. "Mr. L." said she, "you will take a glass of wine with me?"—"No, thank you, ma'am," was the answer, "I much prefers porter." She looked aghast,

> ——— Ibi omnis
> Effusus labor ———

But we should be prolix, if we urged this matter any farther. We merely wished to shew that birth did not give talent—and that remarks as to breeding were unfair. Ovid, to use a quotation which has been generally overlooked, remarks:

> —genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi
> Vix ea nostra voco ——

with this sentiment we agree. We shall, perhaps, further elucidate the subject on another occasion.

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FRENCH SONGS.

I.

C'est le sentiment general
De toute la Sorbonne,
De faire le bien pour le mal,
Comme Dieu nous l'ordonne:
Il voudrois par un saint desir
Pour la jeune Chimene,
Lui donner autant de plaisir
Qu'elle m'a fait de peine.

The learned doctors of Sorbonne
In synod met, agree
That good for evil should be done,
For so runs Heaven's decree;
And such my holy feeling is
Towards young and lovely Jane!
I wish to give her as much bliss
As she has giv'n me pain.

II.

L'Amour, ce tyran du bel âge,
De l'arc-en-ciel est le tableau:
Tous deux annoncent le nuage,
Tous deux ne se montrent qu'en beau.
Un vernis brillant les décore;
Mais l'éclat leger de ce ford
Paroit, éblouit, s'évapore;
Un instant le change en brouillard.

Love, tyrant of our youthful hours,
Is like a rainbow in the air;
They both announcing clouds and showers,
They both appearing but when fair;
Each does a brilliant varnish wear;
But short-lived is their dazzling form,
They shine, blaze forth, and disappear,
And, in an instant, comes a storm.

III.

L'amour est un enfant aussi vieux que le monde,
Il est le plus petit, et le plus grand des dieux,
De ses feux il remplit le ciel, la terre, et l'onde;
Et toute fois Iris le loge dans ses yeux.

Love's a child, yet as old as the world is his birth,
Of the gods he's the greatest and smallest in size;
His flames are spread over sky, ocean, and earth,
Yet Iris can lodge him, we see, in her her eyes!

IV.

*TOUCHER, AIMER: c'est la devise
De celle-là que plus je prise.
Rien qu'un regard d'elle à mon cœur
Darde plus de traits et de flamme
Que de tous l'Archerot vainqueur
N'en sçauroit on que appointer dans mon ame.

TO TOUCH, TO LOVE: the gay device
Of her whom more than worlds I prize.
One simple glance from her can throw
More flames, more rapture in my heart,
Than all the conquering archer's bow
Could kindle by his potent dart.

---

* These lines were addressed by Charles IX. of France, to his mistress, Maria Touchet. She was an apothecary's daughter, possessed of considerable charms. According to the Anecdotes of the Queens of France, she had "le visage rond, les yeux vifs et bien coupés, le front petit, le nez bien fait ainsi que la bouche, et le bas du visage admirable." There appears a rather revolting incongruity, in finding tender and delicate love-verses addressed to her, by the bloody monster of Saint Bartholomew. He was, however, a man of some ability.

The device, "TOUCHER, AIMER," is a sort of anagram of her name; a species of wit much affected in those days. The royal anagram-match has, however, like many plebeian practitioners in this art, been obliged to depart from the strict spelling of her name, and spell it Toucher, to bring in an R. We all remember the unfortunate shifts to which Miss Mary Bohun's lover was driven, as recorded in the Spectator. To the lady's great indignation, finding these names impracticable, he was obliged to substitute "Moll Boon," which profane contraction lost him his mistress. The "veritable anagramma" of Marie Touchet's name, we are gravely informed, is "Je charme tout."

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MY WEDDING NIGHT;

The obnoxious Chapter in Lord Byron's Memoirs.

[Every body knows that Lord Byron's Memoirs have been burnt, though it at present appears difficult to say, who should bear the blame, or deserve the credit, of such a destruction. However, *we* know, and every body may know if every body pleases, that there are more copies than two, beyond doubt, still existent; and that the Memoirs, moreover, have been read by more than five hundred people, as Lady C——ne L—b and Lady B——sh could, perhaps, depose, if they were subpœned for the *nonce*. Under these circumstances, it is quite impossible that they (begging their ladyships' pardon,) can remain unpublished. In order to expedite this good work, for we think it a pity that an *expurgated* edition of his lordship's autography should be lost, we here publish, with due mutilations, which we shall not specify, the chapter which has given most offence; and, it is said, finally determined Lord Byron's relatives on the destruction of the MS. For its genuineness we can only answer, that it was given to us by a person who had the best opportunities of perusing the original. That there is *such* a chapter in the book, and that it was this alone which sealed the fate of the whole, is beyond all dispute.]

His lordship had been just describing his marriage.

* * * * *

"It was now near two o'clock in the morning, and I was jaded to the soul by the delay. I had left the company, and retired to a private apartment. Will those, who think that a bridegroom on his bridal-night should be so thoroughly saturated with love, as to render it impossible for him to yield to any other feeling, pardon me when I say, that I had almost fallen asleep on a sofa, when a giggling, tittering, half-blushing face popped itself into the door, and popped as fast back again, after having whispered as audibly as a *suivante* whispers upon the stage, that Anne was in bed? It was one of her bridemaids. Yet such is the case. I was actually dozing. Matrimony begins very soon to operate narcotically—had it been a mistress—had it been an assignation with any animal, covered with a petticoat—any thing but a wife——why, perhaps, the case would have been different.

"I found my way, however, at once into the bed-room, and tore off my garments. Your pious zeal will, I am sure, be quite shocked, when I tell you I did not say my prayers that evening—morning I mean. It was, I own, wrong in me, who had been educated in the pious and praying kingdom of Scotland, and must confess myself—you need not smile—at least half a Presbyterian. Miss N—l—should I yet say Lady Byron?—had turned herself away to the most remote verge, and tightly enwrapped herself in the bed-clothes. I called her by her name—her Christian name—her pet name—every name of endearment—I spoke in the softest under tones—in the most melodious upper tones of which my voice is master. She made no answer, but lay still, and I stole my arm under her neck, which exerted all the rigidity of all its muscles to prevent the (till then undreamt of) invasion. I turned up her head—but still not a word. With gentle force I removed the close-pressed folds of the sheet from her fine form—you must let me say that of her, unfashionable as it is, and unused as I have been to paying her compliments—she resisting all the while. After all, there is nothing like a *coup de main* in love or war. I conquered by means of one, with the other arm, for I had got it round her waist, and using all my strength, (and what is that of a woman, particularly a woman *acting* the *modeste*, to that of a vigorous fellow, who had cleft the Hellespont,) drew her to my arms, which now clasped her to my bosom with all the warmth of glowing, boiling passion, and all the pride of victory. I pressed my lips warmly to hers. There was no return of the pressure. I pressed them again and again—slightly at last was I answered, but still that *slightly* was sufficient. *Ce n'est que la premiere pas qui coute.* She had not, however, opened her lips. I put my hand upon her heart, and it palpitated with a strong and audible beating under my touch. Heaven help it! it little knew how much more reason it would, ere long, have for more serious and more lasting throbbings.

As yet she had not uttered a word, and I was becoming tired of her obsti-

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nacy. I made, therefore, a last appeal. 'Are you afraid of me, dearest?'—I uttered, in a half-fond, half-querulous, tone. It broke the ice. She answered in a low, timid, and subdued voice—'I am not,'—and turned to me, for the first time, with that coy and gentle pressure which is, perhaps, the dearest and most delightful of all sensations ever to be enjoyed by man. I knew by it that I had conquered. * * * * * * * * * *

[There follows immediately, in his lordship's manuscript, a long passage—long enough to fill three of our pages, but it is unfortunately illegible. At least our correspondent assures us that *he* could not decypher it—it is not, however, impossible that some more skilful decypherer will be found—nor is it totally out of the question, but that even this difficult passage may find its way into print.]

"My sleep might have been profound, but it was, of course, not over-long. I slept about three hours, which were sadly infested with dreams. I fancied that I had died, yet retained a puzzling sense of consciousness of existence. I seemed to be a sort of spectator of my own actions—to be looking at what the deceased Lord Byron was occupied about, yet, nevertheless, intimately blended and mixed up with all his actions. After my death, I descended to the infernal regions. The hell into which I had entered, was not the orthodox depository for damned souls, nor was it the Miltonian region of sorrow and doleful shades; nor was it the hall of Eblis as in Beckford's Vathek; nor what would be perhaps more to be expected from my style of reading at the time, the Inferno of Dante, with its dread inscription of '*Lasciate ogni speranza.*' No, it was the old classical hell, with the grim ferryman that poets write of, in the full costume of the Æneid, or rather, of an old weather-beaten engraving in Tooke's Pantheon. I had no sense of apprehension about me; I was but a visitor, although disembodied. Like our old schoolboy friends, Ulysses, or Æneas, I was but on a cruize, in quest of infernal novelties. I crossed the darksome flood, in the leathern boat, ploughing through it like a sluggish stream of molten lava. I trod on the burning soil, and saw, through a long perspective of irregular fires, the smouldering rivers of unextinguishable flame. I perceived all the old company to whom I had been introduced by Dr. Drury at Harrow. Ixion, on his wheel; Sisyphus rolling up his endless stone, like Southey, labouring after interminable quartos, puffed up as uselessly, and doomed to as rapid a revolution downhill; Tityus, with his vultures, and he put me in mind of England, with her borough lords preying for ever on her entrails, while she still lingers on, and appears ever to suffer nothing in her constitution—and so on.

"As I had been presented to Ali Pacha, I had no scruple whatever of making my approaches to Pluto. He was sitting, silent, in which he had much the advantage of most kings with whom I have the honour of being acquainted, for he thereby avoided talking nonsense; and by him sate his bride; pale, dark-haired, with melancholy eye, and conjugal detestation of her sovereign lord; she looked as if she would have no objection to an earthly lover. I approached her, methought gallantly, and bowing reverently before her throne, with my right-hand placed with an air of devotion on my breast, I said, 'Hail, Proserpine!'

"And, so saying, I awoke: but the influence of the dream was still strong upon me. The sound of my salutation rung in my ears, and the objects that met my eyes did not for some moments dispel the illusion. It was a clear January morning, and the dim grey light streamed in murkily through the glowing red damask-curtains of our bed. It represented just the gloomy furnace light with which our imaginations have illuminated hell. On the pillow reclined the head of my wife, with her face paler than the white cover which she was pressing; her hair had escaped from the night-cap, and it waved in long irregular tresses over her neck and bosom. She slept, but there was a troubled air upon her countenance. Altogether, that light—that cavern-like bed—that pale, melancholy visage—that disordered and dark hair so completely agreed with the objects which I had just seen in my slumbers, that I started. I was almost going to continue the address, which, in the inferior realms I had commenced. 'Hail, Proserpine,' was again upon my lips, but reason soon returned. Her hand casually met mine, and, instead of the monumental-marble-like

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coldness which should characterize the chill Queen of Erebus—it was warm, glowing, melting, moist—it was the hand not of a divinity, but of a much better creature—a beautiful woman. You may be sure it was not long * * * * * * *

[There is some more of this chapter, but this is sufficient for a sample. We leave the remainder to the imagination of our readers. We are promised additional sketches from the same quarter.]

THE HUMBUGS OF THE AGE.

No. I.—The Opium Eater.

THERE are some humbugs with which we have no patience. If we see a quack-doctor vending gin and rosemary-oil, under the name of the balsam of Rakasiri—or a mock-patriot bellowing loudly in a cause for which he does not care a pinch of snuff—or a pseudo-saint turning up the whites of his eyes, and rolling them about in all the ecstacies of hypocrisy, at a conventicle—or a poor anxious author sitting down to puff himself in a review, got up for the occasion—or twenty thousand more things of the kind, we can appreciate and pardon them all. The quack mixes—the orator roars—the saint prays—the author puffs—for a tangible and intelligible reason, money. This is the lawful object of humbug. Even with those who go through similar operations for fame, which is a secondary scope of the humbuggers, we are not very angry, if that fame be for any thing worth looking after. But the sort and description of humbugs which we cannot tolerate, even in thought, are the fellows who, on the strength of some wretched infirmity, endeavour to puff themselves into notice, and not satisfied with being thought worthy of being objects of charity and compassion, look about the company, into which they introduce themselves, for wonder or applause.

Such, however, is the spirit of rivalry, implanted by nature in the human breast, that, even in the most degrading things, the mind is sometimes so diseased as to quarrel for superiority. A dwarf, twenty-two inches long, envies and hates his fellow urchin who measures but twenty-one. In an hospital, not very far from the room in which we write, it is not long since two unfortunates were in a ward, labouring under that very unpleasant disorder which calumny has consigned to the exclusive use of the people north of the Tweed. Two worse cases, perhaps, never came under the eye of a physician. They were disgusting to the last degree, and, strange to say, they quarrelled about their pre-eminence in misfortune. Things went so far that they proceeded even to blows, and were obliged to be separated. Here we have two wretched creatures claiming the prerogative of being the most itch-bitten of mankind, and fighting savagely for the proud distinction! To this we know no parallel, except the case of the Opium Eater, who makes it *his* glory that he has chewed more opium than any other man of his time. "Let *them*," says this poor animal, "vaunt themselves on itch—*I* plume myself on opium."

Instigated by hunger, it is now three years since this man wrote the Confessions of an Opium Eater, for Taylor and Hessey,—and they paid him for it very handsomely; as, indeed, they pay every body with whom they have any connexion. The article made a sensation, which was kept alive by all those arts of puffing which we well know, and ere long shall most thoroughly expose. Medical men saw that it was all nonsense—men of taste perceived that it was mere fudge—but still it evidently made a sensation. Southey, with that amazing obliquity of intellect, and that bare-faced *esprit de corps* which distinguishes the lake school, of which the Opium Eater was a sort of hanger-on, gave it a sentence in the Quarterly Review of most daubing panegyric—and magistrates, from their judicial seats, declared that it had done much mischief. Of Southey's total want of knowledge of every thing connected with things that exist, there is no need whatever to speak, it being as universally acknowledged as the existence of Saint Paul's; and, therefore, of his opinion, which has been the regular text in all the advertisements of the book ever since, we make no account—no, not the smallest. As to the magisterial decision on the mischief of the book, there, too, we must demur. Some silly lads, as silly as their sheep, may have been

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deluded by the ultra-lying of this tract, about the pleasures of opium-eating, to follow the foolish example—but we answer for it, that they soon stopped—and the most that little Quincy can charge his conscience with, is the having contributed to send out of the world one or two incautious blockheads, who, like himself, were neither useful nor ornamental in it.

In the last sentence we called this fellow, Quincy—and that, because it is right. He is humbug even to his name; he has no right whatever to the Norman De. His father was an honest shopkeeper, who lived and died Quincy; and his son might just as well designate himself Mr. Quin Daisy, as Mr. De Quincy. Humbug also is he as to his personal appearance, for he directs a painter (p. 142.) to paint him according to his own fancy of beautiful creation. We own that he does this in *badinage;* but *badinage* or not, no insinuation can be more contrary to the fact. Conceive an animal about five feet high, propped on two trapsticks, which have the size but not the delicate proportions of rolling-pins, with a comical sort of indescribable body, and a head of most portentous magnitude, which puts one in mind of those queer big-headed caricatures that you see occasionally from whimsical pencils. As for the face, its utter grotesqueness and inanity is totally beyond the reach of the pen to describe; it is one in which George Cruikshank would revel, and we strongly recommend that capital artist to draw the picture of Quincy's household, as sketched by himself in the 139th and following pages of his *Magnum Opus.*

He comes forward principally, as we know, on the ground of his having swallowed a large quantity of laudanum; just as a beggar, in a foreign lazaretto, thrusts his leprous leg under your nose, in the hopes of disgusting you out of some money. If we were medically disposed, we should show the utter nonsense of every word he vents on the subject, and hold up his fictitious facts to the public gaze. But, as that would not be very entertaining to our readers, we shall just briefly analyze one of his results, and, having so done, leave him to their candid opinion.

He tells us, that one day his servant-maid (of whom we shall speak anon) possessed by the idea of her master's learning, (of which we shall also speak anon) called him down to see a stranger who had made his way into Quincy's kitchen. It was, he says, a Malay, though how he, who does not know a word of any oriental language, discovered it, we are at a loss to find out. How think you, gentle reader, did this man, who tells you in every page that he is a philosopher—that he has a superb analytic head—that he, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Ricardo, each in his department a splendid humbug, were the only thinkers in England—address the Eastern wanderer? In some lines of the Iliad!! on what ground? why, on this ground? That Greek, *in point of longitude,* came nearer the oriental languages!!! After this wise salutation—he might as well have addressed him in Cherokee—instead of giving the poor devil any thing to eat or drink, he makes him a present of a piece of opium, "enough to kill three dragoons and their horses," as Q. himself confesses, which the Malay bolts at one mouthful. He hopes, because the body was not found that the poor man did not die of his hospitality.

Was there ever a greater mass of folly and stupidity than here displayed? But mark the consequences of a Malay walking into his house. Henceforth he saw all the East, in all its deformities, opened to him. "I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos—I was an idol—I was the priest—I was worshipped—I was sacrificed"—in a word, he was an ass; all because a poor lascar had strayed away from a homeward-bound East-Indiaman. If he saw any of these things, and there is five pages full of the stuff, it was not opium that ailed him, but insanity.

We said just now, that we should speak anon of his servant-maid. There is something excessively disgusting in being obliged to look into any man's private life, but when we have it tossed into our faces, we must now and then do so. Now, in the 83d and 84th pages of Quincy's book, he bursts out into an apostrophe to his wife, very fine, and very affecting:—"Beloved M., thou wert my Electra——— thou thoughtest not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile ministrations ——" and much more trash, which we have not room to quote. The truth of the business is, that this Electra, who did not *think much* (affected puppy) to stoop to servile offices, was his servant-maid long before he married her, and

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had often made his bed before she ascended it. This is no blame to the woman: but who can bear to hear Quincy wondering at her stooping to servile offices, when it was to such that she was bred; and comparing a Westmoreland waiting-wench to the daughter of Agamemnon, the king of men. As we are fond of biographical researches, we should request Quincy to give us an extract from his parish-register, dating the birth of his first child, and also his marriage with Electra. It would be an important addition to the chronology of the county.

As for his learning, he deafens us with it at every page. He tells us, that he can write Greek; speak Greek; turn newspapers into Greek; in a word, his Greek is as great a bore to us as it was to the poor Malay. He laments over Hazlitt for not having read Plato in his youth. He exults over his being able to pose his Archididascalus in Sophocles, while yet a mere boy. Now, except these absurd and disgusting boasts, he gives no proof whatever of his being able to translate a Greek page. He has never written a sentence on any classical subject; he affords no evidence in any of his writings of any minute acquaintance with the language; he has never reviewed a Greek book, nor given an opinion on a Greek sentence. Sometime last year, under his signature of X. Y. Z. he reviewed, in the London Magazine, Miss Hawkins's Life of her Father, in the course of which she gives us some specimens of her brother's Greek *jeux d'esprit*. Now it so happens, that these are all pitiful affairs, as far as concerns the mere scholarship of the thing, and this Quincy had tact enough to suspect. Accordingly, he puts in a general caveat, that "in these verses were some little hiatuses not adapted to the fastidious race of an Athenian audience!" This was a fine general way of cutting the knot. Why did he not, like a great Grecian as he is, point out these little hiatuses, instead of hinting at them; or what would have been rather more satisfactory, why did he not see that beside the little hiatuses there were gross grammatical blunders. Clearly, for one plain reason, that he has *not* the knowledge which he pretends to. In the same article, he quotes some Latin sapphics, all of which are wrong, without once pointing out the defects, but endeavouring to slip out under the flimsy cover of saying, that they were less delicate in expression than another little poem, which very little poem so quoted abounds in errors. We say not this to blame Mr. Hawkins, who, of course, took no trouble with such trifles, but to show up the great powers of this unequalled scholar, to whom the learned languages are vernacular. He confesses that he imposed on the ignorant poor people of his house, some verses of Homer as Malayan, during his celebrated dialogue with the Lascar, in order to preserve his reputation for learning—and it is quite evident, that a similar feeling of humbug actuates him in the nauseating succession of idle boasts with which he is continually deluging that portion of the public which thinks of him or his lucubrations.

He also wishes to pass for a profound philosopher, and sets up to be one of the few who can understand Kant. In one respect we believe him. Cant and Humbug are blood-relations, and so pure a specimen of the latter must, of course, know something of the former. But, setting the pun apart, (we own punning is poor wit, but it is good enough for our subject,) we are rather of opinion that here, too, he is drawing the long-bow. Few Germans are able to master the involved, peculiar, technical language of that obscure and worthless metaphysician;—there is no translation of his works, that is, no competent translation of them, into English, and we, therefore, must strenuously doubt Quincy's ability to read, much less to understand them. In this, perhaps, we may be mistaken—we suspect his ignorance of German, solely because he pretends to be intimate with it—but he may set us right easily. Let him translate for Taylor and Hessey's *September* number, for we wish to give him sufficient time, Kant's Chapter on the Quintessence of Spirit *verbum verbo*—or, if that be too hard on him, let him give the substance of each separate sentence in good English; that is, as good as he can write, which, however, is beastly enough, and we shall confess our error. Perhaps it might be impertinent if we asked him to affix to it a psychological commentary; though even with such an addition it would be pleasanter reading than his Letters to a Young Man, whose education has been neglected. Whoever that unhappy youth is, we sincerely pity him, if it be expected that he should read these epistles—it would have been less torment had he been whipped by all the Busbys in the kingdom, into a state of

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knowledge, which would have saved him from the awful infliction of the Epistolæ Quincianæ.

We are getting completely tired of exposing this humbug any farther, and, therefore, shall conclude with one more observation. In his own nonsensical style of bombast, he calls upon "Stony-hearted Oxford-street,"—had he said stony-*paved* Oxford-street, there might have been some sense in it,—"thou who listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children," with much more childish verbiage of the same kind; all on account, it seems, of his having, for some time, sojourned in an empty house there, with a strumpet, concerning whom nothing farther is recorded than that her name was Ann, and that out of her honest earnings she treated Quincy to a glass—he says, of wine and spices. (p. 51.) (It was, most probably, of gin and bitters—but, Heaven knows, it is of little consequence.) Now, we happen to know Oxford-street well, and must be permitted to doubt the existence, in that quarter, of such a house and household as are described in Quincy's book. Conceive, a *large* house—no furniture—no tenant, but a forlorn child—the master an attorney, or some such thing—dabbling in the law-courts, yet afraid to appear, through dread of bailiffs—the house open—a roomy suit of apartments, at the command of every vagrant—and all this in Oxford-street.—Why, to be sure, it may be *vrai*, for nothing is impossible; but he must be of large credulity, indeed, who would declare it, *vraisemblable*. We must humbly request from Quincy the *number* of the house in which he, and his friend Ann, used to spend their evenings *then*, with which request we bid him good evening, *now*.

For now the Sun has stretched out all the hills,
And now is dropt into the western bay;
At last we rise, and twitch our mantle blue,
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new,

i. e. next month, for the dissection of another "Humbug of the Age." What say you to Dr. Kitchiner? Will HE do?

FASHIONABLE FEMALE STUDIES.

No. I.—Gems.

THANKS to chivalry, and to the liberal and free spirit which it has diffused through Christendom, the restraint and seclusion imposed upon our fair domestic companions have, in modern times, been in a great measure removed; and even philosophy has been partly stripped of her repulsive gravity, and has condescended to become the occasional visitant of the toilette, the drawing-room, and the tea-table. We like this order of things; we like to share our more attractive studies with our female relations and friends; though, perhaps, after all, our likings may take their rise from a sort of latent, but surely an excusable vanity, in seeing ourselves the object of attention, and feeling the influence of lovely looks, bright with intelligence and inquiry, when we are solicited to descant on the metamorphoses of a butterfly, the beauties of a flower, the characteristics of a gem, or the formation of a dew-drop.

But we may give our vanity to the winds; the subject is more important than the cherishment it affords to any little passion of ours; for one of the most sovereign cosmetics for the improvement of beauty, which we know, is *intelligence*—a secret long understood and acted upon by most ladies who have had—we will not say the misfortune, but the good fortune, to be plain, or who have, by accident, been deprived of traits of countenance that would otherwise have rendered them handsome. Intelligence goes far to make up for all deficiences of form or feature, while it gives a finish and an enchantment to the highest order of beauty, that can by no other means be imparted. It adds lustre to the eyes, expression to the countenance, elegance to the speech, and meaning to every movement. Milton has given to the picture we wish to draw, the richest colours of his fancy,

> "Heaven was in her eye,
> In every gesture, dignity and love."
> *Par. Lost.*

Intelligence, likewise, confers happiness and pleasure on many a long hour, which would, by the ignorant and listless, be spent in yawning vacuity, and all the fashionable horrors of ennui. It is by this very means, indeed, that it improves beauty; for, according to the unalterable

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laws of habit, the face that always wears the wrinkle of weariness and dissatisfaction, will not be readily smoothed into good humour, nor even into the calm tender mien of pensive feeling. Ennui should be repelled in all its approaches; for it will always leave behind its repulsive expression; the eye will be deadened with the sickliness of discontentment, and the often-repeated yawn will mark the young cheek with the dimples (if we may profane the expression) of old age. We aver then, and pledge our honour on the issue, that the lady who shall discard ennui, and court the friendship of knowledge, will shine forth in more bright and permanent beauty, than

" When fayre Cynthia in darksome night
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may find the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her silver beames; and her bright head
Discovers to the world."
Spenser's Faerie Queene.

All the injuries now enumerated, and hundreds more, can most easily be prevented, by the simple expedient of keeping the mind amused and active, and not suffering it to slumber till the eyes become vacant, and the countenance as motionless as marble. We think, therefore, that it is one of the richest gifts we can confer on our fair readers, to display our receipt for improving beauty in its most attractive form. The ways in which it may be varied, indeed, are innumerable; for it may be prepared so as to suit every complexion, and every shape. The choice of the varieties we leave to be made at the toilette, as we must take care to avoid the imputation of empiricism, by recommending the same form of our cosmetic to all ages and temperaments.

We shall not be so unpolite, then, in recommending gems as a female study, to require a commencement with the ruder materials of mineralogy:—let that be an after-consideration, growing out of the progress of inquisitiveness into the secrets of nature and art. Our space is too limited, and we could expect no thanks for going into all the minutiæ of ores of gold and silver, or of the no less useful minerals, marble, gypsum, and coal. We must, for the present, be contented with gems, and, probably at some future time, we may come to talk of

Antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills.
Shakespeare.

And if we at any time be in a critical humour, we may possibly show a little of our learning, in tracing the lines of Gray—" Full many a *gem*," &c. to the Odes of Celio Magno, who has

" Ma (qual in parte ignota
Ben ricca *Gemma* altrui cela il suo pregio,
O flor, ch' alta virtù ha in se riposta)
Visse in sen di castità nascosta
In sua virtute e 'n Dio contento visse
Lunge dal visco mondan, chel'alma intrica.
Canz. 6.

Or, to come nearer home, we may probably find some resemblance in Thomson:

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone."
Summer.

But we must arrest our sacrilegious hand from thus despoiling a poet of his beauties; and the task, now before us, is more delightful than the crabbed and ungainly labour of hunting for plagiarism. We wish to lead our fair readers to the beauties of nature, and direct

Their liberal heart, their judging eye,
The flower, unheeded, to descry,
And bid it round heaven's altar shed
The fragrance of its blushing head;
And raise from earth the latent *gem*
To glitter on the diadem.—GRAY.

The word *gem*, though sometimes confined to the diamond, is commonly applied to all the precious stones, and particularly to those which are engraved. It is derived—(a word is nothing at present without a derivation)—it is derived from the Latin *gemma*, which signifies a bud; because, perhaps, the Romans had their jewels cut in form of flower-buds. This may be a fancy, and we do not affirm it. Those who wish for a higher derivation, we refer to the Greek verb γεμω (begging pardon for our pedantry) which means, *I am full*, and gemma, a bud, may be said *to fill* or expand: this, also, may be a fancy.

The high refractive power of the diamond throws back the light that falls on it, instead of allowing the rays to pass through it as glass does. This gives the gem a sparkling brilliance, which no art can fully imitate. It is this, and not any phosphorescent property, that causes it even to sparkle in the dark—of which so many fables are related in the Arabian Tales. In the deepest darkness, there are always some wandering rays—some stray pencils of light to render the " darkness visible,"

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and these, how few or small soever, the diamond collects to a point and flashes them back into the gloom. The property of *sparkling*, therefore, is one test by which a genuine diamond may be known from spurious imitations or from the more splendent sorts of rock-crystal and other gems, which are sometimes passed off for diamonds.

A more obvious and practical test, is the extreme hardness of the diamond, so much superior to all other substances, that it will penetrate and cut, not only glass and flint, but also the topaz and other precious stones. Paste, and all imitations, even the admirable ones of Fontanieu, may, on this principle, be at once detected; for the suspected gem has only to be tried with glass or rock-crystal, or with the glazier's diamond. If it scratch glass, it may either be paste of uncommon hardness, or some inferior stone; if rock-crystal or a file make any impression on it, there can be no doubt that it is artificial. The striking fire with steel, though sometimes used as a test, is not to be trusted; as in this way flint and quartz would appear superior to the diamond in hardness; for it is the little chip of the steel which catches fire by being struck, and the sharp edge of a flint is best adapted to detach it.

In the instance of small gems, suspected to be spurious, Mr. Mawe recommends squeezing them between two pieces of money; when, if spurious, they will easily be broken or crushed; but as it is not pleasant to perform the work of destruction, even on what is spurious, all that is required is a bit of flint or quartz to scratch the gems with, and those who do so can never be deceived with the finest paste; while rock-crystal and other stones of inferior value can always be detected by their lustre and their inferior weight.

The *nova minas*, or Brazilian diamonds, which are only a variety of the topaz, are the least easy to detect; but the property of refracting light, will, when well understood, be the best test. The real diamond is never set on a foil; yet, when it is looked at perpendicularly, a small black point appears in the centre, as if it had been marked with ink, while the rest appears brilliant and sparkling. This, which is overlooked by the common observer, is taken advantage of by the jeweller, who sets his *nova minas* on a foil, with a black point in the centre, in order to deceive even those who pretend to connoisseurship. The reason of the diamond's showing a black point is, that the ray of light which falls on the centre passes through and is lost, while all the other rays are refracted and reflected to the eye.

A CRITICAL AND POETICAL DISSERTATION ON ALE.

WHEN we said that we drank ale with our cheese, we knew what a serious responsibility we were taking on ourselves. But our attachment to the cause of Sir John Barlycorn—in his most genuine and hopeful character, fiercely, after much long internal struggle, due deliberation on the momentous subject, determined us at last to make the avowal in the face of the world. We know that the dandy young gentlemen of the tenth will be horrified at the declaration; and we, moreover, give up all the glory of figuring in a quadrille at Almack's; but, in return for these deprivations, we have the happiness of a clear conscience and a quart of ale.

In praise of this magnificent fluid, much may be said—A volume as thick as one of Coxe's histories, and as heavy as Foscolo's brains, might be concerted on so glorious a theme; but, at present, not having the orgasm of panegyric very strong on us, and moreover reflecting that it has been done already by a much more brilliant hand than ours, we shall content ourselves with favouring our readers with a short critique and analysis of the celebrated poem of the Ale-tation of ale, ascribed, according to Lord Bacon, by several judicious people, to Bishop Andrews, "a great man," teste the Verulamian, "who, (like the grass in hot countries, of which they are wont to say that it groweth hay,) was born grave and sober," and of which, indeed, this beautiful composition of his affords conspicuous proof. It begins well, and graphically; we think we actually see the author and his friend before us.

Not drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both,
I met with a friend in Alesbury vale:
He saw by my face, that I was in good case
To speak no great harm of a pot of good ale.

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He was not mistaken in his physiognomical conjecture, for the bishop agrees to go on a carouse—and while over the cup, breaks forth with a noble panegyric on the liquor he was quaffing.

For this we do find, that take it in kind,
Much virtue there is in a pot of good ale.

And I mean not to taste, though thereby much grac'd,
Nor the merry-go-down without pull or hale,
Perfuming the throat, when the stomach's afloat,
With the fragrant sweet scent of a pot of good ale.

We do not over-value this sinople colour, as the heralds would call it—not in the ales of our day do we perceive its existence, but doubtless this grave author speaks not without sufficient authority. The poet soon rises in fine poetical fury—enumerating the benefits conferred by ale on mind and body—its powers of banishing grief—its effects on

The widow that buried her husband of late,
Who will soon have forgotten to weep and to wail,
And think every day twain, till she marry again,
If she read the contents of a pot of good ale.

He remarks on its operating as a belly-blast to a cold heart—its quickening powers on a lacquey—its serving as a coat to the naked, and a dinner to the hungry, whose stomach would brook a ten-penny nail. He expatiates on the benefits it confers on the various occupations of life, the shepherd, the sower, the thresher, the mower, the blacksmith,—on the comforts and independence bestowed by it on the beggar and the prisoner—on the wit it gives to the blockhead, and courage to the down-cast lover, of which last fact we are competent witnesses, having made a most important conquest, this day three weeks, at the Salisbury Arms in Durham-court, just after tossing off the third threepenny nip of Burton. The girl was a beautiful and modest maiden—but it is not right to kiss and tell. We shall, therefore, go on with the bishop and his ale.

After many more hearty commendations, he discants on its benefits to the cause of philosophy and composition.

And the power of it shows, no whit less in prose,
It will fill one's phrase, and set forth his tale:
Fill him but a bowl, it will make his tongue troul,
For flowing speech flows from a pot of good ale.

And master philosopher, if he drink his part,
Will not trifle his time in the husk or the shale,
But go to the kernel by the depth of his art,
To be found in the bottom of a pot of good ale.

In the next verse, its operations on an Oxford student are scientifically considered.

Give a scholar of Oxford a pot of sixteen,
And put him to prove that AN APS HATH NO TAIL;
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen,
If you fetch him from Botley a pot of good ale.

By this we may learn, that the scholars of Oxford were just as wisely employed in those days as they are now.

Its services in the cause of religion and morality are new and pithily enumerated. He is a little puzzled when he comes to explain its soberness; he gets through, however, tolerably well after all.

But for soberness; needs must I confess,
The matter goes hard; and few do prevail
Not to go too deep, but temper to keep,
Such is the attractive of a pot of good ale.

But here's an amends, which will make all friends,
And ever doth tend to the best avail:
If you take it too deep, it will make you but sleep;
So comes no great harm of a pot of good ale.

If, reeling, they happen to fall to the ground,
The fall is not great, they may hold by the rail;
If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,
For that gift is given to a pot of good ale.

If drinking about, they chance to fall out,
Fear not that alarm, though flesh be but frail;
It will prove but some blows, or at most a bloody nose,
And friends again straight with a pot of good ale.

In those days hops were not in favour. James I. as we all know, called them a pernicious weed, and the Pope falls in with the ideas of his time.

Their ale-berries, caudles, and possets each one,
And syllabubs made at the milking-pail,
Although they be many, beer comes not in any,
But all are composed with a pot of good ale.

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And, in very deed, the hop's but a weed,
Brought o'er against law, and here set to sale;
Would the law were renew'd, and no more beer brew'd,
But all men betake them to a pot of good ale!

We have outlived these prejudices—though, in truth, our great brewers seem to have taken an antipathy to hops as well as our ancestors, for they favour us with little enough in their porter.

We are soon treated with a piece of history and antiquities.

To the praise of Gambrivius, that good British king,
That devis'd for the nation (by the Welchmen's tale)
Seventeen hundred years before Christ did spring,
The happy invention of a pot of good ale.
The north they will praise it, and praise it with passion,
Where every river gives name to a dale;
There men are yet living that are of the old fashion,
No nectar they know but a pot of good ale.
The Picts and the Scots for ale were at lots,
So high was the skill, and so kept under seal;
The Picts were undone, slain each mother's son,
For not teaching the Scots to make hether-ale.

In all the controversy anent the Picts, we do not remember this remarkable fact being brought forward. As we believe old herring-faced Pinkerton is still alive, we strongly recommend him to duly consider this highly important testimony of the real cause of the abolition of the Pictish nation.

The rage against beer, breaks out again towards the end of this fine poem—between the bibbers of which and the ale-swillers, there appears to have existed a deadly feud. The men of beer, it appears, had accused ale of slaying its votaries—a weighty charge, and deserving of instant refutation, which it triumphantly receives.

Now, if ye will say it, I will not denay it,
That many a man it brings to his bale;
Yet what fairer end can one wish to his friend,
Than to die by the part of a pot of good ale.
Yet let not the innocent bear any blame,
It is their own doings to break o'er the pale;
And neither the malt, nor the good wife in fault,
If any be potted with a pot of good ale.
They tell whom it kills, but say not a word
How many a man liveth both sound and hale,
Though he drink no beer any day in the year,
By the radical humour of a pot of good ale.
But to speak of killing them am I not willing;
For that in a manner were but to rail;
But beer hath its name, 'cause it brings to the bier,
Therefore well fare say I, to a pot of good ale.
Too many (I wis) with their deaths prove this,
And therefore (if ancient records do not fail)
He that first brew'd the hop, was rewarded with a rope,
And found his beer far more bitter than ale.

For our parts, we drink both beer and ale—not to mention porter, and, therefore, sympathize with the sufferings of the suspended hop-planter.

In the whole compass of our poetry there is not a more magniloquent and glorious stanza than the next. The wish it expresses is quite sublime.

O ale *ab alendo*, the liquor of life!
That I had but a mouth as big as a whale!
For mine is but little, to touch the least tittle
That belongs to the praise of a pot of good ale.

How beautiful! There is not such a verse in all Wordsworth's Excursion.

It concludes prettily and hospitably.

Thus (I trow) some virtues I have mark'd you out,
And never a vice in all this long trail,
But that after the pot, there cometh a shot,
And that's th' only blot of a pot of good ale."
With that my friend said, "that blot will I bear,
You have done very well, it is time to strike sail;
We'll have six pots more, though I die on the score,
To make all this good of a pot of good ale."

Now, gentle readers, is not that a fine poem? Do you think that there is a bishop now-a-days on the bench, who could compose any thing so splendid and solemn—so epic and episcopal—so tender and so true? The age is evidently degenerating, and the church does not now glory in the mighty men that rendered her illustrious in the days of old. Then, indeed, there were giants in the land—men of ale and ability, as Croly would say; whereas, now-a-days, we are sunk into blundering and Burgundy.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætus parientum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

So sung Horace nineteen centuries ago—so say we, when closing the venerated volume of the labours of Andrews, we reflect with a sigh, that the lawn-sleeves envelope no poet of our times, capable of composing a strain of so divine a mood.

ON DECEPTION, EXPRESSION, AND ACTION IN STATUARY.

The Dying Gladiator—The Laocoon—The Venus of Canova—The Apollo—Westmacott's Houseless Wanderer.

In statuary, as in painting, or in poetry, there can be no doubt, that the production will please best which most strongly excites the mind, whether that excitement be otherwise agreeable or disagreeable. In the case of disagreeable excitements, or rather what appear to be so in works of art, we know that they are not real occurrences placed before our eyes, but semblances of what is or has been. In the picture of the Murder of the Innocents at Bethlehem, the reality is softened down by the picture: we can never imagine for a moment, that we are really present at this horrid scene, though it be admirably painted. If we could be for a moment deceived, our pleasure would be turned into horror. We would leap upon the canvass to snatch the swords from the murderers. Such an occurrence never, we believe, took place. If it could happen, the artist must be pronounced to have been unskilful in his management. We cannot, indeed, pretend to account for this feeling of men; this pleasure which is taken in the representation of such a massacre as this, and in the horrid scenes of tragedy and romance; but we know the fact, though we cannot explain it. We know that such pleasure is received, and the artist ought to bear it in mind in all his performances.

We shall take another illustration from Rubens' picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den.

Behold the Prophet in that place of fear!
The horrid mouths of lions fierce and fell
Growling around;—a rueful sepulchre
Yawns in their thirsty throats;—the victim's knell
Re-echoes through the cave in that wild yell—
He's gone. The cold damp sweat of agony
Is bursting o'er his limbs;—But, mark how well
The hope and firm composure of that eye
Repels all human fear, reposing in the sky.
J. G. C.

But, with all the excellencies of this picture, had Rubens tried and succeeded to deceive the spectators, that it was a reality and not a picture they looked at; horror, instead of pleasure, would have been the certain result. They would at once, with feelings of sympathy, which find a place in every bosom, under such circumstances, have rushed forward to save the prophet from the danger which yawned around him, or have shrunk back in terror for themselves. It is not so; Rubens was aware what his art could do, and what it was desirable to do; and he left to inferior painters the silly and fruitless attempt to deceive. The truth is, that were deception the summit of perfection, as it has but too often been deemed, it would be the greatest of human pleasure to look, not at the painting, but at the realities: to feel more pleasure in beholding such a scene as the Murder of the Innocents, than in seeing any representation of it; to be present, while such a ruffian as Macbeth plunged the midnight dagger in the breast of his prince, than to see the imitation of it on the stage. Such principles would be, and have been, the bane of the fine arts, and the following them out has been the ruin of many a man of genius.

The principle applies still more strongly to statuary, which is a degree farther removed from deception than painting; and to attempt a deception in a statue, would be certain to produce disgust. To put natural colours, for example, on a statue, would only produce a stone monster, lifeless, and voiceless. It fills the spectators with nearly the same feelings of horror, as a sight of Lot's Wife transformed into a Pillar of Salt. It would make the very blood run cold; for it would be more an image of such a transformation than any other thing, as it would not exactly look like death, and it would still less look like life. It would, in fact, be a representation, or rather an attempt at representing what cannot be

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represented. In statuary, then, a deceptive imitation is folly.

Take an instance in the Dying Gladiator; one of the fine statues which remain of the ancient sculptures, and beautifully expressive of the approach of death, a circumstance which always draws forth sympathy from those most steeled against feeling.

He leans upon his hand, his manly brow
Consents to death but conquers agony.
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing flow
From the deep gash—fall heavy one by one
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now,
The arena swings around him—he is gone,
Ere ceas'd the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost—nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;—
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holy-day—
All this rush'd with his blood.
Childe Harold.

Yet though the poet feels all this so heart-rendingly; and though every one feels this who looks on the statue; nobody, we presume, ever for a moment, was deceived into the fancy of being actually present at the death of the Gladiator, or ever for a moment stooped down in an agony of feeling to support his drooping head, bind up his bleeding side, and comfort him in the hour of death, when no wife, no mother, was near him. It is impossible.

The principle may also be strongly illustrated from the extraordinary group of the Laocoon, perhaps the greatest work ever performed by sculpture; for though we admire the Venus, the Apollo, and the Antinous, for beauty, symmetry, and graceful attitude; there is more in the Laocoon to excite feeling, which is the grand test of excellence; there is more to call up observation and thought, there is more expression, and consequently more excitement. We behold his

——Torture dignifying pain,
A father's love and mortal's agony,
With an immortal's patience blending; vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain,
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links;—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.
Childe Harold.

But with all our strong feelings on viewing this celebrated performance, we never, for a moment, think of the reality. We never start forward to assist, nor shrink back for fear, lest the serpent should quit Laocoon, and dart his fangs upon ourselves. We have no such feelings, and yet our sympathies are strong, for nobody can here look with indifference.

Let us try our principle as a test for other works of sculpture; Canova's Venus, for example, which has by some been highly admired, though it is liable to the grand objection brought against the English school, that it is a portrait. If this continue to influence our artists, it will infallibly crush all the rising excellencies of which we are beginning to be so proud. The error, however, is perhaps more the error of the times, than of the artist. It is the folly, the rage for portrait, which must always injure, must always produce a blot and a blemish, whenever it is hunted after in historical or fancy subjects. It is one of the greatest blemishes in Rubens, that he is so eager to introduce himself and his family into his grandest pieces. Haydon has carried the folly to its acmé, in his Entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem; and, as if to satirize the present rage for portrait, he has introduced prominently into the picture, the portraits of Voltaire, Wordsworth, and Sir Isaac Newton; in defiance evidently of all taste, consistency, and common sense. But so far from being aware of the incongruity, or leaving it to accidental discovery, he comes forward himself to point it out as a beauty. Into the same error, Canova unfortunately fell in his statue of Venus, which he meant, perhaps, to rival the hitherto unrivalled Venus de Medicis. If such was his idea, he did not act wisely; for even if he could have excelled it, a circumstance improbable enough, the superiority would not have been readily acknowledged by a prejudiced world, and the comparison of a former masterpiece with a new rival, would almost infallibly turn out unfavourable to the latter, and the artist would at all events get the character of most arrogant presumption.

In the case of Canova's Venus, the error lies in its being a portrait, and known and acknowledged to have been

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designed from an Italian princess, who submitted to the indelicacy of exposure in her thirst for being immortalized in stone. This, to our minds, is a circumstance which would rob the statue of all the excellence to be desired in a work of art, and upon the very principle we have just endeavoured to put on a sure foundation; the principle of exciting the spectator to imagine, and to feel:—to call up in his mind a fine play of fancy, and of association. Let us contrast Canova's statue with its ancient rival.

The feeling which we have in viewing the Venus of Cleomenes—the admirable Athenian Venus,—arises from the thought expressed in the whole statue, of the young and beautiful goddess, just starting into birth from the foam of the sea—just opening her eyes, for the first time, on the world's wonders, and even wondering at herself, and where she is, *timidly* and modestly afraid to trust her*self* abroad in the unknown creation around her, yet still a goddess. It recalls the fine description which Milton has given of the first feelings of our great progenitor:

As new awaked from soundest sleep,
Straight toward heaven my wandering eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky.—
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. *Par. Lost.*

The Venus is a being which could not readily be unveiled to human eyes, except by the art of the Athenian statuary—the divine chisel of Cleomenes, who would have scorned to degrade his statue by taking the portrait of any princess, or any woman who ever lived, or who was ever worshipped by the idolatry of a fond lover. The whole is beautifully ideal, a celestial creation of a superior mind, and, as such, it awakens in every beholder feelings similar, though, perhaps, not so ecstatic as it did in the moment when the first conception flashed upon the soul of Cleomenes, and left the deep imprint of the statue's form on his mind.

Turn now to Canova's Venus, and examine the feelings which it awakens. If no explanation had been given, the first feeling would be, that it represented a woman, not a goddess, about to dress herself, after leaving the bath; or who was undressing herself for the purpose of entering it; an idea which, however well it may accord with the manners of the licentious Italians, is certainly contrary to good taste, or at all events is incomparably low, when contrasted with the expression of the Venus of Cleomenes. But how much is even this idea degraded, when it is avowed, that it is the actual portrait of a princess? How are all our indefinite notions of divinity and heavenliness dispelled at once, when we are told, it is the portrait of a mortal woman? The beauty of the statue, though ever so transcendant, would sink at once from heaven to earth; it would die in our minds, like any other attempted deception. We speak not of the flippancy and forwardness expressed in the countenance of Canova's statue; nor of the assumed and plainly affected modesty of the attitude. It is altogether expressive of a meretricious air. The very hair is fantastic, and wears the look of meretriciousness; and, as such, however finely it may be executed, however beautiful in feature or in proportion, and, however like it may be to the princess for whom it was designed, we hesitate not to give it an unconditional condemnation as a statue of Venus. As a portrait, then, it is to be tried, and not as a Venus; for, as such, no called-up and forced imagination can ever consider it, as the notion of the undressed princess exposing herself to the artist will always obtrude and dissolve the begun enchantment of feeling.

In sculpture, we think, there has, in many instances, been a complete overlooking of expression and action; and, as such, even the finest proportioned figures fail to please us; must fail to charm us into admiration, and, in place of this, excite us to examine the nicety of execution, and other inferior considerations which we cannot possibly think of when before a great master-piece. The Antinous, for example, or the young Apollo, may be admired for their beauty, their symmetry, and their execution; but what is this, when compared with the expression in the Laocoon, or even in the Venus. There is a want of action, like the old style of portraits, which considered nothing, but a dead and lifeless mass of unthinking features, and like,

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the original, only in outline and in proportion, but wanting all expression of the peculiarity of thought or of feeling, which is seen in every face. How different is the effect of a production of the chisel, where some action is expressed, or some attitude of feeling or contemplation which cannot be mistaken. In this view, the statue of the Youth extracting a Thorn from his Foot, or that of the Fawn playing on the Flute, are far superior to the young Apollo or the Antinous, who do not seem to be doing any thing, or thinking about any thing; but merely to be alphabet exercises in modelling by some great statuary.

Such is not the case with the Belvidere Apollo, which is most highly expressive, in both feature and attitude; just at the moment the arrow has sprung from his bow, the artist has chosen as the moment to seize the expressive attitude.

The shaft has just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril, beautiful disdain and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity.
Childe Harold.

The remark of West, when he was first introduced to the original statue at Rome, was highly characteristic. He said the Apollo was like a young Mohawk warrior, after he had sent an arrow to the heart of his enemy.

The Houseless Wanderer, by Westmacott, affords another fine illustration of our principle, which we would not willingly omit. The subject is a young gypsey female, who has been soothing her infant in the midst of her own sorrows. The babe has just dropt its mouth from the nipple, and fallen asleep, while the mother is in the act of heaving a deep sigh; and so admirably is this told, that the very marble seems to move with the intensity of her feeling, while the contrast of the infant, in a sweet and placid sleep, is masterly and fine.

But we should never have done, were we to give all the illustrations which crowd upon us. These, we hope, will serve to establish, on a firm basis, the principles contended for; that expression and action are all and every thing, as, unless feelings can be strongly awakened, the statue, however finely proportioned, must be imperfect—must be a failure.

THE RHYMING REVIEW FOR THE MONTH.

Let us write a review; but as every one knows,
None now-a-days reads them when written in prose;
Suppose, for a freak, we should try to rehearse
What was scribbled last month in a handful of verse.

First, then, of our novels—at once there steps forth,
Sir Walter,* in mask, from the realms of the North;
As careless as usual,—more careless, perhaps—
As many great beauties—as many short naps.—

'Tis lost time to critique him—at all that is said
About haste, or confusion, he just shakes his head;
He dashes on still, without heeding a word,
And the critic's forgotten—the novel adored.

But all must allow that his pen is more bright,
When it runs upon scenes long removed from our sight;
When the Templars † in chivalrous glory appear,
When the voice of Queen Bess ‡ seems to ring in the ear.

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* Red-Gauntlet. A Tale of the 18th Century, by the Author of Waverly.
Master go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty—*As you Like It.*
3 Vols. Constable, Edinburgh.

† Ivanhoe. ‡ Kenilworth.

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When * Claverhouse sweeps in full vengeance along,
Or when† Jacobite chiefs round their Chevalier throng;
Then, then, is he splendid, he's never absurd,
Till he writes on the days of good King George the Third.

In Red-Gauntlet the hero of course is a goose,
And a law-suit occurs—'tis his general use,
Of the heroine's perfections we have no great *hantle*,
Except that she's dressed in a pretty green mantle.

There's a Jacobite agent as usual at work,
As dark as the midnight, as stern as a Turk.
And the bore of the volume is Poor Peter Peebles,
Whose senses, black law and bright brandy enfeebles.

But the grandeur and obstinate pride of the Stewart,
The heart-breaking tale of the lost Nanty Ewart,
The good quiet quaker, though coloured too broadly,
The hypocrite Turnpenny, drunken and godly;

Father Crackenthorpe jovial, and *stuffy*, and *swilly*,
And the tale and the music of wandering Willie,
Are touches of nature, with truth or good sense,
Which our grandsons will talk of a hundred years hence. ‡

To pass from Sir Walter—another bring quick, sir,
Ha! here is R. Gillies's Devil's Elixir,§
A high German story, some pathos, much stuff,
Diablerie plenty—of horrors *quant. suff.*

A sort of Saint Leon, mixed up with the monk,
A story as hard to untwist as old junk;
A style rather crabbed—digressions misplaced,
In the middle of magic, a lecture on taste;

Or when murder and incest are filling our skulls,
A bungling collection of hack Irish bulls,
Give the picture of this—but, good reader, there still is,
Much matter to praise in these volumes of Gillies.

The lady Aurelia is charmingly drawn,
From the time that we hear of her passion's first dawn,
Through the dark maze of fate which she's destined to tread,
Till murdered she bows at the altar her head.

---

* Old Mortality. † Waverley.

‡ Had we time in the text, we should add that there are
Some fine Tenier's touches of Scotland's old bar;
For instance that glimpse, which, with so much precision,
Gives Monboddo the blethering droll metaphysician.

We may also inform our readers, in prose, that we have received a tiny note from a Correspondent, which we cram in here.

Sir.—In Red-Gauntlet I noticed the following slips of the pen, which are at your service.

In vol. 1. p. 24. "Unstable as water he shall not excel," said my father, or as the Septuagint hath it, *Effusa est sicut aqua—non crescat.*

Now with all deference, the Septuagint is in Greek; therefore could not contain this quotation from the Latin *vulgate.*

In vol. 2. p. 83. Darsie Latimer says, that he "was transported in one of the light carts of the country *then* called tumblers."

Now this journal was written two or three days after the events it relates, and the name of "tumblers" was scarce changed in the interim, so as to allow Darsie to talk of what they were *then* called; there certainly is some alteration now—in 1824.—*A small critic.*

§ The Devil's Elixir. From the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann. *In diesem jahre wandelte auch der.*—Deuvel. *Offenlicht auf den Strassen von Berlin.*—Haftit Microc. Berol. p. 1043.

In that yeare, the Deville was also seene walking publiclie on the streetes of Berlin.

2 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Query, Why does Mr. Gillies mispell *year, devil, seen, publicly, streets,* in the above translation. He may believe us that bad orthography does not make old English.

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And th' events hurry on, that, though hard to discover,
What the tale is about till you have read it twice over,
Yet the interest is such that, small faults little heeding,
You would sit up all night to continue the reading.

Besides, ere you read half a sheet you determine,
That Mr. R. G. is a capital German;
That he gets through Alt-Deutsch very much *con amore*,
As we knew long ago from his beautiful Horæ.*

"*Some account of the life of the late Gilbert Earle*,"†
Is a tale where a man falls in love with a girl,
Who, unlucky to say, has a husband already,
But proves to her faith somewhat little unsteady.

She pines—and she dies—and he homeward soon ranges,
[The scene of the Novel is placed near the Ganges];
Is mournful and gloomy, sees strange alteration
In country, town, faces,—in short, all the nation;

Writes pretty good sentiments—sighs with an air,
In sentences tuned after dear Adam Blair;
Tells stories and scenes full of pathos and pity,
Shows much knowledge of ton, and some tact of the city.

In a word, makes a book, which is destined to grace
A lady's boudoir, in a smart wat'ring-place;
Then dies—and if Jordan's gazette may be credited,
Leaves his volume to be, by young St. Leger, edited.

Next, comes swimming on with a dignified carriage,
With a puff from Sir Walter, the author of Marriage.
We must always love talent, and shrewdness, and merit, hence
We always must love her new work the "Inheritance." ‡

How easy, yet caustic, the flow of her chat—
How delicious a bore is loquacious Miss Pratt—
How splendid a contrast the pompous old peer—
How delightful is Gertrude, the warm and sincere.

The story is piddling, but that is the fashion;
Our novelists now only think how to dash on—
Make the tale but the peg, for hanging up sketches
Of great men or small men, fine people, or wretches.

Yet, perhaps, if H. Fielding's old plan § were revived,
Our novels would be, after all, more long-lived;
If a story—to which every sentence should tend,
With a middle, as well as beginning and end,

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* The Horæ Germanicæ, in Blackwood's Magazine, are understood to be from the pen of Mr. Gillies, and in general beautiful things they are.

† Some account of the life of the late Gilbert Earle, Esq. written by himself.

> But when returned the youth? the youth no more
> Returned exulting to his native shore;
> But forty years were past, and then there came
> A worn-out man.—*Crabbe.*

London, Knight, 1 vol.

‡ The Inheritance, by the Author of Marriage,
Si la noblesse est vertu, elle se perd par tout ce qui n'est pas vertueux; et si elle n'est pas vertu c'est peu de chose.—*La Bruyere.*
3 vols. Edinburgh, Blackwood.

§ See, particularly, Tom Jones. Heaven forefend, however, that we should panegyrize the *execution* of all the details. We are only recommending the admirable epic unity of the plan.

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Were arranged with due care—and no one opportunity
Permitted to break up its regular unity;—
No character useless—no episode such
As to draw our attention away overmuch.—

Perhaps, we repeat it, with all due respect,
The thing, *as a whole*, would have much more effect;
And a lot of smart characters now-a-days squandered,
Would condense in one work—and *that* work be a standard.

But we wish not to blame the sharp elderly madam,*
(We thank her too much for Miss Bess and Old Adam)
She, in fact, is less faulty in *this* way than many,
And could, if she tried, *plan* it better than any.

Why then, *let* her try,—and we wager upon it,
Her next story will be the best flower in her bonnet;
And we'll all feel obliged if she still, as her use is,
Her cousins and friends for her butts introduces.†

Clorinda is written, we're told, by Lord Dillon,‡
As silly a book as was wasted a quill on,
From bottom to top just a bundle of *havers*,§
A companion, in fact, for Sir Richard Maltravers.

What d'ye think of the brains of a man who should bid us
Deem it right for the Brahmins to burn all the widows?
Why nothing: but pray that his visage so ugly,
Should be ducked, for his pains, in a pool of the Hoogly.

Enough then of these—'twere lost time, we conceive,
To regard such dull filth as is "Adam and Eve."‖
To slay dead "Rosalyiva," in manner inhuman,**
Or to rummage the cases of Squire A. K. Newman.

Mr. Swan has translated—good reader look o'er 'em,—
That storehouse of stories, the *Gest. Romanorum*,††
To which bards of our own from Geof. Chaucer to Scott,
Are indebted—they'll own it—for many a plot.

Wilhelm Meister ‡‡—you know 'twas Old Göethe who penn'd it—
Tho' translated not well, must be still recommended;
For we give it, at once, as our serious opinion,
There are few finer things than the story of Mignon.

There's no poetry written this month—more's the pity,
We should wish for a sample to season our ditty;
But our great ones are silent, and none seems inclin'd,
To contend for the laurels that they have resigned.

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* Since the above was written, we have learned that the lady's name is Ferriar.

† It is understood that all the characters introduced in these novels are drawn from the relations or acquaintances of the author. We think it gives them poignancy—though it must not a little annoy the good folks concerned.

‡ Clorinda. A novel, in one volume, said to be—but we vouch not for our authority, from the classical pen of Lord Dillon—the conspicuous and sagacious author of Sir Richard Maltravers. In this last work of his, he defends the Indian immolation of women.

§ Havers. Scotch for nonsense.

‖ Adam and Eve. A Margate Story. Hunts, London. 1 vol.

** Rosalviva, or the Demon Dwarf. By Grenville Fletcher. Iley, London. 3 vols.

†† Gesta Romanorum. Translated by the Rev. Charles Swan. 3 vols. H. Colburn, London.

‡‡ Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd. 3 vols.

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Lord Byron is dead, and as dead to the Nine,
Are the bards whom we knew in his spring-tide to shine.
Tom Campbell is yoked to a dull magazine,
Mouthy Southey writes quartos, by nobody seen.

Sam Coleridge drinks gin, and keeps prating and preaching,
Tom Moore to Lord Lansdown is tipsily speeching,
Will Wordsworth's distributing stamps to the Lakers,
Jerry Wiffen—Ben Barton—are nothing but quakers.

Scott is better employed than in looking for rhymes,
Croly's writing critiques for old Stoddart's New Times;
Crabbe and Bowles are with Moduses tickling their fancies,
Sam Rogers makes—PUNS! and James Hogg makes—ROMANCES!

In fact, not to talk in the style of humbug,
Our poets have found out that verse is a drug;
And a drug it will be, in this our British nation,
Until time fills the isle with a new generation.

We have only to say, that a couple of stories,*
In dramatical shape, are now lying before us;
Which are pretty enough for that sort of a job,
The name of the author, is Sullivan—(Bob).

There's a "Loves of the Colours," not much to our *palate*.†
Composed by some bard, with a head like a mallet:
And the Hunts—a bad spec., as we venture to tell ye,
Have published some posthumous trash of Byshe Shelly;‡

In which you will find, as we found with much sadness,
Some talent—obscured by much maundering madness;
A good line, here and there, in an ocean of drivel,
And a thought, once or twice, sunk in blasphemous snivel.

"Songs of Israel, by Knox, from the Hebrew;"§ pshaw! trash!
Had David been living, O! Knox! what a crash
He'd have made of the lump, which you wear as a head,
For alloying his gold with your compost of lead.

Away, then, with verses—what next shall we start?—
Philosophy—science—phrenology—art—
Voyage—travel—or history—humbug—or fun,
(Of the latter, alas! my good sirs, there is none.)

It were hard, we're afraid, in this metre of ours,
To discuss mathematics, their doctrines, and pow'rs—
To talk wise, like Sir Humphry, on chemical matter—
On medicine with Duncan or Johnson to chatter.

To rush, sword-in-hand, like a Waterloo trooper,
Right into the quarrel, 'twixt Charles Bell and Cooper—‖

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* The Silent River, and Faithful and Forsaken. Dramatic Poems. By Robert Sullivan. London, Whittakers. 1 vol.

† The Loves of the Colours, with a few occasional Poems, and a Trifle in Prose. London, Hookham, 1 vol.

‡ Posthumous Poems of the late Percy B. Shelly, esq. London, Hunts, 1 vol.

§ Songs of Israel, consisting of Lyrics, founded upon the History and Poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. By William Knox, Edinburgh. Anderson. 1 vol.

‖ There is a controversy raging now between Mr. Charles Bell and Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. about broken bones, plagiarism, and Borough Billingsgate.

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Or to spout upon Hirnschadel's Encephalology,*
As opposed to the doctrine of cran. or phrenology.

One book we shall praise, with true heart and spirit,
A volume of jollity, learning, and merit;
And we hope that the Muse will here deign to "befriend her son," †
While we sing of the quarto of Dr. A. Henderson, ‡

Great tome, in whose pages the history is told,
Of wine of all centuries, modern and old;
Where we all learn the tale of all kinds of the grape,
From Homer's Pramnian to Atkinson's cape.

When we pore on your page, we go back to the ages,
When Anacreon drank Chian with Hellas's sages;
And there scarcely appears any distance between us
And the days when gay Horace got drunk with Mecænas.

How profoundly you talk, how antique and how classic,
On Cœcubian, Calenian, Surrentine, or Massic;
How sublimely you prove, in a tone grave and merry,
That Falernian resembled Madeira or Sherry.

We must think, so correct the research you have made is,
That you went to consult some Greek vintner in Hades;
But many a bumper of good claret flowing
May you quaff, e'er that journey in earnest you're going.

Fifty verses we've sung—and we scarce can do better,
Than to finish our ditty by taking a whetter;
Tho' no juice of the grape in our glass bubbles up,
Tho' nor ancient Falern, nor new Port do we sup,

Yet a liquor much balmier, though, perhaps, humbler
Is steaming to heaven, from our well-plenish'd tumbler,
With a jorum of that, shall we bid our adieu,
Till the first day of August, dear readers, to you.

P. T. O.

PROSE POSTSCRIPT.

We have little literary news worth communicating at present, for there has been an unusual stagnancy of such a commodity this merry month of June last past.

Hurst and Robinson have published a pleasant "Tour in Germany, and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in the Years 1820, 1821, and 1822, in a couple of duodecimo Volumes," which contains some good information, if it be not particularly deep.

Bullock's "Six Months in Mexico," is, in reality, an interesting Tour. What he has brought over with him, merits the utmost attention of the antiquary in many points of view. We beg leave to refer to a paper in the last Classical Journal on the subject—the paper is written by one as conspicuous for noble birth as for learning.

Tom Moore's "Captain Rock," has drawn forth an answer, published at Cadell's, entitled "Captain Rock detected, by a Munster Farmer." This farmer is no more a clown, than Tom is a bandit. There is a clever story told

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* Duncan, of the Row, is about shortly to publish Encephalology, or a very brief sketch of Doctor Hirnschadel's Ologies of the Cranion, and Phren. perfected by the Rationals.

† Milton, P. L. Book 8.

—Nor could the muse
Defend her son—

‡ The History of Ancient and Modern Wines, 1 vol. London, Baldwin. The Author's name is not given, but it is known to be Dr. Alexander Henderson.

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in it towards the beginning, and the little poet gets a severe, and rather a deserved rap over the knuckles, for making murder so much a matter of jocularity, as he has done in his work.

A translation of the "Memoirs of John Sobieski," is in progress; it is to be from the pen of an English professor at the Russia-Polish University of Kezemieniec.

Miss Sandon's long promised poem of the "Improvisatrice," is at last forthcoming, sweetly and prettily, like every thing she does.

Colonel Talbot is about to give us the "Details of his Five Years' Residence in the Canadas."

In Edinburgh, they are preparing for publication, the "Historical Works of Sir James Balfour of Kinnaird, Lord Lyon, King-at-Arms under King Charles I. from Original MS. in the Advocate's Library."

In the same city, also, is forthcoming, the "Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. James Oswald of Dunniken, M. P. comprizing a Period of Forty Years, from 1740."

Mons. Julien is going to lithographize the Chinese text of the Works of Municius, the celebrated follower of Confucius, who flourished about 300 years after him. To this he will add a translation into Latin, as literal as the idiom of the languages will allow. This is the first attempt of the kind made in Europe.

A clergyman, of the name of Gilly, has published a quarto account of his Travels, &c. among the Vaudois; which are curious enough. More care taken with some of the decorations would not have been amiss. That singular people appear, from Mr. G.'s statements, to have peculiar claims upon the attention and the liberality of England. The House of Savoy, with peculiar ingratitude, were no sooner seated, by the aid of our arms, in their ancient dominions, than they began to persecute these poor people for their firm adherence to their Protestant doctrines, although they had been the most loyal of subjects, through good and evil report, to the king of Sardinia at all times. We hope the appeal in their favour will not be made in vain.

The Life of Law, the projector of the Mississippi Bubble, about a hundred years ago in France, is nearly ready for publication. There are some curious anecdotes about him in the Suffolk Papers, lately published by John Murray.

There has been a great dispute between Dr. Brewster and Professor Jamieson in Edinburgh, as to the Journal which they had formerly conducted together. The consequence has been, that Constable and Co. continue to publish the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, having ejected Brewster (the original editor) from the concern, under the superintendance of Jamieson, who is assisted by Professor Leslie, and several other coadjutors; while Brewster has started an Edinburgh Philosophical Journal at Blackwood's. Brewster's assistants are, M'Culloch, Hooker, Fleming, Haidinger, Knox, and Hibbert. A lawsuit is raised as to the property in the original title, according to the usual manner of managing such things in Edinburgh. The upshot it is easy to see, which is, that neither Journal will make a farthing.

Dr. Mac Culloch is soon to bring out four large octavo volumes on the Highlands of Scotland. They are dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. No doubt the Doctor will be found up *to trap*.

With this information, which is very much at your service, we have the honor to subscribe ourselves to you, (in return for which we hope *you* will subscribe yourselves to us)

Most excellent Reader,

Your most obedient and very humble Servants,

The Editors of the

JOHN BULL MAGAZINE.

MONSIEUR ARC-EN-CIEL'S PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS. BY COSMO ECCLES.

Essence of Light extracted from Sun-beams—Kosmopoloscope and its uses—Sun-making—Artificial Suns on Mont Blanc and Teneriffe.

As I have been singularly fortunate in obtaining from a friend at Paris, a complete account of certain wonderful discoveries made, and inventions contrived, by the famous M. Arc-en-ciel, Rue de Bizarre, I thought it my duty

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to send the same to you, that the inventor, who intends to make an early appearance in London, may not come upon our countrymen altogether *per faltum*.

M. Arc-en-ciel, according to my friend's statement, has, at length, by the most ingenious and difficult experiments upon fish-scales, diamonds, Paris plaster, custard, coal-gas, and red cabbage, set at rest the puzzling question—What is light? and has refuted the absurd idea of its being mere motion, or that sunbeams could be extracted from cucumbers, by the discovery of the real essence of light, which he has found means to prepare and preserve. In the pursuit of his interesting investigations, M. Arc-en-ciel was led to examine almost every substance in nature, and every production of art;—the eyes of moles, cats, eagles, and solan geese; burgundy-pitch and virgin-silver, chalk, chesnuts, *china*-ware, steel-filings, wedge-gold, and sliced parsnips; nothing escaped his all-pervading research; every thing was subjected to experimental scrutiny. His ingenuity and labour have been rewarded by the most brilliant success, and universal amazement, that a single philosopher, self-taught and unassisted, should have accomplished the solution of a problem, which has so long defied the ingenuity of the learned, and refused to yield even to the omnipotent apparatus of Davy, or the resuscitory battery of Dr. Ure.

M. Arc-en-ciel has carried his ingenuity farther, by turning his brilliant discovery to the most useful account in the invention of several instruments singularly advantageous to society. Among these may be mentioned that wonderful contrivance, the *kosmopoloscope*, the most important article that ever was invented for the use of man, as must be evident from the very name to every body who knows Greek, and these who do not are much to be pitied for their ignorance of what is now universally spoken by fiddlers and corn-doctors. But I beg pardon of the Cheiropodist to his majesty, I was talking, I think, of the Kosmopoloscope. This instrument consists of two small soap bubbles inclosing a quantity of M. Arc-en-ciel's essence of light, and fitted into the eye-rings of a pair of spectacles, which may be either of gold, silver, or potassium, according to the fancy of purchasers. M. Arc-en-ciel himself recommends potassium as being more durable, providing always it be kept out of the way of oxygen.

The uses of the kosmopoloscope are so numerous, that I despair of giving an intelligible abstract within an epistolary compass; but this I the less regret, when I understand, that M. Arc-en-ciel is himself about to publish a large folio volume in explanation of its uses, for the instruction of mankind. In brief, the kosmopoloscope is the only instrument ever invented which can make "all nature beauty to the eye;" for, as the essence of light involves in it the elements of colour, by means of the kosmopoloscope we can, by day or by night, command views and prospects surpassing all that ever poets dreamed of Elysium. Henceforth we shall complain no more of dull weather, nor get into the spleen and blue devils, when a day happens to be dark with haze or rain; for we have only to put on our kosmopoloscope, to see around us a sunny paradise, smiling in all the luxuriance of summer beauty. The citizen "in gloomy alley pent" shall no longer regret that he is shut out from the sight of villages, and farms, and sweet-briar hedges, by the intervention of lofty houses and smoky walls, since he can, at the small expence of a kosmopoloscope procure a sight of all that is beautiful in art or nature; gardens, to wit, of unnumbered and numberless flowers spreading before him in rich magnificence; forests of every tint of green that foliage can display; orchards loaded with golden fruit, and vineyards hung with grapes ripe and clustering. He may see, by turns, rivers sweeping in majesty through long tracts of country, lakes and seas embosomed by mountain crescents, or stretching far through level valleys, with the blue sky hanging over all in smiling loveliness. We need no longer regret that the broad ocean rolls between Europe and the Indies, for the kosmopoloscope makes us, practically, citizens of the world, in displaying to us all the wonders and the beauties of these distant lands while we are snugly seated in our parlours, secure from all danger of tempestuous seas, yellow fever, and murdering savages.

The discovery of the Essence of Light, M. Arc-en-ciel also proposes to make useful by substituting it for tallow, wax, oil, and coal-gas. It has the advantage of being greatly cheaper, as it is extracted directly from sun-beams, by a very simple process, and the light it affords is even superior in brightness to that of the sun, being the true essence of the purest rays, purged and refined

from all impurity. Nay, M. Arc-en-ciel does not despair of making an artificial sun, which shall give as much light as the natural; the only difficulty at present being the apparent impracticability of fixing it high enough to be universally seen. He thinks, however, that if it could be securely fixed on Mont Blanc, that it would illuminate all Europe. The agent at Paris for the South American Republic, is actually said to have bespoke a sun from M. Arc-en-ciel for the summit of Chimborago; and the Directors of the East India-Company talk of bespeaking one for the Peak of Teneriffe, if they could fall upon any contrivance to monopolize the light for their own ships, to the exclusion of unchartered traders.

The moment M. Arc-en-ciel arrives, I shall do myself the honour of transmitting you an express, and in the mean time, I remain your humble servant,

COSMO ECCLES.

AN ADDITIONAL REMARK ON THE BAYSWATER REVIEW

IN our preface, proem, prelude, prospectus, programme, introduction, or whatever you please to call it—we mean that two-page-and-half-composition, which marches as the first article of this number, we made some remarks on that prince of Prospectusses, the never-enough-to-be-extolled manifesto of the European Review, doomed to issue from the purlieus of Bayswater. Since we wrote those Remarks, we have heard the whole history of the concern, which, as we happened to have mentioned it at all, we think we should be quite indefensible, if we withheld from our readers.

The Editor, then, who is to be the living deposit of all the mind, in all its branches, of Europe, is neither more nor less than a gentleman of the name of Walker, who, some years ago, published a work in Edinburgh, under the sounding title of "Archives of Universal Science;" in which he set out with the intention of proving, that all mankind knew nothing, and ended with demonstrating that such was the case with at least one individual of the race, namely, himself. After this he appeared in London, and set up the Caledonian Newspaper, which went the way of all flesh, with surprising rapidity. What he did immediately after, we have no way of knowing; but after the lapse of some time, he set about writing books of education, under the *nom de guerre* of A. Scott, which books we cannot charge our conscience with having read. Now we understand that Walker is to be Editor, and his *double*, Scott, to be sub-editor, which is an agreeable power of self-multiplication. The private and confidential meetings between the august *chef de brigade* and his sub. will be no doubt as edifying as a cabinet-counsel between the Roman consuls in the memorable year, Julio et Cæsar e Coss. Harry Neele, under him, is to do English literature, poetry, and all that; in the course of which we hope and trust, he will favour us with remarks on the Dramatic Sketches of the Lady's Magazine, which are very pretty pieces of sentimentality indeed.

Third in command, is the Greek gentleman, Phoscolos, who calls himself Foscolo; and is in general distinguished by the appropriate title of Fudgiolo. He is to be great upon Italian song. We recommend him a motto out of a work in which, if he lived at the time, it is probable he would have flourished, the Dunciad—certainly he would have deserved it more than the great scholar, to whom the verses were originally destined.

> "Critics and dull grammarians know you better,
> Parent of something higher far than letter—
> For towering o'er the alphabet, like Saul,
> Stands our *Digamma* and out-tops them all."

Ben Constant, poor body, is to write French politics, &c. and Fuseli, most ancient of painters, undertakes statuary and painting.

> "These are the chief in order and in might—
> The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd
> As Balaam boys, of Jackass' issue."

And under such guidance, we anticipate a fund of amusement from the whole concern. All the good old butts are becoming horribly stale, and the town in general is really in want of some new matter for grinning at. All we require of them is, not to be merely dull, not simply stupid, but to put in the fine racy flavour of absurdity into whatever they do. A mere idiot is a pitiable object, but, though it is perhaps not quite reconcilable with the most exalted feelings, few of us can hinder ourselves from laughing at the fantastic caprices of a poor but important fellow, who fancies himself a king or a philosopher.

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THE

JOHN BULL

Magazine.

VOL. 1. AUGUST, 1824. No. 2.

LORD BYRON'S LETTERS.

MESSRS. Charles Knight, of Pall Mall, East, and Henry Colburn, of Conduit-street, have announced for publication a portion of Lord Byron's Letters, being his correspondence with Mr. R. C. Dallas. An injunction, however, as such of our readers as take any interest in such matters, of course know, has been obtained against their publication from the Vice-Chancellor; some hopes are entertained that Lord Eldon will reverse the proceedings of his Sub,

But poor Mr. Knight will look terribly white,
If the Chancery Court won't dissolve the injunction,

As one of Knight's poets—young Mackworth Praed—sung on a different occasion in his own magazine.

The volume contained an immensity of the chaff of Dallas himself—for the poor animal, for whose opinions, or *res gestæ*, no living being cares the scrapings of a chamber-pan, deemed his letters of so much importance as to have thrown them in to swell the correspondence. It was, nevertheless, an unwise plan, for the reviews and the magazines would have infallibly extracted all Lord Byron's letters, and thereby left the book a complete *caput mortuum*, containing nothing but the vapid *residuum* of the epistles of Dallas. His lordship, it is well known, had not the highest possible opinion of his correspondent's powers, as is evident from the following epigram, which, though current enough in conversation, has never, we believe, got into print.

To a friend who observed that Mr. Dallas looked particularly sapient on a certain occasion—

Yes! wisdom shines in all his mien—
Which would so captivate, I ween,
Wisdom's own goddess Pallas;
That she'd discard her favorite owl,
And take for pet its brother fowl,
Sagacious R. C. Dallas.

This same propensity to make free with his friends is said to be the occasion of the suppression of his letters; for, if we may believe the newspapers, Hobhouse's interference arose from his alarm lest they should contain, as they happened to do, any remarks in no wise complimentary to himself. If this be the case, it does not speak much in praise of Hobhouse's anxiety for the Liberty of the Press. Henceforward, if we hear him speaking in defence of that great principle, we must infallibly be tempted to exclaim, in the language of John Wilson Croker's clever lines—

We scorn the poor attempt to fob us,
And laugh to find the hoaxer Hobhouse.

Hobhouse knows, to be sure, that he was in prose and verse, and, in common conversation, one of Lord Byron's most constant butts.*

* Would any of our correspondents be able to favor us with Lord Byron's Song on Hobhouse, written about 1819? We heard it sung somewhere about that time in Paris, by a gentleman who had a copy, and did every justice to his subject. We cannot trust a memory which is

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We advert to the subject merely because several letters of his lordship have been placed in our hands, with unlimited power of publication—but we refrain from so doing, through delicate motives, until it be legally ascertained, whether this new doctrine, so unexpectedly advanced by Mr. Hobhouse's lawyers, be correct or not. In the mean time we may as well mention, for the benefit of those concerned, that some of them go back so far as 1816, when his lordship was in his seventeenth year, and continue till about 1815, the period of his marriage. There are some very strange domestic scenes narrated, and some still stranger adverted to, the nature of which we do not feel ourselves at liberty, *for the present*, to disclose. The critical reader may be pleased to know, that from them much light may be thrown upon some of his lordship's poems—Manfred, for instance; one of the ablest of the critics of that powerful composition, complains that* "a sense of imperfection, incompleteness, and confusion, accompanies the mind throughout the perusal of the poem, owing either to some failure on the part of the poet, or to the inherent mystery of the subject;" and, of course, the admirers of Lord Byron's genius would be quite pleased at having every effort made to remedy such defects.

Next month, it is *probable*—we shall not say *certain*—that we may speak more largely on this interesting subject.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOHN BULL MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN the first number of your entertaining Magazine, you quote a verse, composed as you say, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, on Lord Glenbervie, extempore. I know this is a common version of the story, but it is, nevertheless, incorrect. That verse occurs in a long poem by the deceased wit, written just before the opening of the Union Parliament, in 1801. I am not sure that it was ever published—indeed, I rather think it was not—in either case it is at your service. I possess a copy in Sherry's own writing, from which I inclose the transcript.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
Stratton-street. H. R.

We thank our Piccadilly correspondent, but, as the poem is long, and the politics rather obsolete, we prefer giving a few of the most piquant verses. It is to a tune then popular—"*Mr. Arne, Mr. Arne, it gives me concern.*"

I.

Zooks, Harry—Zooks, Harry †—
How your plans all miscarry!
Though undaunted your forehead of brass;
Yet the troops, foot and horse,
All join in one curse,
On the impotent plans of Dundas—
Yes, Harry!
On the impotent plans of Dundas.

The second verse is on Canning; the third on Mr. Ryder, whom Sheridan calls Jane Ryder. Neither worth printing.

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unusually treacherous to give a correct copy of the words—but we have the melody still floating in our ears. It ran—something thus:

Of all the speakers on the floor,
Or lounging in the lobby O—
There's none so great a standing bore
As little John Cam Hobby O.

Not e'en Lord Viscount Castlereagh,
Our famous Irish Bobby O,
Is more conspicuous in his way
Than little John Cam Hobby O!

We do not vouch for our specimen being *correct*, but we certainly shall be answerable for its *likeness*. If any of our correspondents, as we have already said, possess a copy, by forwarding it to us, he may be sure of its speedy appearance. In so saying, we disclaim any dislike to Hobhouse, who is a very fair public man indeed, and very deservedly respected by all who know him; but we have always had a great affection for preserving the little effusions of men of genius, which, *nobis judicibus*, tend to mark the author's character even more than studied and formal compositions.

* Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, June 1817.

† Right Hon. Henry Dundas, now better known as Lord Melville. He had been seven or eight years married to his second lady at the date of this *jeu d'esprit*, but had no children by her; there seems to be some allusion to this in the text.

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IV.

Lord Belgrave—Lord Belgrave *—
Nay, why look so H—— grave?
And why do you never now speak?
Have the d——d Sunday papers
Given your Lordship the vapours,
Or are you revising your Greek?
Lord Belgrave,
Or are you revising your Greek?

V.

Ha, Jenky! Ha, Jenky! †
Now tell me what think ye,
Of marching directly to Paris,
With your comrades so hearty,
To seize Bonaparte,
And lodge him with governor Aris;
Do, Jenky,
Pray lodge him with governor Aris.

VI.

Wilberforce! Wilberforce! ‡
Better steer a new course,
For your piety meets no requital;
And your charity's such,
Truth dies at its touch,
While your venom alone is thought vital;
Wilberforce,
While your venom alone is thought vital.

Then follow verses on Hawkins Brown, Thornton, Dr. Lawrence, or, as he is here called, Dear Lumber, the Attorney-General, the Master of the Rolls, and old George Rose, which we may safely skip. Next is the verse on Lord Glenbervie, more accurately, than we from memory quoted it.

XV.

"Glenbervie—Glenbervie—
What's good for the scurvy?
For ne'er be your old trade forgot;
In your arms rather quarter
Your pestle and mortar,
And your crest be a spruce gallipot;
Glenbervie,
And your crest be a spruce gallipot.

XVI.

Liverpool—Liverpool §—
Our states-master's tool,
Of famine the type and the cause;
When the poor, all forlorn,
Ask a handful of corn,
You give them a peckful of laws,
Liverpool,
You give them a peckful of laws.

XVII.

Lord Bogy—Lord Bogy ‖—
Who never gets groggy,
Spite of Hal's and of Billy's example;
Declares all state vigour, &c. &c.

The rest of the verse is musty. The last verse is on Pitt, and if not very poetical, must be allowed to be sufficiently bitter.

XXI.

But Billy—prime Billy—
Why, you'd think me quite silly,
Should I end and your praises omit;
Ask in hell for the name
First in guilt and in shame,
And the devil would hollo out—Pitt.
Yes, Billy,
The devil would hollo out—Pitt.

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* Now Earl Grosvenor. In his first speech in parliament, being hot from college, he quoted a long Greek passage, which is here alluded to. It was long a subject of joke to the newspapers, but his lordship is panegyrized for it in the notes of the Pursuits of Literature.

† Now Lord Liverpool. His celebrated speech about marching to Paris, is here laughed at. Later events have proved that such an occurrence was not so impossible as then imagined. The case of governor Aris is too well known to need a note.

‡ Sheridan had always a great spleen against Mr. Wilberforce. Every body knows the story of his giving Mr. W.'s name to the watchman who picked him up, when he had fallen in a drunken fit in the street.

§ The late Lord Liverpool, whose figure was rather cadaverous. About this time there was a scarcity of corn, and his lordship was very active in legislating about it.

‖ Lord Grenville. Hal. and Billy, are Dundas and Pitt, who, it is needless to say, were bon vivants of the first—any thing but water.

On their convivial propensities, the opposition wits vented epigrams, *sans cesse*, of which the following is, perhaps, worth remembering:—

Dialogue between Messrs. P. and D. in the House of Commons.

P. I cannot see the speaker, Hal; can you?
D. Not see the speaker, damme! *I* see *two!*

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MR. W. FARREN, AND THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

"The satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards: that their faces are wrinkled: that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, though I do most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down." HAMLET.

MR. WILLIAM FARREN is an actor, of Covent Garden Theatre, who has acquired some celebrity by his personation (on the stage) of very old and weak gentlemen: but not content with showing us how they walk and speak, he has, we understand, contrived to get himself engaged by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, at a salary of 3*l.* per month, to shew the cockney public how they *write*. His first appearance upon "The London" stage, was in an *Essay on the Madness of Hamlet*, about which, he is not quite clear: but he ends most safely in the conclusion, that if Hamlet really was mad, his madness, as far as it went, was just like any other madness.

In the May number, he has inflicted on the unfortunate readers of this magazine, an article upon the madness of Ophelia; in which he makes it quite clear to the most sceptical, that Shakspeare meant, in the latter part of the play, to represent Ophelia as mad. But he says a great many other new and curious things,—all smelling of the taste of the silly old gentleman, in whose character Mr. F. writes; and whose imbecility, shortness of memory, contradictions, and repetitions of himself,—clothed in an insipid, hobbling, gouty, toothless style,—he has even more happily imitated, than he does Lord Ogleby or Sir Peter Teazle.

Any silly old gentleman, who should bethink himself of writing at this time of day, upon the madness of Ophelia, would, very naturally, set out from a truism: accordingly Mr. Farren, in a happy vein of imitation, thus commenceth: "The *mental distemper* of Ophelia is that of *distraction*." And again: "The conflicts of duty and affection, hope and fear, which successively agitated Ophelia's gentle bosom, were sufficient *to dissever the delicate coherence* of a woman's reason. The fair and gentle Ophelia, confiding in the sincerity of Hamlet, has listened to his addresses, sufficiently to imbibe the contagion of love." From this we learn, among other points, that every young lady, who listens to addresses, necessarily falls in love immediately. "Laertes, aware of the state of her affection, cautions her." In this sentence there is a palpable mistake of the press, arising, no doubt, from Mr. F.'s too faithful imitation of the palsy-stricken hand-writing of the old gentleman: for as he talks in the sentence preceding, about "the contagion of love," he must have written, "Laertes, aware of the state of her *infection*." Old men, from their extreme shortness of memory, are very apt to forget, in one sentence, what they had asserted in another. This characteristic of their style of writing, is delicately copied by Mr. F. "Polonius peremptorily charges her not to give words, or talk with the Lord Hamlet." "Her feelings are on every occasion made subservient to the views of Polonius, who bids her walk *alone*, that she may have an interview with Hamlet." "Ophelia, with affectionate duty, promises to obey his commands," though it is clearly impossible that she could obey both. "Ophelia's answer (to the queen) shows, that her love had not been diminished by the wholesome lessons of Laertes, or the harsh control of her father." Sometimes this extreme shortness of memory leads them not only into inconsistencies, but into flat contradictions of themselves—as thus: "Ophelia is made to feel that her hopes of reciprocal affection are for ever blighted." (p. 485.) "Doating on Hamlet, whose affection for her does not appear to have suffered the slightest diminution, (p. 486.) "Ophelia still having confidence in her lover's affection." (p. 486.) "Her lover's ardent passion seemed to her to have subsided into cold indifference." (p. 487.) Sometimes, in cases of extreme silliness, *the same sentence* would contain the assertion and the contradiction. "In the madness of Ophelia, there are no intervals of reason: *for*, the poet has contrived, with exquisite skill, to dart through the cloud that obscures her reason, occasional gleams of recollection." (p. 487.) An old beau, in writing about Ophelia, would be very likely to talk about her in sweet phrases; calling her (as Mr. F. does,) "the fair and gentle Ophelia,"

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"the lovely maniac," "the *beautiful* and *dutiful* Ophelia," "an exquisite creature," &c. &c. and to praise her in this style: "She is decked with all the gentleness and *modesty* which distinguish an affectionate sister, and a *virtuous woman.*" But, unless he had been under the powerful influence of his third glass of wine, the old bachelor would never have given so bad an account of the young lady, as is contained in this sentence: "The songs she warbles contain allusions *strongly indicative of feelings of an erotic,* (from ἔρως, amor) *tendency;* and are such as, under the chaster guard of reason, she would not have selected." (p. 487.) He would not have said that "Ophelia was *incapable of deceit,*" yet, in the same page, have asserted, that she was guilty of "meanness and *falsehood,* involving at once the sacrifice of delicacy and *truth* in the *most senseless coquetry.*" But he would soon relapse again into a maudlin tenderness, and whimper over the sorrows of Ophelia. "That reader is little to be envied, who could *smile* at Ophelia's *distraction;* which, from gentle *breasts,* must extort *tears,* and sobs, and sighs—those *attributes* that *ennoble* our natures." His metaphors would be all borrowed from the Apothecary's shop, and would smack of the draught he had just swallowed. "There is something so exquisitely affecting in this draught of sorrow, that it is impossible not to drain the cup to the very dregs." He would probably think it necessary to patronize Shakspeare, and would talk of his "exquisite creations," the "exquisite tragedy," its "exquisite contrivances," and the "exquisite specimens" to be found in it. He would send for his physician, "who is familiar with cases of insanity," and after consulting him, would thus write: "It is impossible to conceive any thing more perfect than *the picture of disease,* given by Shakspeare, in this scene of Ophelia's. *Every medical professor,* who is familiar with cases of insanity, will freely acknowledge its truth. The slight withdrawing of the veil, without disgusting by its entire removal, displays at once the *pathological correctness,* and the exquisite delicacy of the poet." (p. 487.) Hereafter, let nobody pretend to admire Shakspeare without being able to produce his diploma from Warwick-lane. The old gentleman would attempt a weak antithesis: "If any thing could heighten our admiration of the immortal bard, after a *careful examination* of the *life* of Ophelia, it would be the exquisite contrivance of her *death.*" (p. 488.) Thinking of the days of his youth, when Lady M. W. Montagu taught him the language of flowers, the ancient bachelor would think Shakspeare must have had *emblems* in his head when he described Ophelia's garland as woven of "crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long-purples:" and that he "alluded to particular varieties" of them.* He would therefore suggest an alteration in Shakspeare's verses to explain all this, and would have us read:

Therewith fantastic garlands she did make
Of crowflowers, named in Drayton's Polyolbion;
The lychnis flos cuculi of Linnæus;
'Tis of considerable antiquity,
And is by Pliny called odontitis.
The double lychnis is by Parkinson
Called "the fayre mayde of France," because 'tis found there.
The daisy (or *day's-eye,*) imports virginity, &c.

He would say that Shakspeare meant to perpetrate a kind of sentimental pun by choosing "*wild* flowers, to denote "the *bewildered* state of the beautiful "Ophelia's own faculties: and the order runs thus, with the meaning of "each term beneath:

CROWFLOWERS.	NETTLES.	DAISIES.	LONG-PURPLES.
Fayre mayde.	*Stung to the quick.*	*Her virgin bloom.*	*Under the cold hand of death.*

"A fair maid stung to the quick, her virgin bloom under the cold hand of death." (p. 488.)

* As our readers might have some doubts whether the force of folly could go so far, we subjoin Mr. F.'s precise words: "There ought to be no question that Shakspeare intended them all to have an emblematic meaning. The 'crowflower,' is a species of lychnis, alluded to by Drayton, in his Polyolbion. It is the lychnis flos cuculi of Linnæus; it is of considerable antiquity, and is described by Pliny under the name of odontitis. We are told by Parkinson, it was called 'The fayre Mayde of France.' It is to this name and to this variety that Shakspeare alludes in the present instance. The 'daisey' (or *day's-eye*) imports 'the pure virginity,' &c. (p. 488.)

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The old gentleman, delighted with his own ingenuity, would then cry out —"It would be difficult to fancy a more emblematic wreath for this interesting victim;" then, because he loves to quote appropriately, he would say something about "*disappointed love* and *filial sorrow*—sweets to the sweet, farewell!"—and at last, getting quite frisky and wanton, would conclude as Mr. F. does—

"*I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,*
"*And not have strew'd thy grave.*"

WILLIAM FARREN.

Since the foregoing portion of our article was written, it appears that Mr. Farren does *not* write in the character of a weak old gentleman, as we had inadvertently supposed: but comes boldly forward, in the London Magazine for June, in the character of "an insane christian,"—an epithet to which our readers will probably think he has a good deal more right than Hamlet, on whom he bestows it.

In the number to which we allude, there are half-a-dozen mortal pages on a certain new-discovered passage in Shakspeare, beginning *To be, or not to be, that is the question.* This celebrated soliloquy has been highly extolled as a fine specimen of right reasoning proceeding from a vigorous and virtuous mind; but I regard it (quoth Mr. Farren) *as an incongruous assemblage of intruding thoughts*, proceeding from an author whom I hold in the *highest veneration.* Mr. F. admits candidly, that his former articles are "a great outrage against popular opinion—an opinion in which all his readers (if he has any) will readily concur: and he very properly characterizes the present article, which consists only of six pages, as *a minor offence.* At the time Hamlet thus moralized (says Mr. F. in allusion to the passage beginning "Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt," &c.) the theory which *ultimately produced mental alienation* had not entered his mind:" yet, in the next sentence, he says that "Hamlet merely *assumed* madness, the better to gratify his revenge." He says, that "when Hamlet delivered the soliloquy he was of sound mind," yet in the following page he asserts, that "Shakspeare has given an unconnected train of reasoning to Hamlet, *on purpose* to display the unsoundness of his intellect." Let our readers make what they can of the following contradictory nonsense. "When Hamlet is left alone, he displays *a disrelish of life*—

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!" &c.

Hamlet has a strong motive for which to live. Indeed, there is no circumstance affecting Hamlet that should prompt him to entertain a thought of self-destruction: on the contrary, all concurred to render life desirable. The following interpretation of the first words of the soliloquy is quite admirable—though rather more difficult to be understood than the original. "The question is TO BE, that is, to exist; or NOT TO BE, that is, to *cease* to exist." (p. 650.) This is a good example of what may be called the alphabetical, or A. B. C. method of reasoning, and is clearly superior to the Q. E. D. mode. *To B, that is to B—and not to B. that is not to C. for a man must B. before he can C.* The following chain of what Mr. F. calls *reasoning*, is, he says, "in Hamlet's own way;" though he calls him, in the same breath, "an insane christian." (p. 651.) "To die" is no more "than to sleep, and by a sleep to say we end the heart-ache, a consummation devoutly to be wished." Now Hamlet knew well that "sleep would *not* always end the heart-ache, as we frequently *dream* in our sleep of that which oppresses us when awake." (p. 650.) Does Mr. F. mean to say that dreaming about a thing is as bad as suffering it awake? Let any body try the experiment with Mr. F.'s Essays—and when they are fairly reduced by them to a state of inaction, let them dream they are still reading them, and try which state of suffering is the easiest to bear.

Mr. F. is very anxious, in some parts of his essay, to prove Hamlet an orthodox, high-church believer—though, in other passages, he calls him "an insane christian"—which would lead one rather to suppose he belonged to the sect of the methodists. Here is a specimen of the logic which "the insane christian" of *the London*, employs to prove Hamlet "a man impressed with the truths of revealed religion." (p. 647.) "Christians believe that a good conscience makes a man brave—Hamlet says, that *conscience makes cowards of us all—therefore* Hamlet is a man impressed with the truths of revealed religion." (p. 651.) Mr. F.

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indeed seems to think his own logic not very convincing: for he says, just afterwards, what we grieve to say is confirmed by the personal experience of most of us, that, in the case of some christians, "it is difficult to find out what *conscience* has to do with the matter." Mr. F. winds up this *dramatic sermon* with a phrase somewhat curious. "Christians," saith he, "do not doubt as to their existence in a future state: nay, philosophers (as if it were quite impossible for a christian to be a philosopher) since the days of Plato have not doubted. Christians have a *higher motive* than the fear of *other* evils to make them suffer their afflictions with patience. *If this be not plain, the devil's in it.* (p. 652.)

There is in the last No. of the London, an article *on the Madness of Lear*, by the same "sweet Roman hand." Lear is exquisitely compared to a man drinking gin, who "turns in wrath and disgust from the pure element of truth," &c.; and then follows a long account of the plot, with quotations as ample as if Lear had only been written yesterday. Mr. F. evidently regards Shakspeare as having been a kind of mad doctor: for besides speaking of his *physiological poetry*, and his *pathological correctness*, he says, that "he displays not only a perfect knowledge of the disease under which Lear labours, but an intimate acquaintance with the course of medical treatment, which in those days, and, indeed, till very recently, was pursued with a view to its cure." (p. 82.) Sometimes he speaks of him as an apothecary—and says, that "he employs the proper medical agents with much effect." (p. 82.) He next gets quite wild about Lear's coronet of weeds, just as he had already done about Ophelia's flowers—and wishes us to read the passage as follows:

Crown'd with rank fumiter, employ'd by Cullen,
And furrow-weeds, and harlock's, whence they make
Our Durham mustard; hemlocks, stinging-nettles,
And cuckoo-flowers, thought good for epilepsy,
Which hold a place in all pharmacopœias—
With darnel, otherwise call'd drunkard's grass, &c.

"These plants are all *wild* and uncultivated; of *bitter, biting, poisonous, pungent, lurid*, and *distracting* qualities. Thus Lear's crown, like Ophelia's wreath, is admirably emblematic of the sources and variety of the disease under which he labours. Yet none of the commentators have given Shakspeare credit for the arrangement." (p. 84.)

We leave all this with one word. If the printing of such ineffable nonsense as this is not an insult to the public—it is not easily insulted.

We have now done with Mr. Farren: whose articles, if they are remarkable for nothing else, display an intimate, and rather disgusting, acquaintance with the signs of madness, in all the shapes in which the disease has ever visited "insane christians"—and Shakspeare (whom if we took our notions of him from Mr. F. we should consider as mad as himself) is perpetually praised for his "pathological correctness and exquisite judgment," in the representation of "insane christians." We cannot say much for the "exquisite judgment" of Mr. Farren: but we hope, that if he reads this article, he may have the good luck to light upon "a happiness of *Reply*, that often madness hits on."

O.

SONNET.

When golden Phœbus, rising in the west,
Astounds the orient with his evening beam,
When ring-doves coo beneath the ocean stream,
And flounders chaunt, high perch'd in leafy nest;

When tygers linked with lambkins all-a-breast,
Walk arm in arm, symphonious, down the Strand,
While the Northumbrian lion from his stand
Wags his glad tail to view the union blest;

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When round thy sides, O Monument, the vine
Clasps its close folds with clusters budding bright,
When Thames' tide changed into purple wine,
Cheers red-nosed bibbers with the generous sight,

Then, Tailor dear, I'll pay this bill of thine,
Which in the mean time serves my pipe to light.

Highgate. S. T. C.

TO JANE.

Being Extracts from an Unpublished Poem.

" Shreds and patches."—SHAKSPEARE.

ACCEPT, dear Jane—excuse my being free,
But really amongst friends, that prudish word
Starch *Miss!* which people of formality
Are still so very fond of; is absurd!
'Twas well enough when perukes were the rage,
But is quite shocking in our smarter age.

Besides, with authors, now the thing's quite out,
For " Miss" would spoil their rhymes, and cut romance,
And be as outré as a quiet rout,
And quite as vulgar as a country dance;
" To Miss Jane **** —horrid! 'tis a lane
Without a turning—therefore read " dear Jane!"

Dear Jane! it sounds so pretty, don't it now?
I dare say you have heard it many times;
Mixed up with sighs, and sweetened with a vow,
From something daintier than my saucy rhymes;
There, don't look sad—I dare say he is true,
And 'twill be breath'd again from—you know who.

Is his name Henry? do be kind and tell,
Frederick, or Edward? those are pretty names,
And link'd to Jane, will read surpassing well:—
I have known many sympathetic dames,
Bid a poor sighing Benedict be gone,
Because the wretch was christen'd Solomon.

But, perhaps, you're not particular in this,
And deem a rose, a rose at any rate;
So that its fragrance is like Summer's kiss,
Whether it hold its pale or blooming state:
And this, pray take my word for't, is the plan,
The mind, my dear's the model of the man.

The French have pretty names, and it might be
You may have fancied them in preference,
N'importe, n'importe, 'tis all the same to me,
So you do bear our friendships with you hence:
But whisper first his name, I burn to hear—
Is't Guillot?—Jaquet?—Valian?—Jean?—my dear?

But, bless me! here's digression—'tis the fashion,
Lord Byron used it, so did Chaucer too;
And why not lesser folks, yet 'tis a passion
The sooner cooled the better, what think you?
When we ride out for Hackney, 'tis no fun
To be dragg'd, Gilpin-like, to Edmonton.

Well, then, my saucy hobby I'll restrain,
Which, like Mazeppa's, hurries me along,
Heedless of all correction, curb, or rein,—
Away o'er bogs and mires, he flies, ding dong;
Which, in a madd'ning fox-chace, might be good,
But, 'fore a lady, is exceeding rude.

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Dear Jane! (ay! there I started you will find,)'
"Take these few slips of fancy," take them Jane,
I said that to your sister, never mind,
Two stars can still inhabit one bright fane;
And may I from dark fancies ne'er be freed,
If you and Kitty are not stars indeed!

Stars, such as those who well a world can form;
Of friendship and esteem, and which pure love
That is their child, may worship without harm,
And feel a joy within their orbs to move;
You know I'm married, yet am nothing loth,
Dear Jane and Kate, to say I love you both.

I don't say I would either hang, or drown,
Or swallow arsenic for thy precious sake,
Or blow my brains out in a study brown,
Or leap from Fonthill's tow'rs, my neck to break;
Nor in affection for my four boys faulter,
Nor take my wife to market in a halter.

But this I say—(upon my life will swear,)
If with devotion friendship lends her wing,
If friendship bids our hearts kind feelings bear,
All that esteem, respect, and pray'r can bring—
All this for Kate and thee I really nourish,
And if 'tis love, in heav'n's name, let it flourish.

I wish you both were married, faith, I do,
To those your eyes have shone upon ere now;
'Tis very pretty sport I own to woo,
But better still to plight the breathless vow:
And a good husband, like a faithful wife,
Is solace sweet in good or ill of life.

I've *weighty* cause to say so—that's no news,
I do not mean to tell my helpmate weighs
Just twelve stone seven, without her cap or shoes,
(She weighed much lighter in her single days:)
But this I mean—I've found the wedded state
A mighty set off 'gainst the scowl of fate.

There is a bliss the single cannot know,
Which we good married people always feel,
To have one bosom to repose our woe,
One heart that beats responsive to our weal:
We had some sunshine once, now whirlwinds sweep;
We laugh'd together *then*—and *now* we weep.

Yet still we grew together like two trees,
Close planted, that have twined into one;
Together we do bend beneath the breeze,
Or rise together when returns the sun:—
The storm is busy with our branches—yet,
God stay the hour when we, *together*, set!

Yet this is sad, and ill becomes the lay,
Which should of merrier fancies credence take;
Yet, though I gave my sad muse holiday,
I could not help a strain for Mary's sake;
I push the tear aside—and now, 'tis gone,
Broad grins are come again, to end anon.

"Take these few slips of fancy," come what will,
I'll not digress again, it is so rude;
"Take these few slips of fancy," all my skill
Can pay in part of debt of gratitude:
They'll be but wild flowers, lost amidst the blaze
Of fragrance vast, that marks these rhyming days.

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Yet, if one leaf—a moist spot on the plain
Where all besides is desert, or a sand,
Should 'midst some brighter garlands favor gain,
And a stray smile or plaintive tear command;
I throw to others the mere poet's bays,
Beauty's dear sympathy is higher praise.

One wish at parting, 'tis an old one too,
But none upon my word the worse for wear,
And all good angels grant it cling to you,
In maiden's dress, or in a marriage gear;
May you, the single, seek the marriage fane,
And married, be the happiest bride, "dear Jane."

July, 1824. J. S. F.

ON IDEAL BEAUTY.

No original character was ever conceived by a painter, a poet, or a novelist, which had not in some of its varieties been noted as remarkable in some individual:—so says the author of "Waverley," and he has surely some right to be considered as a high authority. We make bold to extend the remark, and to apply it to what has been called Ideal Beauty,—which has long been the object of eager but unavailing pursuit among aspiring artists. To us, we must say, the terms convey no meaning, as we can form no conception nor idea of the shadowy thing called the *Beau Ideal;* and, of course, can never know what the search is for, nor ascertain and identify the object should it chance to be discovered. In the modes of inquiry hitherto pursued, we can never tell when we are right and when we are wrong, and must content ourselves with the state of blissful uncertainty.

Let us hear Barry's account of the matter. "I will readily grant to Reynolds, that no man can judge whether any animal be beautiful in its kind, or deformed, who has only seen one of the species; this is as conclusive in regard to the human figure; so that if a man, born blind, were to recover his sight, and the most beautiful woman were brought before him, he could not determine whether she was handsome or not; nor if the most beautiful and most deformed were produced, could he any better determine to which he should give the preference, having seen only those two. To distinguish beauty, then, we must have seen many individuals of that species. If it is asked, how is more skill acquired by the observation of greater numbers? It may be answered, that in consequence of having seen many, the power is acquired, even without seeking after it, of distinguishing between accidental blemishes and excrescences, which are continually varying the surface of nature's works, and the invariable general form which nature most frequently produces, and always seems to intend by her productions."

Now though we may readily grant the premises, we should hesitate to admit the inference; for it is concluded, and attempted to be supported from the practice of great masters, that after having made multifarious comparisons of the individuals of a species, and selected what was most beautiful in each, and composed them into a whole,—that this new production which comprehends all the selected beauties is the only possible beauty of that species, and in so far as it is receded from, deformity must ensue. An example will make this plain, and it is important that it should be well understood since it is made the basis of all the rules for painting. There are many thousand individual roses, each possessing some little variety in point of beauty; no two individuals, indeed, are completely alike in every particular, though all are confessedly beautiful. Now, in order to make a rose supremely beautiful, or the perfect model and standard of beauty, the artist is directed to select from each what is most beautiful, and make a combination of the several selections; and when he has done so, if he has had taste enough to select, and genius enough to combine, then his rose is pronounced to be the most beautiful, though it be like no real rose in existence.

The critic and the amateur will go farther, and aver that this rose of the painter is the only possible rose which can be the summit of beauty, and if any other painter were to paint a rose, he must either paint this identical one of selected combination, or every departure

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therefrom will be a failure. That is, in other words, there can only be one form and one colour of a rose supremely beautiful, and all other forms and colours are inferior in beauty. What is true of the rose is true, according to this system, of every other thing animate and inanimate. There is, therefore, only one horse that can be beautiful; only one peacock that can be beautiful; and it follows, also, that there is only one landscape which can be supremely beautiful. Such is the principle of ideal beauty, which appears to be so absurd, that we might be supposed by those unacquainted with the discussion to have misrepresented or exaggerated it, though we are not conscious of having incurred such imputations.

It is possible, that this principle respecting the *Beau Ideal* may have originated from the well known anecdote told of the Grecian artist, who, when he was about to give all possible beauty to a Venus, which he had in comtemplation, took a journey all over Greece—examined every female celebrated for beauty, selected what pleased him, and combined all his selections into a Venus. The story is beautifully given in the Pleasures of Hope.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled in his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece;
To faultless nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And, as he sojourned in the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love and treasur'd all their smiles;
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refin'd,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combin'd;
Love on the picture smil'd, Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece ador'd.

All this, we confess, is a pleasing and pretty anecdote, but we very much question its truth. We would scarcely credit the artist himself, though he had told it to us, for he must have deceived himself, we think, if he ever said so. It is much easier indeed to practice than to explain the manner of practising, and we know that the Greeks, who were so eminent in the execution of masterly productions, were seldom ever right in their criticisms. We shall illustrate our doctrine by an example: a country gentleman, who was appointed a justice of the peace for his county, came in great distress to Sir Matthew Hale, complaining that he could do no good in his new office, as he knew nothing of the law. The shrewd and sensible advice of the lawyer was, that he should always follow his own judgment to the best of his ability, but never to attempt giving any reason for it, as his judgment had every chance to be right, though his explanation of it, or his trying to find law to support it, had as much chance of being wrong. It is said of Haydn, that he could never give a reason why he wrote any one passage of music in the way he did. His answer invariable was, "I wrote it thus because I liked it best so;" even when he had altered a few bars in a rough score, and was asked by a friend to assign the reason for the change, he could only reply, "I substituted the passage, because the first somehow or other did not please me." It would have been more according to truth, had the Grecian artist made a similar reply, than to have told the story of his tour in search of beauties.

The fallacy here, is exactly similar to that of discussing, and wrangling, and theorizing about beauty in general; and is here as easily detected as in the other case. To recur to the example of the rose, we think that so far from there being only one form and colour superlatively beautiful, that there may be any number all different in size, in form, and in colour, among which it would be scarcely possible to pronounce a superiority. We should be disposed, then, in opposition to the doctrine of ideal beauty, to conclude, that the kinds of beauty even in things of the same species, are multiplied and indefinite, and not confined to one solitary expression of form, of colour, or of feature; and we should not hesitate to prophecy, that the artist who is taught otherwise, and follows up what is erroneously taught in his practice, is sure to fail.

It is scarcely credible, that so many absurdities should find their way into elementary precepts, and even into philosophic criticism, as are every where to be met with. If a painting, for example, or a statue, has the credit of being a master-piece, it is forthwith made the standard of beauty; and they even set about measuring its proportions, 'that the young artist may learn his art' by

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rule and compass, on a similar principle of absurdity, to that of composing an epic poem by a steam-engine. Such and the same, we esteem the folly of teaching young artists grace, symmetry, and beauty, by the measurement of the proportions of the antique statues. They are, when this is practised, deceived and deluded into a wrong path at the outset, and they can seldom afterwards regain their way. So far has the absurdity been carried, that tables have actually been constructed of the feet, inches, and parts of an inch necessary to be observed by every painter and every statuary, in embodying his conceptions of human beauty—the Venus de Medicis being taken as the standard of female, and the Apollo Belvidere of male beauty.

But granting that the Venus exhibits the finest proportions of female beauty, which were ever embodied or ever conceived; yet it does not follow, that there could be no other female form beautiful, or that no other would be beautiful, that had not all the characteristics of this. On the contrary, we conceive that there may be a thousand other female forms, all differing in proportion from this statue, and all as supremely beautiful. The Venus is represented as a mere girl of about fourteen or sixteen, and such as every one knows, may have a style of beauty very different, though not superior to one of eighteen, twenty, or twenty-five. One may be a timid beauty like the Venus, who seems to shrink back from the world, and even from herself; another, a modest beauty; another, a sprightly beauty; another, a majestic beauty; all of which characters cannot be combined in any one form—for they are totally incompatible, and if combined, would infallibly destroy one another and produce deformity. The tables of feet and inches drawn up from the Venus and the Apollo, as the only standards of human beauty, which the young artist is to look up to, are, therefore, worse than useless;—and the following of such absurdities will infallibly injure the finest genius for the arts.

This deception—this misleading, and injurious fallacy, will be most obviously exposed by bringing it to the test of experiment. Every body knows that some beauties have blue, and others black eyes; now if the theorists can show, that a mixture of blue and black would be more beautiful than either blue or black taken singly—then will we allow that we are wrong; but a blackish blue or a blueish black eye, though no such eyes ever really occur, would, we are persuaded, appear to be the very reverse of beautiful.

J. M. N.

THE HUMBUGS OF THE AGE.

No. II.—Dr. Kitchener.

We are half sorry for having announced Dr. Kitchener as the second of this our highly popular series, after the little opium-eater. For though undoubtedly the Doctor has *quantum suff.* of humbug about him, yet he, by no means, deserves to be ranked with so superb a specimen of it, with such a mass of humbugging pure as little Quincy. As we have here been obliged to allude to Q. we may as well remark, that Taylor and Hessey are most horribly puzzled how to get rid of this tremendous bore—this incubus, which is evidently smothering their magazine. Now, as they are both respectable men, for whom every body that we happen to know, has a regard, we shall mention to them a short and easy process of ejecting him. When next he comes towards No. 90, Fleet-street, let one of the aforesaid gentlemen plant the ball of the great toe of the dexter foot upon that part of Quincy which is most sensible, and project him across the street, at the rate of seventy-five and a half paces in a second, right a head among the sausages, bolognas, pigs-feet, sheeps-trotters, neats-tongues, bellies of tripé, and gammons of bacon, that abound, in luxurious heaps, in the shop of the city cook opposite; whose name, at the present writing, we happen most unfortunately to forget. Then let him sprawl against the window, like a spread-eagle reversed—or else bursting through the pane, wamble about, while ever and anon there drops into his mouth a sausage, as fat and greasy as his own brains, or a pig's-foot, as redolent of mire as his speculations on divine philosophy.

Taylor and Hessey may depend upon

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it, that they have no other way of getting rid of this intolerable burr, this calamitous caltrop, which has clung to them. If they follow our advice, their magazine, eased of the unhealthy load which now oppresses it, will obtain a tone, an elasticity of motion, an activity of gait, which will astonish even its proprietors. The application is simple but effective. As the manual part of the labour of the magazine falls principally upon Taylor, it is only fair that this pedal department should be executed by Hessey. Or, if he should object, let him call in Allan Cunningham, from Pimlico. That stout youth of Nithisdale will be most happy, we are sure, to operate on Quincy—who has planted himself in his neighbourhood very much to the disquietude of Mrs. C. who happens to be in the way that ladies love to be that love their lords; and, with a natural maternal feeling, is afraid of the sympathetic effect the sight of such an apparition as Quincy may have on her future offspring. If it take effect, the coming baby will not serve, as its fine brothers and sisters have often done, as a model for the beautiful creations of Chantry.

Enough however of this—Having thus recommended the kicking out of Quincy, let us turn to the knight of the knife and fork. Against him, as we have already mentioned, our charges are of a far less aggravated nature. But we must nevertheless say, that one of the primest features of quackery is exhibited most notoriously in his person — we mean the variety and discrepancy of the subjects to which he turns his pen. He is a perfect, admirable Crichton in a small way. As that eminent buffoon of the middle ages brandished the sword, calculated the results of the articlabe, disputed on the physics of Aristotle, and played—

Branles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine,

on whatever was the fashionable vehicle for sound in his day, so our Kitchener wields the spit, and points the telescope, tips us the dogmata of the physics of Thomson, and hammers forth lustily the ancient music of Britain, we suppose, on its appropriate organ—in his case, with tenfold propriety more appropriate—the marrowbone and cleaver. To him the music of the spheres is as familiar as that of the bagpipe, and he looks with equal eye, as lord of all, on the productions of Cullen or the cullender. Andreini, in his Adamo, is a subject of Voltaire's laughter, for making a chorus of angels commence an ode with—

A la lira del Ciel Iri sia l'arco,
Corde le sfere sien, note le stelle,
Sien le pause e i sospir l'aure novelle
E'l tempo i tempi a misurar non parco.

In Voltaire's English—"*Let the rainbow be the fiddlestick of the heavens! Let the planets be the notes of our music! Let time beat carefully the measure, and the winds make the sharps*, &c. A very inaccurate translation, by the bye, according to Master Arouet's usual custom. This we say is matter of joke in the mouth of a cherub, but would only be correct in that of the telescopic editor of Dibdin's songs. Nay, more, in the sky *he* would find other matters of judicious reflection. His mouth would run over with water at the signs of the zodiac. Aries would call up visions vast of haunches of mutton, dressed venison-fashion, redolent of allspice and black pepper—Taurus, phantasms of glorious barrons of beef [Gemini and Cancer we leave to the accoucheurs and Sir Somebody Aldis], and so on through all the constellations of the sky. It was observed by Canning [we believe, but do not venture pointedly to assert it as a fact], that he never could look at Rev. E. Irving, the preacher, who, *entre nous*, will figure away in due course as a humbug of the age, without thinking that his squint was typical of the man; as, while one eye rolled upward among the sanctities of heaven, the other glanced over the devout maidens of the tabernacle below—So can our hero sweep, with one glance of his spectacles, through the firmament of heaven and ferment of the soup-pot.

It is principally on account of this aiming at being a walking encyclopædia that we have placed him in the seats of humbug. Like Dryden's Zimri, he is every thing by starts and nothing long. Hence, with all his bustle and pretension, there is not a book of his but is infested with most outrageous quackery. His Peptic Precepts are humbug from beginning to end. There is nothing worth reading in them that has not been stolen, in the most barefaced manner, from a thousand unacknowledged sources. And yet he has the face to puff it off as original. In the same way he informs us, that there is not a receipt in his Cook's Oracle which he has not tried and submitted to the opinion of a committee of *taste!* Now, this

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is exactly what one of that polite nation, the Houynhms, would call "saying the thing which is not." Turn up Kitchener by chance—Here he is, page 224.

"Put half-a-pint of *oatmeal* into a porringer with a little salt, if there be not enough in the broth—of which add as much as will mix it to the consistence of *hasty-pudding*, or a LITTLE THICKER—lastly, take a little of the *fat* THAT SWIMS ON THE BROTH, and put it on the *crowdie*—and eat it in the same way as hasty-pudding."

Gods of Gastronomy! here is a dose for a horse! And Doctor Kitchener pretends he actually ate of that dish, and submitted it to a committee of *taste!*—*Taste!* Foh! They must have been Kamschakadales, or else Tarare must have revived to fill the prese's chair.

Again, does he think any body with a head on his shoulders will believe him, when he tells us of his having eaten *skate* fried in *dripping*—or ox-cheek dressed with two whole onions, two cloves of garlick, two bay-leaves, &c.—or a *fat* pudding, a compound of grease, or extract of vermin under the name of Soy, or a hundred other similar things. No! No! Doctor! We shall not swallow either your dishes or your assertions.

This then is quackery of an unmitigated kind. We own, besides, that it does strike us as something infinitely disgusting, to see an elderly gentleman of a liberal profession and an ample fortune, stooping to study cookery *as a working cook.* In the Almanach des Gourmands, all is as it ought to be. The author is an amazingly pleasant fellow, who writes on the culinary art with that mock gravity that is truly delightful. We receive from his book, pleasure of the same species exactly as we receive from burlesque poetry. Nobody suspects him of caring more for the subject on which he treats, than the pseudo-Homer did for the imaginary contest of the frogs and mice, or Boileau for the frivolous disputes of the authorities of an old cathedral, concerning the due disposition of a church reading-desk, or Alexander Pope for the trifling occurrences connected with cutting off a lady's lock of hair. But here we have coming forward, in propria persona, a man with no pretensions to wit, though he makes some heavy *offers* at it, seriously to represent himself as personally mixing himself up with the greasy *arcana* of the kitchen, and swallowing, for the benefit of book-making, lumps of oatmeal beaten up with the skimmings of a pot, or horrible fishes anointed with execrable dripping. It is any thing but a pleasant picture: we are instinctively reminded of Polyphemus in the Odyssey (we must, though we have the fear of pedantry duly before our eyes, quote the Greek with an attempt at translation of our own, having none of the acknowledged *over-settings*, as the Germans phrase it, and in the case of the English Homer most appropriately, within convenient reach.) The monster is described at his feast as one, who,

"Ησθιε δ' ὥστε λέων ὀρεσίτροφος, οὐδ' ἀπέλειπεν
Εγκατά τε σάρκας τε, καὶ ὀστέα μυελόεντα.

——— He
Ate like a mountain lion, leaving none
Of meat, or entrails, or of marrowy-bone;

or of another personage in the same poem, Irus, the beggar-man, who is introduced to the readers as being conspicuous for continually eating, and exhibiting no small skill in raising the wind off the natives of Ithaca. In this last particular, too, Kitchiner may vie with Irus—for never Jew or Christian, baptized or infidel, has a more active or ready hand at demanding his due from the booksellers, on account of his various performances—and, indeed, if that were all that we could accuse him of, we should willingly bear light enough; for the gentlemen of that trade know the value of money as well as those of any other under the sun. We mention it merely that nobody should be taken in by Kitchener, to think him a dilettanti scribbler who writes for amusement. Far from it—he puts his gobblings into print for pay. Even Sir John Hill, quack notorious as he was, had more modesty, or rather more sense of what was due to the decorum of his profession—for when he composed a cookery-book, he put to it the since much-honoured title of Mrs. Glasse.

Kitchener has lately made his appearance with a book on spectacles—a barefaced reprint of a former work of the same kind, which yet is most heroically puffed off in the second number of the Universal Review. The article, of course, was written either actually by himself or from his dictation—for the reader may believe us, that poor Peter Peebles is quite correct, when he tells us, in Redgauntlet, that there are tricks in other trades besides selling muslins—and it

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informs us that this bookselling speculation is a result of the "benevolent ingenuity which marks the spirit of the author." Benevolent figs-end. The wine our friend K. drinks is made of grapes. It is evident that the only benevolence he thinks of is to lift the coppers, partly by the profits of the book—partly by a scheme recommended in it, of opening a depôt for selling spectacles to the poor, at a moderate premium—which of course is intended as a job. We shall, however, believe in his benevolence, if he devotes one year's profits of the Cook's Oracle to the design—on the same day we shall cheerfully consecrate a similar proportion of the profits of our Magazine.

In this review he tells us that he "has done himself credit by a succession of works, curious, useful, and popular." Bah! He has raked together some stupid songs to bad music—and got up a humbug dinner in honour of Dibdin. Here, perhaps, some one may say, Well, and where is the harm? He has written bad books and tried to puff them—and in one instance been successful—and why not? We echo the query: Why not? But we do think it right in us, in our new vocation, to expose one circumstance to which we must decidedly allude as an undoubted piece of hum, particularly as it is the cause of the puffs which K. has received from various magazines. He has money, and can give a good dinner. *Calidum scit ponere sumen.* There is no better way of coming at your critic than through the paunch. There he is most vulnerable. We have heard that there is a quack woman about town who gets panegyrics written for her nostrums by poor and hungry devils—and by hiring

Lean critics for puffs with fat gobbets of mutton,

contrives to physic the public very respectably. In a similar manner acts Kitchener, and accordingly his books are pronounced superb. But moreover and above, as Dick Martin says, he has lately succeeded in getting up a club of writers, of which he is the great critic—the Magnus Apollo—and from every one of the fraternity he receives the tribute of a puff. Of this club, if it be worth it, we shall ere long give a very sufficient analysis: but it is probable that it is not worth the paper which such an exposé would cost.

In a word, Kitchener's cookery-book is bad, and yet it is blown up into a sale by humbug. We imagine, however, the forthcoming translations from the French cooks, whom he has so unmercifully pillaged, will put an end to this. His Peptic Precepts are quack work—so are his songs—so is every thing he has ever written—and, he himself a second Margites, who knows every thing and every thing *badly*, deserves to be enrolled among the venerable fraternity of the humbugs of the age.

One word as to his name, and we have done. So complete an illustration of the prophetic spirit never was known. Tom Paine, when he sneered at the adaptation of the name of Phaleg to the great occurrence which took place in the days of that patriarch, could not have anticipated that he had a contemporary (Kitchener is about sixty), whose future occupation was distinctly shadowed forth in his name. On which subject we can give our readers a

SONNET TO CONCLUDE.

Knight of the kitchen—telescopic cook—
Medical poet—pudding-building bard—
Swallower of dripping—gulper down of lard—
Equally great in beaufet and in book—
With a prophetic eye that seer did look
Into fate's records when he gave thy name,
By which you float along the stream of fame,
As floats the horse-dung down the gurgling brook,
He saw thee destined for the boiler's side,
With beef and mutton endless war to wage;
Had he looked farther, he perhaps had spied
Thee scribbling, ever scribbling page by page,
Then on thy head his hand he'd have applied,
And said, This child will be a HUMBUG OF THE AGE.

So far for Kitchener. Next month for SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

AMERICAN BLUE STOCKINGISM, OR FEMALE UNIVERSITY AT NEW-YORK.

IT is one of the evils of wit, that it is seldom in unison with truth and justice; but commonly delights in misrepresentation, distortion, and caricature. The incongruous things and images, indeed, which it brings together must always

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transfigure their realities, and throw the mind off its natural balance in observing them. But, in all its aberrations, wit was never more perversely wrong, than in its representations of the culture of the female mind. It has even, in many cases, assumed the aspect of persecution, and tried, by ridicule and browbeating, to keep all females in submissive ignorance, while a monopoly of knowledge and rationality might be quietly established among their liege lords and masters. This warfare of wit, however, has not been very successful; for female culture seems, like the palm-tree, to have increased in spite of oppression; and few ladies are now deterred from the acquisition of knowledge by the terrors of the trite nick-name of *blue-stocking*. The shafts of wit, when often shot, are soon blunted; and this one seems now to have its point completely broken.

In reforming female education, however, much remains still to be done; for though it would not, perhaps, be very wise or judicious to have lady-lawyers or lady-bishops, it would be well to have something more than lady-musicians or lady-nothings, which, it is to be lamented, are the staple produce of our fashionable seminaries. Lord Chesterfield advised his son, as he valued his dignity, never to court distinction as a musical performer; but, if he were fond of music, to hire musicians. The advice was noble and rational, and it would be well if our ladies could be persuaded to adopt and act upon it, rather than cherish the vulgar ambition of rivalling opera-girls or musicians by trade. The wits and their abettors think we have already too many intelligent ladies; though the opinion is plainly selfish, and betrays the base spirit of monopoly. Another party undertakes to show that every thing is as it should be, and lavishes on our learned ladies the most extravagant eulogiums. The following specimen of this somewhat novel sort of extravaganza, we lately met with in a provincial publication, and thought it worth noting as a climax, or an anti-climax, according to the humour of the reader:—

"The age of chivalry is gone," but we think it very questionable, notwithstanding the bold assertion of Burke, whether "the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever." No, that glory was never brighter, nor ever radiated with such immaculate splendour in any of the recorded periods of the world's history, as it has done since the orator announced its irrevocable banishment. Which of the celebrated by-gone ages of literary attainment, that, like the quiet stars in a tempestuous sky, beam so calm and beautiful from the page of the historian, amidst the clang of political tumult and the bloodshed of war—and bring to our feelings a refreshment so balmy after they have been harrowed up by the long muster-roll of the crimes of mankind—a repose so sweet, after we have fatiguingly marched amidst the horrors of lawless anarchy and the butcheries and tyrannic rule;—which, we say, of those boasted periods of literature, the Periclesian, the Augustan, or that of Leo the Tenth, Louis the Fourteenth, Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne, can produce so countless a phalanx of illustrious women as we have to set in array for the admiration and example of posterity?"

Great Anna sometimes counsel takes—
and sometimes tea—

is the most appropriate comparison which we can think of for this rhetorical flourish; and, apart from the antithesis of the expression, forms an excellent comment on the whole discussion; for variety of pursuit is clearly the natural wish of every woman; and men, whatever they may pretend to the contrary, are little less under its influence. The argument, therefore, if argument it may be called, drawn from the domestic concerns of females against their employing any part of their time in acquiring information from books, comes equally home to the other sex, who must, in ordinary cases, do many little things incompatible, according to this view, with study or research. The men of former times—the fathers of our literature, thought not so. The venerable Bede, the most interesting and authentic of our early historians, who was a monk of Wearmouth in the seventh century, was, at the age of thirty, appointed a mass-priest. The duties of this office were, as he himself tells us, to sing daily in the church; and in the intervals to winnow the corn and thrash it, to give milk to the lambs and calves, and to do the work in the garden, the kitchen, and the bake-house of the monastery. Yet, in the midst of these heterogeneous employments, he began, at the instigation of Bishop Acca, to compose works on theology, poetry, history, rhetoric, and astrology, and the

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fame of his learning soon spread, so that he received from Pope Sergius, in an epistle still extant,* a pressing invitation to come to Rome. But we must leave prefacing, and come to our subject.

Some time ago, an American lady—(not Mrs. Grant of Laggan)—published a *brochure*, entitled "An Address to the Public, particularly to the Members of the Legislature of New-York, proposing a Plan for improving Female Education," which was no less than a college or university for the instruction of ladies. Before this announcement, however, prejudices our readers against our fair authoress, we beg for her a patient hearing; and we must with the same view premise that her style, both of writing and thinking, are very transatlantic, though she has less of Mary Wolstonecroft than might have been anticipated.

"In calling on my countrymen," says Miss Emma Willard, "to effect so noble an object, the consideration of national glory should not be overlooked. Ages have rolled away—barbarians have trodden the weaker sex beneath their feet—tyrants have robbed us of the present light of heaven, and fain would take its future also. Nations, calling themselves polite, have made us the fancied idols of a ridiculous worship, and we have repaid them with ruin for their folly. But where is that wise and heroic country which has considered that our rights are sacred, though we cannot defend them? That, though a weaker, we are an essential part of the body politic, whose corruption or improvement must affect the whole? And which, having thus considered, has sought to give us, by education, that rank in the scale of being to which our importance entitles us? History shows not that country. It shows many whose legislatures have sought to improve their various vegetable productions, and their breeds of useful brutes; but none whose public councils have made it an object of their deliberations to improve the character of their women. Yet, though history lifts not her finger to such an [a] one, anticipation does. She points to a nation, which, having thrown off the shackles of authority and precedent, shrinks not from schemes of improvement, because other nations have never attempted them; but which, in its pride of independence, would rather lead than follow in the march of human improvement; a nation, wise and magnanimous to plan, enterprising to undertake, and rich in resources to execute. Does not every American exult that this country is his own? And who knows how great and good a race of men may yet arise from the forming hand of mothers, enlightened by the bounty of that beloved country, to defend her liberties, to plan her future improvement, and to raise her to unparalleled glory.

"As evidence that this statement does not exaggerate the female influence in society, our sex need but be considered in the single relation of mothers. In this character, we have the charge of the whole mass of individuals, who are to compose the succeeding generation; during that period of youth, when the pliant mind takes any direction, to which a forming hand steadily guides. How important a power is given by this charge! Yet, little do too many of my sex know how either to appreciate or improve it. Unprovided with the means of acquiring that knowledge, which flows liberally to the other sex, having our time of education devoted to frivolous acquirements, how should we understand the nature of the mind so as to be aware of the importance of those early impressions which we make upon the minds of our children?—Would we rear the human plant to its perfection, we must first fertilize the soil which produces it. If it acquire its first bent and texture upon a barren plain, it will avail comparatively little, should it be afterwards transplanted to a garden."

Such are the objects which Miss Willard recommends to the Americans, and nobody will deny that they are laudable and praise-worthy, whatever may be thought of the mode by which she proposes to accomplish her design. To this we shall therefore now attend, and give our readers an opportunity of contemplating the skeleton of Miss Willard's female university. The first requisite, of course, is an edifice, with commodious rooms for *lodging* and *recitation*, apartments for the reception of apparatus, and for the accommodation of the domestic department. There must also be a library of useful books; musical instruments; some good paintings to form the taste and serve as models;

* William of Malmsbury de Gestis Regum.

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maps, globes, and other philosophical apparatus. The branches of instruction proposed, our authoress divides into religious and moral, literary, domestic, and ornamental. In the first, it is proposed that the pupils shall be taught, by example as well as by precept, the importance of female duties; and, by lectures, the evidences of christianity and a course of moral philosophy. Upon this head she is very brief, though it appears to us to be the most important of all the others, insomuch as it comprehends the doctrine of the passions and temper, which ought to be early explained and impressed upon the minds of those who are likely to have the charge of a family.

The literary department is that which will give rise to the most obstinate discussion, should the plan ever be carried into effect. The difficulty Miss Willard complains of, is not that she is at a loss as to what sciences ought to be learned, as that females have not proper advantages to learn any. Many writers have given excellent advice what should be taught, but no legislature has provided the means of instruction. Not, however, to pass over this fundamental part too slightly, she goes into a brief mention of intellectual and natural philosophy. Of the first, she seems to know nothing, probably because she was debarred on account of her sex from the honours of a university education. "Natural Philosophy," she says, "has not often been taught to our sex. Yet, why should we be kept in ignorance of the great machinery of nature, and left to the vulgar notion, that nothing is curious but what deviates from her common course? If mothers were acquainted with this science, they would communicate very many of its principles to their children in early youth. From the bursting of an egg buried in the fire, I have heard an intelligent mother lead her prattling inquirer to understand the cause of the terrific earthquake!!! But how often does the mother, from ignorance on this subject, give her child the most erroneous and contracted views of the causes of natural phenomena — views, which though he may afterwards learn to be false, are yet, from association, ever ready to return."—Sufficiently common-place, though strangely illustrated.

Domestic instruction should be considered important in a female seminary. To superintend the domestic department, there should be a respectable lady, experienced in the best methods of housewifery, and acquainted with propriety of dress and manners. Under her tuition, the pupils ought to be placed for a certain length of time every morning. A spirit of neatness and order should here be treated as a virtue; and, the contrary, if excessive and incorrigible, be punished with expulsion. There might be a gradation of employment in the domestic department, according to the length of time the pupils had remained at the institution. The elder scholars might then assist the superintendant, in instructing the younger, and the whole be so arranged, that each pupil might have advantages to become a good domestic manager, by the time she has completed her studies. A system of principles should be philosophically arranged, in a systematic treatise on house-keeping, and taught, both in theory and practice, to a large number of females, whose minds have been expanded and strengthened by a course of literary education; and, those among them, of an investigating turn of mind, would, when they commenced housekeeping, consider their domestic operations as a series of experiments, which either would prove or refute the system they had been taught."

As to ornamental branches, Miss Willard is by no means novel in her recommendations of painting, elegant penmanship, music, and the grace of motion. Needle-work is not mentioned, because the best style of what is useful in this branch, should either be taught in the domestic department, or made a qualification for entrance. The use of the needle for other purposes, besides the decoration of a lady's person, or the convenience and neatness of her family, she regards as a waste of time, as it affords little to assist in the formation of the character. We should be disposed to say as much, or more perhaps, in respect to elegant penmanship, which we think has a strong tendency to render the mind punctilious, little, and vacant of firmness. We think we have observed this very strongly, in those who have, by dint of perseverance, acquired the art of forming fine letters. We think it was the Emperor Honorius, *alias* the Chicken-feeder, who was distinguished by the title of Καλλιγραφος, or the beautiful penman. This is enough. "Perhaps the term allotted for the routine of study at the seminary, might be three

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years. The pupils, probably, would not be fitted to enter till about the age of fourteen. The routine of exercises being established by the laws of the institution, would be uniform and publicly known, and those who were previously acquainted with the branches first taught, might enter the higher classes; nor would those who entered the lower, be obliged to remain during the three years."

But we need not follow Miss Willard farther; for we fear much, however sanguine she might or may be, about the success of her plan, that it will not soon be realized even in America, except on the model of a common boarding-school, which she seems to have adhered to very closely. A Protestant nunnery would, if well regulated, after the plan of the one patronized by our late Queen Charlotte, have very superior advantages as a seminary over this projected female university, though we cannot now go into detail, and must leave the task to some abler hand.

N. R. J.

FINE ARTS.

No. I.—The Three Presidents—Reynolds, West, and Lawrence.

In making some observations on the merits of the three Presidents, who have successively filled the chair of our Royal Academy of Painting, it is not our intention to bestow fulsome eulogium on the President now living, or to depreciate the merits of those who are dead; we wish, in a candid and brief manner, to lay before our readers the opinion we have formed of their distinct excellencies, praising them for those qualities of art which are really meritorious, and fearlessly censuring them on points where we think they are defective.

When the President of an Academy is elected to that highly honourable and important situation, by the unanimous votes of the members of whom the body is composed; and when they are uninfluenced, in their selection, by any private motives, it is to be understood that the person so chosen possesses qualifications which all acknowledge and admire. He may, therefore, be looked upon and criticised as a fair specimen of the merits of the Academy, and his works may be considered as examples of the style of art in which the Academy is likely to excel. The President being voted a man of superior attainments, he becomes consequently a man of consideration in the eyes of the public; the rising and unfledged generation of artists look up to him with profound respect and admiration; they regard his works as objects of unquestionable excellence; endeavour to imbibe his peculiarities, and are often blind to his defects. A President, then, let him be a good or a bad one, is an important personage in the eyes of the multitude; and, while his good or bad example, *during his reign*, is calculated either to facilitate or retard the progress of those who are guided by him, it is necessary that his real value should be generally understood. In our present sketch, we will glance at the three Presidents in rotation, and speak of their merits and demerits, just as it pleases us to do so.

It has often been held forth, as a reason for the depressed state of the arts in England—that the climate is unpropitious—that the genius of the fine arts is stifled and sickened by the damps and fogs of our November mornings, and that, in short, an artist in this country is like a fish out of its element—but Winckleman and du Bos, when they prated such absurdity, shewed themselves to be a pair of impertinent blockheads; their assertions have been long since most satisfactorily confuted, by the rapid intellectual strides that *our native artists* have made in the inventive, as well as the mechanical parts of their profession. Those French or high Dutch speculators must never have reflected on the causes that produced excellence in the fine arts on the continent, or they could not have advanced such foolish assertions as to the influence of climate: and, of course, we shall not in this place discuss opinions that are so evidently ill-founded.—The English school is the only one at present in existence, that is of a decidedly *original character*; *the want* of that *encouragement*, in what is termed the *grand historic* style of painting, has fortunately been the cause of our artists striking on a new path for themselves, and producing works more

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accordant with good English taste, and more suited to the sympathies of those unsophisticated admirers who are desirous to receive real pleasure from the arts. What do we want with such pictures as humbug connoisseurs called the *grand historic;* which, in general, represent nothing more agreeable than the sufferings of "grizly saints, and martyrs hairy"—such works suited the taste of the ages in which they were executed—they were *necessary* for certain purposes—the artists who *tortured best,* were, in several instances, the most encouraged. *Guido* transfixed St. Sebastion with arrows, and *Titian* roasted St. Lawrence on a gridiron—we can forgive the cruelty on the part of the artists, because they were nothing but the hired executioners on the occasion, and painted to gratify the taste of their employers—but modern painters in this country should not *cry out and petition Parliament* at not being encouraged in giving fulsome and second-rate repetitions of such revolting subjects—the thing is preposterous.

The inimitable Hogarth may be justly styled the *inventor* of *English art*—he started in his singular career like an inspired being, unfettered by rules, and unbiassed by the examples of those that had gone before him; he taught by his works, that the study of nature was the true source of originality, and that expression was the most enchanting requisite of art.—

For a considerable time previous to the appearance of this meteor of art, all here was darkness; painters were looked upon as mere ornamenters of sign-posts, and libellers of the "human face divine" in the way of portraits; and, such was the state of taste in the country, that (to speak elegantly and figuratively in the style of the New monthly,) the *muse* of painting became an itinerant outcast, and reduced nearly to pauperism. In this state of public feeling towards the arts. Hogarth, that powerfully sarcastic moralist, roused the public taste by touching on its sympathies—he amused while he instructed; and, like a sterling genius, made himself eminent in his pursuits, at a time when circumstances were apparently calculated to depress his exertions. Some time after Hogarth, came Reynolds, but operating in a different walk of his profession. Though it was Hogarth that struck the first blow, yet it fell to the part of Reynolds to complete the revolution in taste, and establish the arts of England on a sure foundation. This great artist, at an early period of his life, visited Italy, where he formed his taste on the best models of ancient art, and industriously laid up materials for his future advancement. He appears to have made the best possible use of his time—he studied with judgment by copying with *selection,* for instead of wasting his hours in the dull and fruitless drudgery of copying every thing that came in his way, he took merely what suited his purpose, —by which means he imbibed what was good in the works of the different great masters, and much of the result of this judicious and fruitful process we may observe in his most celebrated works.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was a man of great discernment and knowledge of the world. At the commencement of his professional career, after his return from the continent, he saw the state of public taste—knew the extent of his own acquirements, and had the good sense to fix at once upon the branch of his profession which afforded him most likelihood of success; this he exercised with unremitting perseverance, and was rewarded by unparalleled good fortune. His great talents as an artist, and his amiable qualities as a man, collected around him most of the distinguished personages of the age, as friends and admirers; his house was a rallying-place for men of wit and learning, and his painting-room was frequented by all the beauty and fashion of the metropolis. Though we have sometimes heard Sir Joshua say lively things in conversation, yet he was certainly *not a wit*—he had, however, a happy turn for giving *good dinners,* which some very witty men of the present day do not *do,* and of which wits of every day have no objection to partake. Amongst the most remarkable of his numerous excellencies as a portrait-painter, are grace and propriety of character—his portraits were always identical representations of persons in their happiest moments of expression; his portraits of Sterne, Dr. Hunter, Sam Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith, are standard specimens of excellence in this particular, and several others we might name, which are worthy to rank with Titian and Velasques. Those pictures which are called his fancy compositions, have little or no fancy in them, and his historical pictures are decided failures. In his

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fancy pictures, however, he shows himself to be an artist of the greatest ingenuity and skill, "in grouping, colouring, and vigorous effect of light and shadow —he has frequently managed, with singular adaptation, to unite in his own pictures several of the excellent qualities of different old masters; making them always accord so well with his subject, and so much *subservient to his own peculiar feeling*, that they produce a perfect harmony which charms the spectator to look upon; there is a glow and a fascination in his colouring, a gracefulness in his attitudes, a playful sweetness of expression in his females and children, for which he justly merits the reputation of being one of the greatest masters of modern art. While he has afforded the world so much enjoyment, by the excellence to which he has attained in the higher qualities of his pursuit, it will be, perhaps, but fair to overlook his having made classical, the eternal pillar and red curtain, which have been since his time introduced in almost every portrait, or fancy picture, that have been painted by our artists; but, in pardoning this mannerism, we cannot so willingly excuse him for the foppery and humbug that induced him to sigh, and express his grief from the president's chair, at his not having been permitted, by circumstances, to follow in the footsteps of Michael Angelo. At the moment that he uttered such sentiments respecting Michael Angelo, (which it is impossible he could have felt,) he must have been perfectly aware, that there can never be another Michael Angelo, until the same circumstances concur to produce him, a circumstance about as likely to take place, as that the age of Leo X. will return. Sir Joshua, with all his good sense, was silly enough to wish the world to believe, that nature had intended him for a nobler walk of art than that which fortune had obliged him to pursue; but no one, after seeing his attempts at pure historical composition, could be duped into the idea that he could, under any circumstances, have attained to any high degree of eminence in historical painting. It is a singular fact, and one not easily accounted for, that, in portraiture he always gave an air of dignity and refinement to his subjects—but when he attempted history, he seemed to have lost all power in that respect, and made his characters more common-place and even meaner looking, than the models from which he copied them. But, with all their faults, his historical pictures are better than those of the president who succeeded him.

We cannot bring ourselves to look upon West as a British painter—he was born in America; when young he visited Italy, where he collected some stale notions of historic art, besides a large quantity of prints, and laid the foundation of his mediocrity. His first efforts of painting in this country were feeble and highly laboured, without much taste, and still less of feeling—his native industry, however, soon made amends for the deficiency of original talent; and his ardour was kept alive by a sincere love of his art, which accompanied him in his career until the latest hours of his life. The first pictures of his that gained him any high degree of notoriety in this country, were his compositions of the death of General Wolf, and the battle of La Hogue. In these pictures, he had the temerity to differ from the usual mode of representing *modern heroes* in *classic costume*, by painting his figures in the dresses which *they actually wore*, for which effort of originality he was rewarded with the encomiums he deserved. Our late excellent sovereign, George III. was *fond of quakers*, and as West was of that persuasion, and, moreover, a man of approved and increasing eminence in his profession, his majesty bestowed upon him his warm patronage, and employed him in extensive works at Windsor and other places, and, in course of time, this fortunate artist attained the honour of filling the president's chair of our academy, which he did with as bad a grace as can well be imagined. He was a man of a very limited education, had an awkwardness of manner, the consequence of his secluded habits, and a *plentiful lack* of thoughts and words, with a hesitation and a smacking of his lips, that made him a perfect bore in conversation. West was intimately acquainted with the works of the Italian painters, and built his style of art upon them; he knew, in fact, every thing that had been done by the painters of every school and country: this *knowledge*, however strange it may seem to some of our readers, was, we are confident, one of the great causes of his not succeeding in historical painting, where originality of design is indispensible to the reputation of a great artist. In his compositions he exerted his

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memory rather than his invention, and, possessing a scholastic facility in delineating the human figure, he multiplied historical groups to a most lamentable extent—classically dull, and without a particle of expression or interest. Had he confined himself to designing upon paper, and making small finished sketches in oil-colours, his reputation as an artist would be more perfect and stand higher. His drawings resemble some of the best of the Italian masters that we have seen, and his small pictures show considerable skill in grouping, and are full of spirit as sketches; but what he called his finished works, are nothing more than sketches upon a large scale, tame in execution, and unsatisfactory in effect. West had not one quality to distinguish him as an artist of the British school, he has conferred upon art no one excellence that is worth preserving, and as a painter, will rank no higher in history than *Lucca Giordano*, or *Pietro da Cortona*.

Far different and superior will be the fame of the living president in the eyes of posterity. He eminently excels in what is considered an humble department of art, and though he fall far short of Sir Joshua Reynolds in artist-like power and general acquirement, yet he splendidly supports the character of our national school, for those admirable qualities which are so generally and so justly admired. Sir Thomas Lawrence started in his profession as a youthful prodigy, a sort of Master Betty of the fine arts; but, unlike that unhappy bloated victim of fashionable follies and caprice, Lawrence's superior genius and good fortune impelled him onwards, and in a great degree uninjured by the encomiums of fashionable ignorance and popularity, which often retard the progress of genius more than even penury itself.

Lawrence drew in crayons for several years with considerable success, and the portraits which he executed, previous to his entering as a student of the Royal Academy, though they are defective in drawing, are not deficient in a certain air of fashionable grace, and delicacy of finishing, which he has carried further in his more recent performances. At that period of his professional life he practised much, without deriving any great degree of power or knowledge from his industry—it was mere practice without improvement, and it would have been better for his future fame, as a painter, had he devoted less of the early part of his life to the perishable and *injurious* practice of crayon-painting, for he still retains, even in his best works, a vapidness of colouring, and a weakness in his style of execution, that give his pictures more the appearance of pictures painted in distemper colours than paintings in oil. Whatever degree of skill he may possess in the arrangement and effect of his compositions, he has undoubtedly acquired from studying the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds—the benefit he has derived from that great model, is evident in his most successful works; but he seems to have either disregarded or overlooked one of the most charming and desirable characteristics of that master—his *simplicity*. There is in Lawrence's pictures a crowding together of petty objects—scraps of pillars, and curtains, and tassels artificially obtruded—and a vulgar flickering of gaudy colours and lights, that may have the effect of dazzling the lower order of spectators, on a hot day, in the exhibition; but such flirting and finesse of effect in pictures is extremely inimical to *true taste*, and affords but a paltry substitute for qualities of a more estimable character. He gives to his portraits, however, expressions that are always animated and interesting, and particularly in his female heads, with an air of drawing-room refinement which no other painter, of the present day, can accomplish: but we must add, that his expressions are in general too much affected—his subjects seem *acting* the parts of ladies and gentlemen, instead of looking unconsciously dignified, like persons of real refinement and aristocracy. His attempts at grace are like the prudery of a meretricious woman—and when he wishes to give a gentlemanly character to a radically vulgar personage, he makes him look like a clean-washed Italian soprano singer at the opera. Look for instance at his portrait of Sir Humphrey Davy, the chemist, with his safety-lamp behind him; was there ever so ridiculous a metamorphose, or so apt an illustration of what we have observed? Many of his pictures, though they are laboriously finished in detail, want that true identity of *character* in resemblance which Reynolds *dared* to give and had the power to make interesting. Upon the whole, though Lawrence is in many respects an artist of great merit and first-rate accomplishment, yet, we are of opinion, that his works will

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tend to vitiate the taste and emasculate the character of the English school. The defects and extravagances of Reynolds were those of a fervid mind in its thirsty pursuit after novelty and power in his art—but those of Lawrence are the offspring of weakness, and the result of being badly educated for a painter. Of his effects in the historical department of the art, it would be unfair to say any thing, as he has the good sense to keep them covered up from public inspection.

These remarks we have thrown hastily and, perhaps, carelessly together; but we believe that they will be found to contain the real facts of the case. There is an enquiry less liberal, to be sure, still to be made—but, as it happens to be not less weighty in its effects, direct and indirect, on the interests of British art, we shall not, on a future occasion, shrink from making it. It is neither more nor less than an enquiry as to the actual means, independent of eminence as an artist, which raise a man to power and notoriety in the profession. Our readers may believe us, in the mean time, that there is no circle in the world in which there is more backstairs management than in the Academy. We *know* it—and shall ere long devote a paper to this subject exclusively.

FREEMASONRY.

I CARE not whether Freemasonry be the primary invention of Adam in Paradise, as is laid down in their own archives, or devised and ex-cogitated by the Rosicrucians as some hold, or introduced into the western quarters of the world by Peter Gower, by which name our old crony, Pythagoras, makes his appearance in the manuscript discovered and commented on by John Locke. I never troubled my head with any such disquisitions, holding the craft and mystery of antiquarianism in contempt ineffable. True it is, and deny it will I not, that many a time and oft I raised the psalm of

In history we're told
How the lodges of old
Arose in the East, and shone forth like the Sun—
But all must agree,
That divine masonry
Commenced when the glorious creation begun.

But I did it perfectly careless, and absolutely indifferent as to the verity of the fact which I was chaunting with indefatigable bill, like Will. Wordsworth's sparrows. Far different, however, were the feelings with which I gave forth, in joyous chorus, the conclusion of the verse—

Then charge bumpers high,
And with shouts rend the sky,
To masonry, friendship, and brotherly love.

For that is a totally distinct sort of business. Hang the antiquity of the order—but fill bumpers high on any ground whatever.

My brethren in arms will, I know, condemn me in word, though nine-tenths—yea, ninety-nine hundredths of them will agree with me in the secret abysses of their bosom, when I say, that I never could look upon freemasonry in any other light, than a most admirable pretext for dining, supping, smoking, drinking, boozing, jollifying, guttling, guzzling, gorging, and ingurgitating together. An invention with much skill and talent, devised for that most laudable of purposes. Not that I am at all inclined to depreciate any of the solemn pomps and mysteries which are carried forward in lodge; for they give a degree of grandeur and gusto quite delectable. Every thing in its proper place. The order and ceremony satisfy the human mind, that it is going to partake a rational enjoyment. Hear the poet!

See in the East the master stands,
The wardens South and West, Sir,
Both ready to obey commands,
Find work, or give us rest, Sir;

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The signal given, we prepare,
With one accord,
Obey the word,
To work by rule or square;
Or, if they please,
The ladder raise,
Or plumb the level line;
Thus we employ
Our time with joy,
Attending every sign.

All this is quite magnificent. Nothing can be better—though, *entre nous*, gentle reader, I must say, that I never spent my time with joy in getting through such operations. However, the chorus clears all the mystery.

But when the glass goes round,
Then mirth and glee abound,
We're all happy to a man;
We laugh a little, we drink a little,
We work a little, we play a little,
We sing a little, are merry a little,
And swig the flowing can.

With every item of which I most cordially agree, except those particulars which state that we drink *a little*. It must have been mere modesty on the part of the minstrel; for I can positively assert, after thirty years campaigning, that in every instance of which I know any thing, it should stand, we drink a d—d deal. Is there no punster within hearing, who will crack the old Joe Miller, and tell us that drinking a deal, must be hard drinking indeed, and that any man who practised it must be addicted to a Dram.

It is certain that you hear much amongst us of the vast designs and proud glories of freemasonry; as,

When earth's foundations first were laid,
By the Almighty Artist's hand;
'Twas then our perfect laws were made,
Established by his strict command:
Hail mysterious, hail glorious masonry,
That makes us ever great and free.

And again,

The solemn temples, cloud-capt towers,
And stately domes, are works of ours,
By us those piles were raised;
Then bid mankind with songs advance,
And through the etherial vast expanse,
Let masonry be praised.

Words, by the way, phonant to the Synetoi. Pray, madam, do you know what that means? With immense modesty we claim for ourselves all virtues also, as

On freedom and friendship our order began,
To deal squarely with all is the chief of our plan;
The sneer then of fools we esteem as a feather,
Since virtue's the cement that binds us together.

Or,

From east to west, from north to south,
Far as the foaming billows roll,
Faith, Hope, and silver-braided Truth,
Shall stamp with worth the mason's soul.

But there would be no end to this, if I were to go on quoting all our panegyrics on ourselves. One specimen I shall give from Cornwall—the land of tin and members of parliament. It seems, that at one time masonry was there for a while suspended; what was the consequence? Why,

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Fair Virtue fled,
Truth hung her head,
O'erwhelmed in deep confusion:

but this state of affairs could not last. For

Cornubia's sons determined then
Freemasonry to cherish;
They roused her into life again,
And bade her science flourish.
Now virtue bright, truth robed in white,
And friendship hither hastens;
All go in hand to bless the band
Of upright Cornish masons.

Now it may be a pity, after these fine verses, to say, that all the science, learning, genius, wit, truth, freedom, friendship, and the rest, may be easily, simply, and veritably resolved into the fact, that we are most valorous over the bowl, most scientific in mixing it, and most free from any scruples in partaking of it. To my taste, those of our songs—I shall give the reason for quoting songs so liberally anon—which tell us plain facts unadorned, (and so adorned the most). Indeed, I must admit, that there are very few which do not, in some part or other, directly allude to the circumstance, but I like it without gibberish. Let me hear a jolly old fellow sing out

Then, landlord, bring a HOGSHEAD,
And in a corner place it,
Till it rebound,
With hollow sound,
Each mason here will face it:
Fill to him,
To the brim,
Let it round the table roll;
The divine
Tells us, wine
Cheers the body and the soul.

Or else a full conclave, chorussing

Let every man take glass in hand,
Drink bumpers to our master grand,
As long as he can sit or stand
With de-cen-cy.

I remember, on one occasion, an eminent poet, I forget his name, but, I believe, it was James Montgomery, proposing an ingenious amendment on this verse. We were singing it about five in the morning; "Right worshipful," hiccoughed he, "don't you think the song would be much improved if we gave it,

As long as he can sit or stand,
Or speak, or see.

We jumped at the thought, and have so chaunted it ever since.

There is no virtue, however, so continually asserted as our harmony and brotherly love. No doubt, there is no cement in the world equal to that which binds people engaged in the cause of bottle emptying. I should walk from Hyde-park corner to Mile-end, to meet a good and upright member of that profession; but, in no other way that I can see, does Freemasonry promote these mental accomplishments. In our lodge—number shall be nameless—we have the most brotherly contentions possible, as to the fit person to fill the chair, presiding o'er the sons of light, as my old friend Rob. Burns sings, or who is to be warder senior or junior, or deacon, or secretary, or, still more important, treasurer. John Briggs the baker said this, or something to this effect, one evening at the Castle and Falcon, to William Jenkins, the ironmonger, as they were blowing a cloud together—and Jenkins denied the fact. He said it was impossible for one mason to injure another—Briggs, a mason himself, brought instances to support his previous assumption—the argument rose, and it ended by the asserter of brotherly love taking his fraternal antagonist by the waistband of

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the breeches, and flinging him down stairs. I confuted the rascal in that manner, quoth Will, and proved to him that Sallust was right when he asked *quis autem amicior quam frater fratri.* These accidents will occur in spite of us—but in truth, our charities are good—and, if I mistake not, that excellent mirror of knighthood, Sir Harlequin* Daniels, could give us some important information on that head.

The world, in general, is not inclined to allow us one virtue to which we lay especial claim; viz. the early hours at which we repair to our labours. On this point, however, our poets are unanimous.

When the Sun from the east first salutes mortal eyes,
And the sky-lark melodiously bids us arise,
With our hearts full of joy we the summons obey,
Straight repair to our work and to moisten our clay;

or, as in the song of brother Ancell, the eminent sergeant who wrote of the siege of Gibraltar—

Behold as the Sun in the east does arise,
Our master the workmen and hirelings employs.

I know that this is typical, and not to be known to the uninitiated, and receives an explanation of this sort in the *amœna volumina vatum.*—Thus,

When a lodge just and perfect is formed all aright,
The Sun-beams celestial (*although it be night*)
Refulgent and glorious appear to the sight.

But commend me to the plain interpretation, if you will permit me to argue *a parte post*, instead of *a parte ante.* For myself, I must say that I never *retired* from lodge until an hour when I might have the pleasant notes of the sky-lark saluting my ears. Like Gray, I love to see the sun above the upland lawn; and surely, if it is a glorious object when single, it must, as George Colman the younger long ago observed, it must be doubly so when seen double.

What I have said above of masons in general, is of course to be understood as applicable to all its orders and degrees; whether the red, black, or blue; whether they joy in the lofty designation of knights templars, scorning Cymon, or K. H.'s, or princes, or knights of Malta, or any other title that pleases the ear. For they have all the one end, and the same ultimate scope—namely, the providing a good and sufficient pretext of wagging the jaw-bone, and smacking the nether-lip. Therefore, the name is of no consequence, and so the wise consider it. I wish you joy brother, said the master, after he had made Tom Moore, of your being raised to the rank of a royal arch super-excellent mason. A royal arch super-excellent jackass, said Tom, I wish I had a glass of grog. Its strange to say, that in republican America, they carry the rank up to two and thirty degrees, as may be seen by the orations of a Doctor Somebody, who spoke most rapturously on the subject. I explain the fact, by recollecting that the Americans are most strenuous drinkers, and as they have classified that science into minute divisions and subdivisions, with a philosophical minuteness unknown to other nations—such as antifogmatics, gall-breakers, &c.—so, perhaps, have they arranged the kindred doctrine of freemasonry on similar principles.

I said that I should explain why I quoted so much song; principally, then, because song is the language of freemasonry, and the only place in which its dogmata can be found preserved—[Sometimes, I submit it to the craft, expressed far too clearly. I shall not, of course, do the mischief I deprecate, by further explaining what I mean, but let any one, properly versant with the subject, look over the famous song of "Once I was blind and could not see," and, they must allow, that it requires no great sagacity to smell a rat there.] Besides, I am fond of songs, and differ entirely from the splenetic water-drinking, cabbage-eating Ritson, who has excluded those of our craft from his selection. That sour creature says, in his preface, "Songs on what is called freemasonry seemed calculated rather to disgrace

* We cannot pretend to say that we perfectly understand our worthy correspondent. Will any body enlighten our darkness on the subject?—*Ed.*

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than to embellish the collection. The most favourite and admired compositions on this strange subject, must necessarily appear absurd, conceited, enigmatic, and unintelligible, to those who have not had the supreme happiness to be initiated into the hallowed mysteries of this venerable society: and they who have, will know where to find them." On this, however, Tom Park properly remarks: [As Ritson was not a brother of the craft, he has here indulged his unfortunate temper, and glanced sarcastically at a society which the rest of the world concur in treating with respect."]

I agree with the rest of the world, and have no design of treating my brethren with any thing but the most respectful deference. My object in writing this paper was merely to call their attention, and that of the public, to the real nature of their mystery; the which, namely, eating and drinking, I do hold to be the most amiable of all possible propositions. As I have dabbled so much in song, I wish to suggest, that a song on the true principle of the craft is a desideratum; and to show how anxious I am for the honour and glory of the order, I request them to make use of the following, which I have just written and composed myself, it being an expostulation with the master of my lodge.

I.

Come, worshipful master, leave off this dull prate,
Our brethren are sleepy, and pray do not tire 'em
With lectures upon old King Solomon's state,
Or the wisely-drawn plans of the widow's son Hiram.
I defy you to show us
How Jachin and Boaz
Can any good fun or good humour bestow us,
So instead of this nonsense, my jolly old dog,
Enlighten the night by a pitcher of grog.

II.

You tell us that friendship and brotherly love
Are the chief standing tokens of all real masons;
If so, speed the jug, for I swear by old Jove,
No tie like its bond links of harmony fastens.
No rules you can read—
No clauses of creed,
No maxims abstruse, whenceso'er they proceed,
Can remove all ill-natured obstructions that clog
The current of feeling so well as good grog.

III.

Who cares in these days for your old burly knights,
In defence of the Temple who lifted their sabres;
Forgotten be they, with their wars and their fights,
And their other curst ways of annoying their neighbours.
I tell you, my friend,
That if called to defend
My bottle, I'd fight till a year had an end;
To war with the Turk not a foot would I jog,
I pity the wretches for drinking no grog.

IV.

You may talk, if you like, of your Knights of St. John,
Whom the Cockney-land folks would pronounce knights of Malter;
If Malta was malt, in their corps I'd be one,
And as famous a knight as ere sung by Sir Walter.
And I'd keep to my vows,
Every night to carouse,
As steady as any old monk in the house;
Dressed out like a hero in white upper tog,
The garment most proper for tossing off grog.

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V.

So master, dear master, no more of your stuff,
I care not a farthing for sign, word, or lecture;
I'd not give you the price of a handful of snuff,
For the orders and rules of your curst architecture.
You might as well speak
Arabic or Greek,
For I heed not a word coming out of your cheek;
But I'll listen as patient and dumb as a log,
If you'll preach, while you practice the mixing of grog.
Thine:—

Barbican. JOHN TOMKINS.

ON LITERARY DISCIPLESHIP.

MIMICRY and imitation seem to be the lowest of all human aims; for though when exquisitely managed they may excite momentary laughter, or momentary wonder, the mimics themselves are seldom ranked higher than clever buffoons, and never claim any part of the admiration bestowed on the efforts of true genius. Nothing can be more destructive to all genuine excellence in literature, than the spirit of mimicry, though nothing is more frequently obtruded on the public, under the specious pretence of imitation, and of following the track of particular schools. We altogether dislike such discipleship and imitation, it savours so much of school-boy weakness, or the crouching of bondage; it cramps observation, and fetters the native freedom of the mind; it extinguishes originality, and confines genius to the nursery support of leading-strings; it is, indeed, to this pernicious habit almost alone, that we can trace the tardy pace of discovery—the feeble march of invention—and the fewness and rarity of the great productions of human genius in the higher walks of human intellect.

Raphael was, at an early period of his career, aware of the baneful effects of discipleship, though he made a narrow escape from having his extraordinary genius blasted for ever. His master was a man of rule and system, who conceived so ignorantly of the nature of painting, that he thought it right to paint every leaf of a tree, and every brick of an edifice; and Raphael followed this preposterous rule, till a sight of the works of Michael Angelo in the Sistine chapel, roused him, as by a stroke of enchantment, from the dream of imitation. He felt—the conviction rushed on him—that he *could* not imitate Michael Angelo, and that he *should* no longer mimic his master Perugino. But with this conviction arose the flash of his own genius, which soon kindled into a brighter blaze than encircles the brand of any other modern painter. He felt that he could see nature through another medium than others, and he fearlessly resolved to use his own eyes, and paint exactly as the image of things appeared to him through this medium. He could not see through the lofty medium which Angelo looked through, and which represented every thing in a sublime, but often in an unnatural aspect. Raphael's flight was more humble; he was more the pupil of nature; he was the very Shakespeare of painting; at home in giving the expressive countenance of a wonder-struck peasant, as well as the mild dignity of the wonder-working Saviour. Angelo again, like Milton, could never descend. Sublimity—uniform sublimity and loftiness was his constant aim, and it is not strange that, in such an aim, though sometimes successful, he has often failed.

True genius, indeed, seems to consist as much as in any other thing, in acting independently of established rules, except in so far as these coincide with the peculiarities of the individual man of genius. We do not say that every man of genius sets all rules at defiance; but that he acts as if such rules had never been made. He acts on rules made by himself, which he finds are suited to the peculiarity of his mind and mode of thinking, and these *may* (though it follows not from necessity,) agree with rules which had been followed by others. The critic, on the other hand, like a quack and his universal medicine, lays down a rule which is to be followed by every body, whether suitable or the contrary to the peculiarities of genius. Because Raphael grouped his figures in a certain

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way; and because Milton used a certain cadence in his verse, the critic pronounces, that every good painter and every good poet must do the same or fail. This is, in other words, pronouncing human genius to be all of one species; whereas it is most certain, that genius is as varied in its excellencies and in its defects as the faces and the persons of men; and the critic might as well issue an order that all men should be six feet high, and have Grecian noses, as that every poet should write his epic in exact conformity to the rules observed by Homer or his drama, by the rules observed by Eschylus. Poets who are weak enough to do this must be content to have their genius broken down, and smoothed, and robbed of all the original freshness of peculiarity, and made as unlike nature as the squares and triangles of a city flower-garden are unlike the magnificence of grandeur of a landscape of mountain, and rock, and river scenery. The flower-garden is neat and trim, and well dressed, and the various flowers are each placed in their proper station, like the verses formed in accordance with critical rule. The landscape is rough, and wild, and romantic, and fills the mind with a lofty magnificence of thought, like the untamed productions of original genius.

We may lay it down then universally, that human genius, or, in other words, our modes of thinking and of fancying, are as different as our statures and our faces; and we infer from this, that an individual cannot naturally think or fancy in the same track as another individual; for the plain reason, that the thoughts and fancies of this other are no more fitted to his mind than his clothes would be to his body. On this principle, then, should all imitation be tried; and on this principle it will uniformly be found to fall greatly short of excellence. We may begin with Homer; and the history of poetry subsequent to him will prove, that the imitation of his two great works has clouded the fancy, and dimmed the splendour of genius in all who have written epic poems. It was upon this insidious quicksand of discipleship, that Virgil, Lucan, and other noble Romans shipwrecked their genius; and the same delusion has drawn within its destructive vortex some of the greatest poets of modern Europe in our own gothic days. We cannot, indeed, take up an epic poem without meeting, in every page, with glaring Homeric imitations, which quench the glow of the poet's fancy, and deform the beauty of its finest imagery. The genius of Virgil never shines forth but when he forgets his Homer, which is, unfortunately, but too seldom; the inspiration of Tasso is never felt but when he leaves his Homer; and the overpowering sublimities of the Paradise Lost is but too often tamed down to the well-known common-places of the Iliad, and sometimes even to the secondary works of the Roman and Italian imitators. Milton is always great when he puts forth his own English vigour of conception; he is always little when he surrenders himself to the aid of foreign leading-strings, whether those he held by Homer, or Virgil, or Tasso, or Dante.

It will always be so; and we should never have done, were we to enumerate all the evils which this discipleship has brought down upon genius in the other walks of poetry, and contrast these with the effects of independent effort and unfettered invention. Look to pastoral poetry, how contemptible it has become; look to didactic poetry, how starched and pedantic it appears; look to lyrics and sonnetteering, how puling and silly:—in a word, look to our own drama and that of France—compare their square and rule imitations of the Greeks, with the unshackled and independent productions of genius, and then say whether the classics were the only masters of excellence, and that genius—the manly and vigorous genius of the Gothic nations—should bow to their authority, and tread slavishly and childishly in their footsteps. Was it not such manly and free-born independence of genius which produced the works of Ariosto, and Chaucer, and Spenser, and Dryden? And is it not the same which has so gloriously brightened our own splendid age of poetic enchantment, and which has produced a more numerous and brilliant constellation of poetic genius than ever before shone on the world in its most celebrated ages?

We beg to be clearly understood:—we have no wish to depreciate the ancients, or to make open war on the classical ages. Our position is, that it is erroneous to suppose human genius to have been confined solely to Greece and Rome; and that it may be possible, some time or other, for the moderns to equal, or even to excel, the ancients in the branches in which they are still unrivalled. We

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should be sorry to have it supposed that we set ourselves to undervalue and decry the great works of the ancients, which have been the world's admiration for more than a thousand years; and that we have lifted up our barbarian and sacrilegious arm to crush or to deform the Apollo, and the Venus, and the Parthenon. If we should do so, we should richly deserve to be esteemed presumptuous and fool-hardy. But we trust we have a heart to feel, and taste enough to value, many of the finer beauties of the great works of antiquity, though we like not the technicalities of the critics—

> ——— The terms precise,
> The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
> Where pedantry gulls folly.

We admire these great works, and we claim no merit for our admiration—for who does not admire them—though we cannot tell why we admire them, except that they give us loftier conceptions of human genius, and call up in our fancy all the little store of beautiful associations which we have been collecting and carefully treasuring up from our boyhood till now. All this they do, and we admire them. But while we admire the Iliad and the Parthenon, and the Apollo, we also admire the unfettered genius of Shakespeare, the sublimity of our Gothic cathedrals, and—what may grate worst of all on the ear of Italianized taste—we confess that we admire the pictures of Hogarth and of Wilkie; and we think that were our men of genius to trust to their own powers, and less to the slavish practice of imitating and mimicking the great works of others, that they would have a much greater chance to excel.

We go farther, and assert, without fear, that it is a libel—a gross libel on human nature, to say, that all genius was confined to the ancients. Look to philosophy,—where would have been our Bacons, and our Lockes, and our Newtons, had they sat contentedly down to the boyish, trifling, and superstitious nonsense left to us by the ancients, and given up their English independence of genius, for the inglorious bondage of ancient discipleship? Look to natural history, and mark its progress, from the silly fables of Aristotle and Theophrastus and the elder Pliny, up to the accurate and profound works of Ray, and Linnæus, and Cuvier. Look to the arts of life, and say, by trusting to what ancient master could we have learned the present improved system of agriculture and gardening, and all the multifarious branches of useful chemistry? Who of the ancients could have taught Watt the construction of the steam-engine; or Davy that of the safety-lamp; or Franklin to sport with the thunderbolt?

Now, with all these examples before us, and thousands more which could easily be catalogued, is it not tame, and crouching, and slavish, to say, that we can never hope to rival the ancients in sculpture and architecture? We have not yet rivalled them, certainly. We have nothing equal to the Parthenon, and the Pantheon, and the Temple of Peace; but it is because we have been so long kept in Grecian and Roman bondage, and not surely for want of genius. We have confessedly excelled them in so many other departments—in science and philosophy, and have, at least, equalled them in poetry—why may we not in architecture and sculpture? and we would do so—we would rival or excel them, were we to abandon the pernicious and destructive principle of discipleship, and trust to the vigour of native genius.

P. Q.

*** Much may be said on both sides. We have given our correspondent's remarks first, as we received them, without pledging ourselves in any way on the subject. EDIT.

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FRENCH SONG.

I.

LA NAISSANCE, LES VOYAGES, ET LES AMOURS DE BACCHUS.

Par un Auteur Suisse.

Air—*Lampons, Camarades, Lampons.*

Pour Sémele, et Jupiter,
Bacchus fût un fruit amer;
Car Sémele en avorta,
Et Jupiter le porta
Pendant neuf mois dans sa cuisse;
Puis fût accoucher en Suisse;
Chantons, chantons,
Le Dieu des Treize Cantons.

THE BIRTH, TRAVELS, AND LOVES OF BACCHUS.

By a Swiss Author.

Bacchus, to Jove and Semele,
A bitter pill was doomed to be;
Torn from his blasted mother's side,
Jove in his thigh for nine months tide
Carried the babe, and after this
Was brought to bed among the Swiss.
Chorus, chorus,
The God of Switzerland's before us.

II.

De Suisse, en Franche-Comté
Dans son dix-huitième eté,
D'abord, ce dieu s'en alla;
Mais il ne resta pas là,
Il s'en fût droit en Bourgogne
Faire de bonne besogne.
Chantons, chantons,
Le Dieu des Treize Cantons.

Then at eighteen from Switzerland,
In Franche-compté he took his stand,
But there he made no lengthened stay,
But into Burgundy bent his way;
Where from the clusters of its vine
He gave to cheer them generous wine.
Chorus, chorus,
The God of Switzerland's before us.

III.

En faveur des Allemands,
Il eût quelques bons moments;
Le jour, qu'il fût le plus gai,
Il fit le vin de Tokai:
De loin, maudissart le Brie
Il benissoit la Hongrie;
Chantons, chantons,
Le Dieu des Treize Cantons.

From thence to Germany he went,
And there some jolly moments spent;
One morn, the gayest of the gay,
In happy mood he made Tokay;
He laid a curse upon the Brie,
And blessed the land of Hungary.
Chorus, chorus,
The God of Switzerland's before us.

IV.

Sur ce père des bûveurs,
Venus versa ses faveurs;
Un jour, cet amant divin,
Qui mêloit l'amour au vin,
Sur le revers d'une tonne,
Persa le cœur d'Erigone.
Chantons, chantons,
Le Dieu des Treize Cantons.

Upon the bottle's glorious lord,
Venus herself her favours poured;
One day this gay gallant divine,
Who mixed his courtship with his wine,
While seated, striding on a tun,
Erigone's soft heart he won.
Chorus, chorus,
The God of Switzerland's before us.

V.

Pour les femmes de sa cour,
Plus fort qu' Hercule, en amour,
Ce'st en Suisse, qu'il apprit
A leur contenter l'esprit;
Dans l'Inde, avec Ariane,
Il fut tendre—comme un âne.
Chantons, chantons,
Le Dieu des Treize Cantons.

* * * * * *

He'd vie—go ask his female court—
With Hercules in love's disport,
In Switzerland he learned the art
Of pleasing well a lady's heart;
In India, with his favourite lass,
He was as tender—as an ass.
Chorus, chorus,
The God of Switzerland's before us.

* * * * * *

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ON THE PLAGIARISM COMMITTED BY SAM. ROGERS ON GAY.

SAM. ROGERS is, without doubt, one of the queerest-looking men in London—indeed, we might say, the three kingdoms. It is not that he is so abominably ugly altogether as people commonly imagine, but because he looks as if he were dead. John Bull very justly remarked, a short time since, that he was a bold man to trust himself among the undertakers at Lord Byron's funeral, for it would not be at all astonishing if some of them fancied him a stray emigrant from the realms of Pluto, and insisted upon boxing him up again in a wooden surtout, to re-export him to the regions he had so unwarrantably abandoned. Sam, indeed, seems conscious of his irregularity in walking about, for you see him stealing along the street with his head cocked in a manner indescribable by human pen, in a sort of stealthy pace, slipping by as if he were afraid that any body should discover him in the very fact of vitality and locomotion.

Yet, in spite of his *caput mortuum*, he has written—pretty verses. The Edinburgh Review, in former times, called him a great poet, simply because he is an elderly gentleman of the Whiggish persuasion, and because his cook dresses most capital cutlets, wherewithal to regale the paunches of the Scots, when they descend into the southern regions, with appetites considerably invigorated by the blasts of the northern sky. On the strength of these accomplishments, and we own that the latter would tempt us to pronounce Lord John Russell's Don Carlos a beautiful tragedy, such as never was written by Shakespeare—he was declared by the mighty critics a great poet. And very respectable and competent judges they are. We forget the Pleasures of Memory, but there remains the impression on our minds that it was an agreeable poem—and we perfectly recollect and could, if called upon for a competent wager, say a rump and dozen, repeat two or three of his minor poems. But, not having read much in that particular line of late, it is not to be wondered at, that we did not see his poem of Human Life until last Tuesday—and then having read it, we felt indignant, first at the audacity of Samuel in purloining it from our old friend Gay; and, secondly, at the stupidity of former critics in not tracing the plagiary to his haunts. The omission we purpose without a moment's delay to amend.

The robbery begins with the commencement. Rogers opens thus:—

The lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

Gay's Birth of the 'Squire commences in this wise:—

Hark, the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
The attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad 'squire a hopeful heir is born.

Rogers has evidently been pillaging here, and, according to Bishop Hurd's excellent observation, like all pillagers has disfigured the passage, in a vain attempt at concealment. How superior is Gay! The swain suspending his agricultural labour, to listen to the chime of the bells which announce the birth of the future master of the lands he is tilling, conveys to us a striking and natural intimation of the importance of that birth; which Rogers feebly insinuates, by placing his hero's nativity at Llewellyn-Hall, which, for any thing we know to the contrary, might be a Welsh wigwam stuck by the side of a hungry-looking hill, infested by goats and parsons at fifteen pounds a-year. The out-door scene too of Gay is in freshness and gusto, as certain celebrated critics would say, far superior to the paltry picture of caudle-cups, and frowsy gossips, covered with the abominations of the room of accouchement. But if Gay is superior so far, how thoroughly does he soar above Sam in the continuation of the passage:—

See the glad tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geese, and grocers' sweetest ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
AND OLD OCTOBER REDDENS EVERY NOSE.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.

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He joys to hear the shrill horns echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.

Rogers has in vain attempted detached touches of this up and down, but no where ventures on the glorious beauty of the whole *bijou*. True his boy

Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets clinging by the mane,

a picture far inferior to that of the Noah-like kindness of reception which his prototype gives the hounds. And then compare the treatment of the company at birth—the ponderous tankard—the old October—the reddening of every nose. Shall we go back to the filthy candle after that? For shame, old Rogers!

In the next picture, Sam makes a more daring, but not more successful effort.

A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth—the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin, [shine,
The ale, new brewed, in floods of amber
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days, &c.

Observe now the more masterly effusion of Gay,

When twice twelve times the reapers sweeping hand,
With levelled harvest has bestrewed the land;
On famed St. Hubart's feast, his winding horn [morn,
Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the

that is, as Rogers expresses it, "to run the race his fathers ran," for he well remembered that Gay had sung,—

His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears;
Those stories which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

These are palpable plagiarisms; but one still more palpable exists in R.'s allusion to the ale brewed at his birth, shining with brilliant lustre on the day of his majority. Mark how much more sublime is the original—

——————— thy strength of beer,
Firm corked and mellowed till thy twentieth year,
Brewed or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine.

The allusion to October, in the last verse, is really pathetic.

In the succeeding picture, the morality of Rogers as far transcends Gay, as his poetry lags behind him. As might be expected, from the loose morals of a century ago, and the bard of the Beggar's Opera, he makes his hero form an illicit connexion. The superior purity of our times will not permit such a breach of *boni mores*, and, accordingly, Sam marries his man. But, in every other respect, the imitation is gross and palpable.

Marriage and hanging are coupled together in an old proverb, and accordingly, the next paragraph after the wedding in Sam's poem, is the funeral. In order to avoid Gay, he turns this in a different direction, and, as usual, makes it worse. Spencer justly remarks the same of Statius in his games, which, according to the staple receipt for an epic poem, our friend Papinius thought necessary to be introduced. He is bent on avoiding the track of incidents already marked out by Homer and Virgil, and accordingly, says the critic, his poem is so much the worse for it. If it is not Spence who makes this remark, it is somebody else. So here, Gay had made his squire go off bumper-wise.

The mighty bumper trembles in his hands,
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious sires
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

This was a touch above Sam, and he accordingly brings in the old hackneyed weeping and wailing of women and children, and the funeral procession—all plebeian, trite, miserable, and cowardly. Any man might end his days in such a manner. In this respect, Samuel has not been a *doctus imitator*.

So far for the plan of the poems. Here also Gay, following nature and Virgil, transcends. He gives a continued unbroken thread from the very beginning—from birth through life to death—there is no digression, no turning back. We march along, strait forward, as the Enniskilleners walked over the French at Waterloo. On the contrary, Sam turns it, and re-turns it, twists and untwists it. We no sooner have buried his man, and thereby, after dropping some natural tears, and wiping them soon, got rid of him, we hope for ever, when he bursts out again upon us in a new shape. He actually is born again, and Rogers brings us through a long account of the pains of labour until the boy is fairly suckled; or, as he says it,

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He drinks the balm of life—and all is rest.

Every body sees how puzzled an arrangement this is, and all resulting from Sam's anxiety to conceal his obligations to the bard of Olden Time.

Of course, after thus bringing him a second time into the world, he must educate him. How vague and stupid are Sam's generalities in this place.

He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to enquire,
And soon with tears relinquished to the sire.
Soon in his hand to wisdom's temple led,
Holds secret converse with the mighty *dead.*
Trembles and thrills, and weeps as they inspire,
Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire.

Is not this a very wise and natural description of the manner of sending an urchin to school, and his feelings on that important occasion! Wisdom's Temple is a pretty name, indeed, for the shop of a pedagogue, where gerunds and supines are sold by the quarter! Listen to the original passage, and if you do not see the infinite superiority of Rogers, we shall be contented to pass for him in the eyes of our mistress, than which no consummation is more horrifying.

Ah! too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lashed into Latin by the tingling rod!

What a beautiful alliteration opens that last line! Rogers had not the courage to introduce the rod—the *ingenii largitor*—but hints at it, in a petty and obscure way, by describing his pupil as one who

Trembles, and thrills, and weeps "*as they inspire,*"

which undoubtedly means "as the cuts are thrown in by the fierce fist of the ferocious flagellator." But the expression is mean, and does not at all call up the vividness of the original description.

Roger's lad marries, as I said before, and therein has a moral advantage over Gay's more dissipated spark—but as far as poetry goes, he is far inferior. This we honestly confess we consider as a misfortune. We never wish to see the cause of virtue suffer by the want of power of the poet—or that of depravity be recommended by the allurements of talent. Yet it too often happens. Nobody, for instance, has ever heard of little Moore's Psalm-Book, while his lewd Irish Melodies are as well known as Dr. Eady; and because their tunes are *mighty pretty*, are occasionally sung in companies where all the women present are not strumpets. So in this case of Rogers and Gay. Rogers' mode of making love would turn the stomach of any young woman of sentiment—it is a going about it, and about it, which is utterly intolerable, and makes you uneasy on your seat. At last, after about five pages of foolery we come to the point,

And soon her *looks* the rapturous truth avow,
Lovely before, Oh! say how lovely now!

on which Sam has the rashness to put the following note: "Is it not true that the young not only appear to be, but really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love? It calls forth all their beauty. "O Sam, Sam, what bewitched you to make us think of such a thing? must not every body who reads it be tempted to enquire how *you* looked when you went courting? was all *your* beauty called forth? why, man, you must have looked like a dead cod ogling a flounder. But we have digressed from the poetry. Compare, then, Gay's piece of real life with the above dead stuff.

The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With *smacking lip* shall raise his guilty flame.—

That is something like doing business. As we are intensely moral men we must again put in our caveat that in point of morality we prefer Sam. Whether the milk-maid would agree with us is a different question.

Such is the mode of beginning courtship—now for the localities of it.

Scaled is the garden wall! and to her beams,
Silvering the east, the moon comes up, revealing
His well-known form, along the terrace stealing.—*Rogers.*

The dairy, barn, the hayloft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.—
Gay.

On this we shall make no comment, leaving it to our readers to note the superior poetry of the Elder bard.

Rogers has thought fit to bring his hero into a civil war, which is uncalled for and abominable. Besides, it is not English, and he is obliged to make a lame apology for it in a note. What need have written it then? Gay puts his 'squire into the senate, to guard the

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interests of his country, like the eminent gentlemen of Boodle's. Contrast

But hark, the din of arms! no time for sorrow:
To horse, to horse! a day of blood to-morrow.—*Rogers.*

He shall survive, and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in parliament.—*Gay.*

which is certainly the most suitable thing an honest country member can do, and quite superior to the din of arms. In a word, Rogers's picture is from a horrible imagination—Gay's, from an every-day and most agreeable fact. It is true that Sam soon recollects his model, and sends his man to parliament, in which he makes an elaborate attempt to outshine Gay.

And now behold him, in an evil day,
Serving the state again—not as before,
Not foot to foot, the war-whoop at his door,
But in the senate—and there round him fly
The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry.

That is to say, he is laughed at and quizzed most conspicuously by every body in the house. Is this an enviable or heroic situation? Then he gets himself sent to the Tower, which also is no joke. Commends us to the honest old county member, snoring on the cross-benches, or back of the Treasury.

In one particular more we shall trace Sam's plagiarism, and then conclude. Gay has made his hero a justice of peace, and so must Rogers of course—but how absurdly has he managed it.

Nor in his porch is he less duly found,
When they that cry for justice gather round,
And in that cry her sacred voice is drown'd;
His then to hear and weigh and arbitrate,
Like Alfred, judging at his palace-gate.
Healed at his touch, the wounds of discord close, &c.

What a filthy king's-evil sort of idea is that in the last line. Nothing, besides, can be so absurd as to compare a modern justice with Alfred, who, though a barbarian sort of a king enough, was still a king ruling over the destinies of a nation, such as it was—and we submit that it is but a small recommendation to a justice, of any sort, that the cry for justice should be drowned in his judgment. Turn from this to the original, from which this miserable daubery has been copied.

The time shall come when his more solid sense,
With nod important shall the laws dispense,
A justice with grave justices to sit, [wit.
He praise their wisdom, they admire his
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave the coverts void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net, or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Here are the occupations which we know make up the daily life of a country justice. He is busied with the game-laws—not thinking of acting a little Alfred, in a kind of three-penny way, under cover of a commission.

We have said enough to prove that Rogers is so guilty of imitating Gay's poem of the Birth of a 'Squire—in his own composition, named and entitled Human Life, as to come under the unhappy designation of a plagiary. The mind, truly imbued with critical feeling, will be able to appreciate the mighty difference—the gulph profound, which separates the imitator from the original poet. After this, how absurd and truly silly must that poetical commandment of Lord Byron's appear, in which he says, "Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers," when, in fact, any unfortunate pickpocket so offending, would run a mighty risk of purloining property which the said Samuel had come at by most unlawful means already. But Byron—peace to his ashes—was most manifestly humbugging at the time, as he usually was whenever he spoke of Rogers. He played the most unfair practical joke ever passed off in the literary world, when he insisted on tying the dead body of Jacquelin to the best of his own poems—Lara. When James Smith shortly after met them both in the park walking together, he said, that they put him inevitably in mind of the volume of their conjoint labours—one grand-looking, though uneven in its gait—the other hanging to him, dead and prettily dressed. For, be it known, that Rogers, at that time, did the dandy.

In this poem of Human Life are two lines amazingly monotonous in their jingle, but which instinctively occur to us whenever we see Sam.

To-day we look as we looked yesterday,
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day.

With which quotation we beg leave to finish our article, having previously predicted, that there is nobody in London who will be so delighted with it as Sam himself, who is a fellow of infinite drollery.

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THE RHYMING REVIEW.

1.
We have heard, and believe it, our style of review
Has been lik'd and applauded by folks not a few—
And, therefore, to please the good people once more,
We hold ourselves ready to meet their *encore*.

2.
Prose reviewing we've said, and will say it again,
Is a thing quite a bore to the children of men—
There's no one so blind who can't see that each fellow,
From the Whigs who write Balaam for old blue and yellow,

3.
To the quarterly people of Albemarle-street,
Who sit in a row round old Will Gifford's feet;
And theme to the creatures, who, twelve times a-year,
Inspired by the fury of sadly small-beer,

4.
Write the monthly review beneath Griffith's worn banners,
And curry, poor creatures, like cow-hides at tanners;
But, with cautious stupidity, beat a retreat,
When the subject critiqued is high, wealthy, or great.

5.
Or lower again those whose scribbling is seen
In column—or page, in a dull magazine—
All—all, from the first to the last, we declare
To be humbugs in grain—and great humbugs they are.

6.
What clown from St. Bees, or Dunbarton, or Dunstable
Does not know that Frank Jeff is but scrub to A. Constable;
That no volume would suffer that critic's damnation,
Which came from the mountain of Old Proclamation.

7.
Who thinks that cross Gifford would venture to worry
A quarto, red-hot, from the counter of Murray;
That Campbell would treat a smart novel from Colburn,
As if it were printed by Benbow, in Holborn.

8.
Would a volume of Taylor and Hessey's be undone,
We ask you, my friend, by a cut from the London?
Or would not Old Monthly keep silent and still lips
'Gainst the slips of a pamphlet from Sir Richard Phillips.

9.
You may question why may not this bookselling crime,
Which infests prose critiquing infest also rhyme!
We shall answer at once, "My good Sir, in a word, it,
If ev'n so inclusive, could by no means afford it."

10.
We rhymesters—we vouch it—have always enough in
The hunt after rhymes without thinking of puffing.
And would post our best friend in a verse in a minute,
If we thought that we found a good rhyme thereby in it.

11.
In truth, as the world to our detriment knows,
We think less of our int'rests than people of prose;
And provided our measures will merrily run,
Why—a fig for the trade—and success to good fun!

12.
But we're sorry to say that the press has been idle
This month past—and therefore our muse must we bridle,
(From Addison's poems we borrow this trope)*
But next month we'll do rather better, we hope.

---

* Every body knows Addison's lines, so joked on by Johnson, "I bridle in, &c."

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13.
Yet we think it is right we should say something grand on
The volume of poems by pretty Miss Landon,*
Though why something grand—something neatly and prettily,
Something smelling, in short, of the sweet law of Italy;

14.
Full of love and of wooing—of feeling and hearts,
Of eyes, and of lips—and—[*you know the rhyme*]—darts;
Of whispers by moonlight—of walks in groves shady,
Would suit better far with this brilliant young lady.

15.
With truth we may say—in our life we have never,
From a lady so young, met with verses so clever;
And we think she has chosen the fit theme by Jove,
For what *can* a woman well write on but love?

16.
We'd swallow as soon jalap blended with manna,
As a tragedy-trash from old mother Johanna;
And who does not wish plunged right under the Jordan,
Mrs. Heman's Epics—or Veils of Miss Porden?

17.
There's no poem besides—for we're sure that our time
Shan't be wasted by stuff, titled "Letters in Rhyme:"†
Should we talk of poor Edwards' lumbering prose,
Which has slaughtered the tale of Antigone's woes.‡

18.
What novels! But few—Well, but here as beginner,
We have the "Memoirs of a justified Sinner."§
Composed with much talent and science, and rhet'ric,
By that great theologic, Hogg, the shepherd of Ettrick.

19.
It is curious and full of good matter beside,
Some parts are told well—and some thoughts well apply'd;
Much writing is strong, and still more is as coarse
As the Shepherd e'er wrote, and he writes like a horse.

20.
But still though we blame it for this, let us see
The colouring from nature still fresh—though 'tis free;
We hate the same stuff pour'd from one flask to t'other,
Till all flavour is lost, and the liquor turns *mother*.

21.
This tale is the sole one of vigour or pith,
There's Caroline and something by A. W. Smith,‖
There's Scott's Village Doctor ¶—and Tales from Afar **,
The three are not worth half a puff of segar.

22.
Theresa of Marchmont, the fair Maid of Honour,††
Must excuse us from wasting a sentence upon her;
And our tongue with our brains must be woundidly maundering,
Ere we notice the ass from the Orient Wandering.‡‡

23.
Let them pass—Dr. Clarke, though translated to Heaven,
Has just published his volumes, nine, ten, and eleven;§§
Heavy books, by the mass! full of learning, 'tis true, sir,
But hard to be read as *we* think—What think *you*, sir?

---

* The Improvisatrice, with other Poems, by L. E. L. (Letitia Elizabeth Landon) Hurst. and Co. † Letters in Rhyme. ‡ Antigone of Sophocles, translated by Mr. Edwards
§ Memoirs and Confessions of a justified Sinner. Longman and Co. It is correctly reported to be written by Hogg. ‖ Caroline and Zelite, by A. W. Smith.
¶ Village Doctor, by Mr. Scott. ** Tales from Afar, by the author of "Tales from Switzerland." †† Theresa Marchmont; or, the Maid of Honour. ‡‡ Oriental Wanderings, a Romance. §§ Clarke's Travels, 8vo. vols. 9, 10, and 11.

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24.

Mr. Stanhope's Olympia, with plates by G. Cooke, *
Is, certes, a mighty magnificent book;
But here Goldsmith's critic is right to a letter, †
"If more pains were taken, the work would be better."

25.

Hogg's ‡ Tour on the Continent—why we admit it,
We've not read it, and therefore, perhaps, should be pitied;
But lord bless your heart, sir, we think the day's over,
When the matter of taking a steam-boat at Dover;

26.

And driving about whether slower or quicker,
Devouring strange dishes, or quaffing strange liquor,
Getting quizzed by the natives in every direction,
While thinking they mean you respect and affection,

27.

Should entitle a man to commit a whole volume,
Discoursing in tone whether merry or solemn,
On what since the peace is as known to all people,
As the dragon of Bow, or St. Magnus's steeple.

* * * * * * * *

50.

Here is a skip you will say—you are growing quite thrifty,
To jump from thrice nine in a moment to fifty.
My dear friends we acknowledge the thing is an evil—
But then we've no room—and are driven by the DEVIL. §

We stop the press, and take out two or three pages of what we must confess was mere Balaam, about books, thrown in according to the ancient and laudable custom of sheet-filling at the end of our Number, in order to make room for a letter to us from Mr. Timothy Tickler, of Blackwood's Magazine, and our answer thereto. About 350 copies had been thrown off, when a copy of Blackwood reached us, and we lost no time, as our readers will perceive. About 120 of these copies were sold—if the purchasers of them think it worth while, by bringing them to the shop, 163, Strand, they shall be exchanged. We print Mr. Tickler's letter in italics between our own, so as to answer verse by verse.

TO TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. SOUTHSIDE.

The Editor of the John Bull Magazine,

Greeting,

Your time, Mr. Tickler, but idly was spent,
When your goose-quill in anger against me was bent—
Hawk to fight against hawk is a mighty bad plan, sir,
Howe'er, *for the present*, good-humoured I answer.

I.

Who you are, I don't know, Mister T'other John Bull,
But your horns seem as sharp as the first's to the full;
If his prick like a rapier, yours tear like a hanger;
Heaven knows which is Mcdardas, and which Doppel-ganger.

Nought in common with John have I got, Mr. T.,
Save the name, and that's open to him, you, or me;
'Twas a glorious old name, ere the three were begotten,
And glorious 'twill be when the three blades are rotten.

---

* Stanhope's Topography of the Plain of Olympia, with plates by G. Cooke.

† In the Vicar of Wakefield, we quote from memory, "Always say a picture would be better, if there had been more pains taken with it—and remember to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.

‡ Tour on the Continent, by —— Hogg, Esq.

§ That is, the printer.

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II.

One calm word with you, lad: you well know I'm an old one,
And I think you'll admit, both a big and a bold one—
And I tell you, young man, 'tis abundantly clear,
That two months at this rate will complete your career.

Your age—somewhat else too—I know—let me hint it,
And if you're not civil, perhaps I may print it;
Two months is my date! Why, the same let me tell you,
Was once said of your own magazine, my dear fellow.

III.

That a man should be all over boldness is fit,
In the great cause of Loyalty, Wisdom, and Wit;—
But I hold it mere folly, that you should go down
In a cause that's unworthy the commonest clown.

Your last distich I take not—'Tis made, I should guess,
Into nonsense by blundering work of the press.
If I battle for loyalty, wisdom, or wit,
I shall write what I please in what style I think fit.

IV.

I perceive you have learning—I trace in your style
The precision and polish of Attica's file—
O shame! that your weapons, so terse and so trim,
Should be poison'd with venom, not pointed with whim.

What? renown? Good Sir, where is *my* venom shown?—
Good-natured my matter, good-humoured my tone.
Oh! Tim., I am grieved—what I say is too true—
To find such dull nonsense thus scribbled by you.

V.

Byron's CHAPTER *proclaims him the Worst of the Bad—*
Unless charity whisper, most wild of the mad.
I confess the alternative vexes me sadly;
And I envy no eyes can contemplate it gladly.

Byron's CHAPTER proclaims him to be WHAT HE WAS,
For vexation I own *I* can't see any cause:—
And *Charity* too! Well, I may be tar-barrell'd,
But *that's* the last feeling I'd have for Childe Harold.

VI.

That for tickling the vein of some vile heartless flirt
The Genius of Harold could stoop to such dirt—
That a POET *like this could be less than a* MAN,
I loathe the conviction:—go hug it who can!

What poor Lady Byron, "a poor heartless flirt."
For shame, Mr. Tim! 'tis *you* dabble in dirt!
How sagacious your noble antithesis too—
Of POET *v.* MAN. 'Tis so terse and so new!

VII.

But that you, sir,—a wit, and a scholar like you,
Should not blush to produce what he blush'd not to do—
Take your compliment, youngster—this doubles (almost)
The sorrow that rose when his Honour was lost.

I blush not a shade. Why I should, I don't know;
I consider that chapter a curious *morçeau,*
A *bonne bouche* which 'twas pity should wander adrift,
I'd just do the same by a lost bit of Swift.

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VIII.

Was it generous, Bull—nay, sans phrase, was it just,
When, whatever he had been, he slept in the dust—
To go barter and truck with betrayers of trust,
For a sop to the Cerberus-jowler of Lust?

Just! gen'rous! Were Byron again upon earth,
For your pains, what a butt would you be for his mirth!
Trust? None was betrayed, Sir. Lust? Plenty no doubt,
By the Baron was catered, but I starved it out.

IX.

Was it spleen against him?—Then you warr'd with the dead:—
Was it pelf?—No,—whatever you want, 'tis not Bread—
Was it fun?—O how merry to trample and tear
The heart that was bruised through the breast that was bare.

Spleen? Avarice? Nonsense. "The war on the dead—
And the bruised breast I trample with merciless tread.
What breast—or what trample? Ah! Tim, that a man
Should survive when his brains have all left his brain-pan!

X.

Leave this work to the Whigs:—'tis their old favourite game;
Moore did this and was damn'd: the vile stink of his name
Will offend people's nostrils a hundred years hence,
For he warr'd against women, and pocketed pence.

I war against women! The charge I deny,
'Tis unfair—'tis untrue—there's no other reply.
What care I for the Whigs and their laureat, Tom Moore!
From that blame both my verse and my breast shall be pure.

XI.

But you!—well, you're young, and were probably drunk,
I won't think you (for once) irreclaimably sunk;
Drop this vice—that, depend on't, won't injure your spunk—
So says one that you won't call or Bigot or Monk.

What vice do you mean? I'd reply if I knew.
If either be drunk, my dear Tim, it is you,
Who praise to the stars the vile fellow who wrote it,
[The chapter Inica], and scold me who but quote it.

XII.

Fie, fie! Mister John, I am sorry to think
You could do such a Whig-looking thing, even in drink;—
—You may turn up your nose and cry, "He's turn'd a Stickler!"
I do stickle for some things,

Quoth

Timothy Tickler.

I *do* turn my nose up, and I grieve to have seen
Such mere twaddle and cant in your far-famed magazine;
I can scarcely believe 'tis Old Tickler has said it, or
Kit North put it forth—so

Yours, truly,

Albany, July 31, 1824. The Editor.

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THE

JOHN BULL

Magazine.

VOL. 1. SEPTEMBER, 1824. No. 3.

THE HISTORY OF GERALDI.—A FLORENTINE STORY.

FACTION rent the state of Florence some hundred years ago—it is not necessary to specify when—and the lower orders were inflamed against the upper. It was only a variation of the old eternal war of the shirtless *versus* the shirted—a war which, we fear, will last till time shall be no more. One party cried up the cause of social order, and denounced their antagonists as desperate and wicked insurgents. The other party were as clamourous for the common privileges of mankind, and stigmatized their opponents with the vexatious title of oppressors and tyrants. Which party was right I know not, nor, indeed, do I much care.

But though the shirtless—the descamisados as the Spaniards call them—composed the great bulk of our Florentine agitators; yet some who mixed much in their politics did actually wear ruffles with a shirt appended. These people were of a higher class, of course, and took the side they did from several reasons. Some, because they wished to hear themselves talk, and would not be listened to among the nobles—others, because they flattered themselves that they would be the natural leaders in case of success—some through vexation, because the aristocratical party did not reward their merit, as they thought it deserved, or because some great ringleader on that side of the question had not looked civilly on a wife or daughter—we must add a few through principle. This last, you may be sure, was but a small body, and we say it, not invidiously of that particular Florentine faction, but because the body of men who join any party through principle is very small. If he who reads this is a young man he will not believe us, but set us down as cankered and prejudiced—if he be at all stiff-bearded below the chin, he will in all probability say that we are right.

The motives of the men of principle were as various as possible—almost as various as these men among them. Some hated tyranny in the abstract, and wished for fair play to all parties—some hated tyranny exercised against themselves, and wished to be able to exercise it on others—some thought that it was patriotic to have a revolution—some wished it to be considered religious. Why it is, O reader, I shall not say; but listen thou to my words with as perfect faith as if you heard an oracle, when I tell you, that I have ever found young gentlemen hot from school, who, of course, by their long experience in the simple art of governing mankind, and their deep thinking on every subject whatsoever, are eminently qualified for the task, to be very active and industrious, and loquacious votaries of these things. Among the most ardent of these was Geraldi, of whom I am going to tell you a story. Geraldi had been educated in the highest branches of erudition, and was, indeed, a very clever young man. In those days lived a doctor from Padua, of the name of Hoparros, and he was Geraldi's tutor. Hoparros was great in Greek beyond any

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man of his time. He gave you the doctrine of particles, and smelt you an Iambic amid an acre of misprinted prose. Stern would be his frown at the unhappy miscreant who would pronounce a short penultimate long, or *vice versa*. If you put an anapæst in the fourth seat, he would thunder forth in indignation. A theologian was preaching to him one day on the interpretation of one of those passages of Scripture on which we generally place some of our most sanguine hopes of future redemption. "What think ye," said the preacher, "of this sublime text, that opens the kingdom of heaven to all believers."—"I think," said Hoparros, "that the first aorist used in that particular phrase should be rather a second aorist, as we see in the corresponding passage of Xenophon," which he immediately quoted.

Hoparros spoke and wrote a Babylonish dialect, in which his vernacular language was slashed with Greek. He'd call to a waiter at a tavern—"Bring me, you dog, a rasher of pork, vel* τι τοιουτο." When demolishing his fifth egg at breakfast, he would say, it put him in mind of the mundane egg of the cosmogonists, and quote the lines of Aristophanes on that subject. When he wrote a book about Signor Volpone, a great statesman, who died about these times, he quoted fourteen hundred authors to prove that man was mortal. All this made every body think Hoparros was a great man, and he himself was particularly convinced of the truth of this assertion. He accordingly gabbled more Greek, wrote more polyglot, and put on a wig. His wig was as big as that which Colley Cibber wore in Lord Foppington, when it was brought on the stage in a sedan chair between two porters. The doctor was proud of this wig, for he said that it made him look like the favourite bird of Minerva. Other people laughed at it, in particular one Forgeron, who, though a priest, had turned jack-pudding in the north-country, and was arlechino-primo to Giallazuri† company. Hoparros only smiled, and quoted Epictetus's opinion on the propriety of despising things not in our power.

The Doctor had taken part with the unshirted, because he thought the Greeks, every institution of whom he used to say was pluperfect, were of the same way of thinking; and he sung the song of Harmodius and Aristogiton, in which he made three emendations, two for the sake of the metre, one for the sense, which he thereby spoiled, according to the custom of critics. He soon inoculated Geraldi with the same opinions, and when the young man emerged from the cloisters of a college to the bustle of real life, he speedily outran his master. The Doctor only wished to smoke, quote Greek, and repine at misgovernment in quiet. Geraldi wished to put an end to misgovernment by the most summary proceeding. He joined the chief clubs in Florence of people of the same principles, and made speeches which carried conviction among all those who agreed with him. A fancy seized them of pulling off their breeches, and Geraldi accordingly pulled off his. Now, for a reason which I pretend not to explain, the aristocracy of Florence were most particularly nettled at this unbreeching, and determined to make a stand against it. Accordingly, to work they went, and soon proved that they were the strongest power after all, in spite of all the speeches against their feebleness and want of efficacy. They passed a decree of the senate, by which it was ordained, that every man found about the street unbreeched, should be banished the state, as a most pestilent member. As might be foreseen, there were loud clamours against this act of tyranny. Public meetings were called and well attended, in which it was magnanimously resolved to die sooner than wear breeches. Geraldi was very busy in all these, and, by his eloquence and energy, made many converts to the cause.

"This well never do," said the prime-senator, "we must pull them up." "What," said another, "the breeches?" "No," replied the first, "but the conspirators; pull them up before the judge, and he shall tickle them according to the Pandects of Justinian." This was one of those prophecies which never fail of being fulfilled. Accordingly they were seized, and Geraldi among the rest. The judge took his seat, and frowned wickedly. In those days it was no joke to be tried before a chief-judge. Witnesses proved that they saw Geraldi unbreeched, and heard him

* Or some such thing.

† Yellow and blue.

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speak in defence of the general principle. Others swore that, to the best of their belief, he wrote long letters to other unbreeched clubs over the water, and was strongly suspected of having composed an ode in ridicule of knee-buckles. At this fact, the chief-judge cried ha! and looked round the court. Every body saw that it was all over with our poor hero. The forms of the court, however, required that he should be called on to say something in his defence, and accordingly he was told to begin. His eye was kindled with fire, and he evidently looked on himself as a person entrusted with the protection of the most glorious principles in the world. "My lord," said he, clearing his throat; the court was mute in attention: you could hear a pin drop. "Silence," said the crier. "My lord," continued Geraldi, "I am here to be tried to-day for doing that which, whatever may be the issue of this trial, I shall regard as the most honourable action of my life. I have stood up for the bare truth; I have bowed to the naked majesty of reason; I have stripped off the coverings of sophistry and imposture—and for that am I here. I have remounted to the principles of things, and casting off the habits of this shallow generation, gone back to the customs of my ancestors. I am accused of introducing novelties—of being a proselyte and preacher of the new philosophy. How much do they err who make this accusation. If remotest antiquity be novelty—if genuine simplicity be adulteration, then do I plead guilty, but not till then. Go back to the days of Adam, when he and his consort Eve, in naked majesty, seemed lords of all. Who then heard of breeches? Did the father of mankind on awaking in his couch of flowers, fanned by the whispers of melting winds, roused by the dulcet fall of murmuring streams, call lustily to a valet-de-chambre to bring him what; even in the present degraded and depraved times, are significantly designated as inexpressibles? Impossible! Shades of the heroes and patriarchs of old, look down from your empyreal thrones on which you are seated, without the disguise of this disgraceful garb, and refute these audacious men, who declare that the practices which you, the glories of the olden time, followed without exception, are mere trifling novelties. But, even if they were, I appeal to the eternal dictates of truth and reason. Great and glorious goddesses, do you not dictate the necessity of every man being his own dresser? Shall the liberty of the subject be invaded in this point, on which are bottomed our dearest hopes? Shall we be tied up in bonds and shackles? Waistbands and knee-strings avaunt! To them I shall not bend my free untamed spirit. I protest against them—I denounce them—I abominate them—I abhor them. Bring forth your racks—destine me to your torments, I am prepared for all! And you wicked men who sit in judgment on me," &c. &c.

I have not time to say over again, all that Geraldi said. He spoke of the breaches of the constitution, and declared that he would mend them. His oration was a model of eloquence. All Florence, both those who were *pro* and *con*, declared that the days of Demosthenes and Cicero were again revived; and when he concluded by the fine apostrophe from one of their own poets, *il Dottore Smalfuego*,

* Thy spirit, independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I follow with my bottom bare,
Nor heed the blasts that howl along the sky.

An unanimous burst of applause followed, which lasted for several minutes, and called forth the stern remonstrances of the judge, who proceeded at once to deliver the sentence of the court. He entered into a history of breeches from the first establishment of civilized society—shewed how important they were to the seat of government—descanted on the villany of their opponents—and concluded by addressing the prisoner in a stern tone. "Adieu vous en, mon ami," said he, "andate al diavolo."† With which solemn words he concluded his oration.

These were the technical phrases at that time used in the Florentine law, for sending a man into banishment.

* This free imitation of the original, is literal to a word. It may have been said before—but how does that alter the affair? A joke's a joke for a' that.

† Get away—go to the devil.

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Accordingly, Geraldi was sent on his travels for his country's good. Great was the indignation among the breechesless. Hoparros sputtered in Attic phrase,* Φεῦ! φεῦ! said he, for *few* indeed are the righteous now-a-days, and quoted Euripides to the same effect. Others called a meeting of Geraldi's friends, to take into consideration the necessity of subscribing something towards making his exile comfortable—for, at that time, you must know, that the great majority of those who were against wearing breeches, including Geraldi, certainly had no pockets therein to stow away purses. The Doctor attended, and spoke of Aristides, until every one in the room sympathized with the indignation of the Athenian, who gave his vote for the banishment of that great man, in consequence of being bored with so often hearing of his name. A subscription was entered into, and it amounted to — I do not know how many ducats.

Now in those days, among that party, was a very active *avocato* of the name of Jacopo, a Savoyard. The air of the mountains, and, indeed, of the north in general, is so keen, that it notoriously sharpens the wits of the inhabitants of such regions. It so happens, also, that brains is a more common commodity there than beef, and, accordingly, the men of the north long have been in the habit of descending into the fat regions of the south, where they feed upon their neighbours. Jacopo walked as usual, southward, with his shoes slung over his shoulder; and as he had never been used to breeches-wearing in his own country, it is only natural that he joined the breechesless party. Accordingly he wrote long books about it, against the most strenuous partizan of the aristocracy, and it gained him much praise, and a little pudding. Moreover, he speeched, and speeched as became an advocate without a brief. When he got briefs, as happened long after the times of which I am speaking, he left off speeches when they brought him nothing, cushioned his book, and cut the patriots. But, at the date of this our veridical history, he was ardent for Geraldi, and his words, as the saying is, won gold—for he was made the treasurer on the occasion.

It may be asked, how being made treasurer to a voluntary subscription could win gold? Have you ever heard the story of the highlander who sued for promotion? "Why, Duncan," said his officer, "you know you can neither read nor write, and though willing to promote you, that puts it out of my power."—"Put, your honour," said the mountaineer, "coot make her mainsell a lance-corporal."—"That, to be sure, I could do," replied the captain, "but there is no extra pay for that rank, and there *is* extra duty." The highlander, however, told him he had his reasons for wishing it, and was promoted accordingly. From being one of the dirtiest soldiers in the regiment, he became the cleanest. His wife was better decked out than before—and a considerable amelioration appeared to have taken place in his finances. The officer was amazed—and enquired how this could be done without increase of pay. "Na, sir," said Duncan, "tere is na pay, but tere's parquisits." What a lance-corporal's perquisites are, I shall not inform the reader, it being no part of my story.†

So, though there is no pay in being treasurer to a charity-subscription, there are perquisites. Money was, of course, sent to Geraldi, and he received it with gratitude: but human blessings are never without some proportion of pain. There is always a little bitter in the sweetest cup. On looking over the list of those who had come forward in his behalf, he did not see the name of his old tutor, the Grecian Doctor. Geraldi had a great talent, and a great inclination for writing letters; and, accordingly, he sat down and composed the following epistle from the island in which he was confined, to a friend in Florence. It will not take more than twenty columns, and therefore I shall copy it.

EPISTLE OF GERALDI TO HIS FRIEND.

DEAR FRIEND,

---

* Alas! Alas!

† We may as well finish the story, though our author does not. "Perquisites, man," said the captain, "and what the devil perquisites has a lance-corporal?"—"She has te

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But, on second thoughts, I shall not copy it. It would be taking a paltry advantage over my readers. Suffice it then to say, that in this letter he spoke much of the ingratitude of the human race—of the sad fact, that when a man is out of sight he is out of mind—and many other novel and original reflections of the same nature. The circumstance of the neglect of Hoparros—the Doctor, from whose *os rotundum* he had imbibed the first lessons of freedom—he said, chagrined him more than the recollections of all his other friends, gilded as they were by the ducats. There never yet was an ill story of a man extant, that did not come to his ears through the agency of a d—d good-natured friend, and the contents of this letter were soon communicated to the Doctor. He twisted the back of his wig to the front, and as hastily, through fear of suffocation, twisted it back again. * "Τι τουτο," said he, "*væ misero mihi*, what do I hear? What does the man mean? Here am I, the poorest abate in Florence, on a salary of sixty ducats a year, out of which I have subscribed thirty—ημισυ παντος,† as Hesiod says. I shall not rest under the imputation. I shall have it all explained, *ut per est*,‡ and he took a pinch of snuff.

Of course Hoparros set about the explanation with all the efforts of his power, and wrote a ream of paper in a hand illegible to mortal man. He dived and inquired, and delved, and fidgetted, and at last a meeting of the subscribers to Geraldi was called. Of course the first thing they did was to overhaul the accounts of the treasurer, when there was found a * * * * * * * * *

Hiatus in MSS.

*** We have in vain endeavoured to come at the conclusion of this highly interesting Florentine tale. It appears to throw a light on some of the transactions of that great state, during the middle ages. We publish so much as the above, in the hopes that some able Italian scholar—some writer of history—will endeavour to complete it.

SOBER SONNETS FOR SLEEK SINNERS;

Or, Rhymes from the Holy Land.

BY SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN, BART.

"Haud inexpertus loquor."

I.

I HAD a dream that was not all a dream.
Methought I rested in a cavern vast,
Adown whose darksome sides strange seats were plac'd
Filled with red visag'd forms, that now did seem
To feed on fire, for often they did cast
Curl'd smoke around, so that I scarcely trac'd
Aught palpable, amidst th' incessant blast.
Anon strange sounds would rush my portals through,
And some did cry for spirits as in haste,
And then came tinglings as of shrieking bell—
Sudden a screech of many voices flew
Through the dense atmosphere, as 'twere a hell:—
And one did bellow "coming"—I did wake
And found the Cider Cellar and my steak.

---

geein' oot o' te candles to te men," was the answer, "and te are nain te waur o' bein' dippit in hot water—and tere's te creash, (the grease) ye ken, yer honour." Such were the perquisites of a lance-corporal.

* What is this. Alas! miserable me.

† Half of the whole. ‡ As is right.

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II.

"How glorious is the morning's balmy kiss,
And how the snoring citizen doth lose
His profit by not early rising, Jack!"
So spoke my sober cousin, Jemmy Twiss,
As I reel'd Strand-ways from a jolly hoose
That Falstaff might have envied, spite his sack,—
Prince Hal would jump at such without his shoes.
"Ah! Jemmy!" then I sighed, as paviours do,
"Upon my soul, thou'rt right, my lad of wax,
And so I always rise by three o'clock,
But 'tis from Offley's table, with a crew
That are upon wry faces quite a tax,
And then we've done, than you, my jolly cock,
More business by four bowls, and lots of max!"

III.

There were two lived together—One was young
And blithe too, as is May, and scarce had seen
Thirty dark winters pass his cottage by;—
The other he was age-marked, yet there hung
Perpetual freshness, like the faddless green
On Paradise tree yet was serpent nigh—
Upon his frosty pow. Oh, be he sung
Till comes the last eclipse, when all shall fall,
Then let him fall the last, for he doth bear
Smiles, gladd'ning consolation to each heart;
The grave, the coffin lid, may shut out all,
But he shall live immortal in his art.
These dwell'd together, up hill, down the dale,
I am the one—and that my pot of ale.

FRENCH SONG.

D'UN REPAS DELECTABLE.

Apprenez les lois
D'une troupe aimable:—
Il faut faire choix
Que tout soit sortable;
Jamais neuf à table,
Toujours plus de trois.
Si le vin nous inspire
Que des indiscrets
N'aillent point redire
Nos propos secrets.
Que Bacchus, que l'Amour,
Tous deux d'accord ensemble,
Regnent tour à tour,
Enfin, qu'il ressemble
A ce que rassemble,
Cet heureux séjour.

RULES FOR A DINNER PARTY,

By Dancket, a Poet of Auvergne, who wrote some Operas.

Shall I tell you the plan
To get up pleasant feasts?—
Make a choice of a set
Of agreeable guests;
Take care with each other
To make them agree;
Never nine at a table,
But still more than three.
If the glass should draw forth
Any prate indiscreet,
Be sure there is none
Who what's said will repeat.
Let Bacchus and Love
Their soft influence expand,
And reign, turn about,
O'er the board, hand in hand.
In a word, let it be,
In good feelings and cheer,
A circle as gay
As the glad circle here.*

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* This song appears to have been made for a particular party, most probably in the country.

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FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSONI.

* COASTING FROM PORTO D'ANZIO TO NAPLES, OUT OF TASSONI.

[See Vieusseux's very interesting Travels, lately published, Vol. II. p. 168, 169.]

I.

"Le donne di Nettun vede sul lito
In gonna rossa e col turbante in testa.
Rade il porto d'Astura ove tradito
Fu Corradin nella sua fuga mesta.
Or l'esempio crudele ha Dio punito,
Che la terra distrutta e inculta resta;
Quindi monte Circello orrido appare
Col capo in cielo e con le piante in mare.

There she† saw Neptune's dames upon the shore,
With turban'd heads and scarlet robes bedight;
Astura's port she brush'd, by which of yore,
Corradin was betrayed in mournful flight;
Of God's just vengeance still the marks it bore,
Lying abandon'd, in neglected plight.
Thence they Circello's awful mountain gain,
Whose head meets Heav'n, whose feet repel the main.

II.

S'avanza e rimaner in quinci in disparte
Vede Ponza diserta e Palmarola,
Che furon già della citta di Marte
Prigioni illustri in parte occulta e sola.
Varie torri sul lido erano sparte;
La vaga prora la trascorre e vola,
E passa Terracina; e di lontano
Vede Gaeta alla sinistra mano.

Thence by the coast of Ponza's desert isle,
And Palmarola, did she voyage on.
The city of Mars, as places of exile,
Employed these regions, desolate and lone.
All on the shore stand many a tow'red pile:
The wandering bark flew by them—and anon
Passed Terracina, then from far she spied
Gaeta lying on her left-hand side.

III.

Lascia Gaeta, e su per l'onda corre
Tanto ch'arriva a Procida, e la rade:
Indi giugne a Pozzuolo, e via trascorre,
Pozzuolo che di solfo ha la contrade.
Quindi s'andava in Nisida e racorre,
Ea Napoli scopria l'alta beltade;
Onde dal porto suo parea inchinare
La Regina del mar, la Dea del mare."

Soon was it left behind, and next they past
By Procida along the surges loud,
Pozzuolo soon in view appeared, with haste
By that sulphurous land the vessel plonghed.
By Nisida they sail, and next at last
Discover Naples in her beauty proud,
Where from her haven seemeth to incline
The ocean's queen, the Goddess of the brine.

*** We intend not to admit, on any account whatever, a regular review of a book, being thoroughly satisfied that the public is sick of reviewing, which as it is carried on at present, is as base a business as can well be conceived. It is, perhaps, not altogether improbable, that we shall on some fine morning sit down and write a regular history of the internal management of every one of them, a subject with which we are acquainted *intus et in cute*, if it would not have too cannibal an air to attack our brethren in the bond of periodicalism. But as we have quoted the above pretty lines out of Vieusseux, we are bound to recommend his work as a most interesting one. It is a wonderful effort for a foreigner to write our language with such purity and precision as he does. At the end of his work, he has given a pleasant view of the present state of Italian literature, which contains a

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* The continuation of this beautiful Episode, containing Venus's interview with Manfredi, is highly coloured; but I have only quoted the description of the Voyage, of which any traveller, who has sailed along this coast, will easily perceive the accuracy.—*Note by Vieusseux.*

† Venus.

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great deal of what is new, to us at least. For instance, he quotes some fragments of Pellegrino Rossi's translation of the Giaour, which we shall copy, putting the original with them side by side, for the sake of comparison.

L'aer taceva, e il mar co venti in pace
Lambiva umile il pie del sacro avello
U del grande d'Atene il cener giace.
Dalla rupe in che appar splendente e bello
Par ch'ei primo saluti il buon nocchiero
Che rivolge le nave al dolce ostello.
Così dorme sublime il gran guerriero
Nel suol chi in van salvo. Mondo infelice
Quando fia che ritorno a farti altiero
D'un altro pari eroe * * * *
* * * * * *

No breath of air to break the wave,
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb, which, glowing o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain.
When shall such heroes live again.

Region della beltà! mite e sereno
L'e sempre il cielo, e all'eternal sorriso
S'ennamora la terra, e inflora il seno.
Per entro al core andar ti senti un riso.
Poi ch'all' altura di Colone giunto
Scopre il guardo quel dolce paradiso.

Fair clime, where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles;
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling ocean's cheek,
* * * * * *

Here is another morceau.

L'Alma, che i suoi pensier cupa ripiega
Sui mali ond'e per le sue colpe afflitta,
E'scorpion cui d'intorno il fuoco lega.
La cerchia delle fiamme ognor piu fitta
Lo stringe si che mille punte acute
Fin la midolla gli han cerca e trafitta
D'ira egli impazza e sol nelle ferute
Del pungiglion che per nemici ei serba
Trov'or per se nel suo martir salute
* * * * * * *
Si divien contr' a se cieco, inumano
L'uom ch' han stretto i rimorsi e lacerato,
O si per doglia orrenda é fatto insano
Carco grave alla terra, in ciel dannato,
Del ben gli chiude oscurità le porte,
La rea disperazion gli siede a lato,
Ha le flamme d'intorno e in sen la morte.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the Scorpion girt with fire;
In circle wanowing as it glows
The flames around the captive clan,
Till inly search'd by thousand thieves,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain:
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live, like Scorpion, girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for Heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death.
* * * * * *

And a third.

Si l'amore è, per dio, lume superno;
Viva scintilla dell' immortal fuoco
Dei Serafini; è fiamma onde l' eterno
Leva i nostri pensier di basso loco:
Anzi tanto fulgor sui nostri passi
Spande, che il ciel ver noi par che s'abbassi.
Egli è favilla del divini affetti
Largita all' uomo, perchè il suo pensiero
Spieghi dall' esca vil de rei diletti.
E raggio del Fattor di' tutte sfere;
E corona di luce eterna ed alma,
Che del mortale abbella e cerchia l'alma.

Yes, Love, indeed, is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shar'd, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of him who form'd the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!
I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall.
* * * * *

Is not this very pretty?

T. F.

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THE HUMBUGS OF THE AGE.

No. III.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

It has been our lot, on several occasions during this last month, to have heard good-natured and sage people exclaiming against the gross impropriety we were about to commit in enrolling the name of Sir Humphrey Davy in the register of the humbugs of the age. An elderly gentleman, in a claret-coloured coat, whom we met by mere chance one evening at Steevens's, was particularly indignant, and as his conversation with us, whom he little suspected to be the culprit whose enormities he was denouncing, embodies all the objections we have heard, we think there can be no better way of communicating them to the public than through that medium. "It is a shame, Sir," said he, "that in this country no one can win his well-earned way to honour or rank by the exercise of superior talent, but he becomes, on that very account, the object of slander and scurrility. Here, Sir, I see in this little magazine, written and published by God knows whom, an announcement that the first chemist in the world—a man whose birth among us confers an honour on the country—a man who is, even at this moment, travelling for scientific purposes, and is, as he ever has been, under similar circumstances, received with distinguished honours—is to be held up to the shafts of ridicule, or, at all events, of insolence, as a humbug—as a fit companion for some unknown creature who chews opium for a magazine in Fleet-market, or a cooking recipe-monger. It is not fair, Sir."

With all this, and much more to the same effect, did we agree while conversing with our claret-coloured friend at Steevens's. But he need not apprehend that we are going to post Sromredevi (as his Italian correspondent titled him) as a humbug on account of his chemistry. We there own his merits as a man of science—as far as that word can be applied to the bundle of jointless facts which constitutes chemistry at present—and what is of still higher importance, we frankly admit the great advantage several of his inventions have been to the country, and are proud of the fame he has conferred on his native land among foreigners. Far different, indeed, are our reasons for inscribing him among the humbugs of the age. It is not of Davy, the chemist, we are going to speak, but of Sir Humphrey, the gentleman. In this latter capacity no humbug *can* be more super-eminent. He is in this peculiar and special ground as great as little Quincy himself.

It is a pity that we cannot see ourselves with others' eyes—or perhaps it is not a pity, for it might tend to make us miserable, without amending us in any important particular. If we could, however, Sir Humphrey would keep to his crucible, and drop the drawing-room. His lady would strip off the cerulean stockings, which have converted her stout legs into a pair of blue posts, and tattle scandal and gossip with the other old women, male and female, who compose her coteries. It is not much more than 20 years ago that Sir Humphrey, known by the name of Numps, was a petty apothecary in some barbarous town in Cornwall; and although he has since risen highly in the world, and mixed with some of the best society in England, he may be assured that he has still a gait and gesture, and habits and manners, nothing better than a village Ollapod. The clothes of a gentleman do not sit easily upon him; and you are always tempted to wish that he wore, as formerly, a clean apron. The very precision of slovenliness with which he dresses himself, inevitably puts you in mind of a natty little fellow called up suddenly to attend a dowager patient with some lenitive cataplasm, or soothing *enema*. He smells of the shop completely. Sir Humphrey was one evening particularly superb and dandyish, dressed in a green velvet waistcoat, with gold spangles on it, at Miss Lydia White's, when she observed, that he looked as if he had stepped out of a box. "A pill-box, by G—, ma'am, then," said Lutterel, "and I see the powdered licorice has stuck to his waistcoat."

How absurd is this conduct! If we saw such people as Lord Petersham—or any similar gaby, so rigged out, we should only think it of a piece with the general character of the man, and pass it by; but for Davy—the inventor of

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iodine, of the safety-lamp, of Heaven knows how many things beside—the great chemist—the deep philosopher—to come forward, showing himself off in green and gold, is really the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity. But it is his daily practice. He is *devoré*, as the French would say, with a rage for playing the fine gentleman. He lounges into a room with what he thinks is an elegant languor; but which is much more like what the polite dialect of slang, now so much cultivated by our wits and fine writers, would call the gait of a *fogle-hunter*, on a *morning sneak* [a pick-pocket looking after his business.] He then sits down, swinging his arms with an amiable *nonchalance*, which reminds one instinctively of the motion of a sign on a windy-day. Then he talks elegant trifles to young ladies, in what he imagines is the delightful tone of easy conversation, but which as much resembles that unacquirable art as the love-letter of the school-master, which poor Tom Pipes carries in Peregrine Pickle, did the real epistle, written by the gentleman himself. The poor fellow fancies himself irresistible among the girls, and is evidently pluming himself, while conversing with them, on the hope that they are saying to their own hearts, what they will give utterance to when he withdraws from their company —"How delightful a man is the great Sir Humphrey Davy!—What a charming fellow—You see how he was telling us about the last new novel, or the set of china, or the pattern of a lace, or the cut of a gown—not at all about chemistry. O! he is a universal genius—You never, my dear, would take him for a great philosopher." In part of this anticipated speech, his hopes are generally gratified. The young ladies, whom he has been boring by his brilliant conversation, generally vote him "no philosopher"—but they as generally add, that it is a pity so clever a man should make himself so great a fool.

In pursuance of this excellent system of his, he thinks it quite fashionable to affect indifference to his wife. There is something irresistibly comical in seeing Sir Humphrey and his lady in a company together, particularly at their own house. They never, by any chance, interchange a word, but if they happen to get together into the same circle, at dinner for example, they are continually talking *at* one another. Whatever position her ladyship lays down, her knightly helpmate is surely a side-wind to contradict it. He considers her as having grown too old, and, therefore, a bore; she as evidently looks upon him as an ass. No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre:* we suspect it is as impossible to be a *savant* to a man's wife. Our couple have reversed matters. He talks badinage, and follies, and frivolities, in the tone of a country pedant determinedly light, and aims at making fierceful and playful hits, which he effects with the elegance and fancy of a paviour. She, on the contrary, despises the mere feminine chatter of the day, and discusses topics of literature and science in a manner which, to speak chemically, would turn the best-natured alkali in the world into an acid.

She was a Mrs. Ap—Somebody—Ap-Rees, we believe, or something equally hideous—so that we do not wonder at her changing it even into Davy. At all times she has been a *bas-bleu* of the very first water. We remember her some fifteen years ago—perhaps longer—in the literary coteries of Edinburgh. About that time the top literary society of that city was oppressive to an awful degree. Puppyism was predominant beyond all former precedent. The Scotch *leeterawti*, as they call themselves, had taken it into their heads to imitate the French society of the last century. This absurd mania prevailed chiefly among those whom Cobbet compliments with the title of *feelosofers*. Heavy poor clowns, clever enough, we suppose, in the sciences, were hard at work, endeavouring to ape the elegancies of Paris in the days of Louis Quinze. Because D'Alembert, and Maupertuis; and others of that grade, had frequented female society, and been regarded as ornaments at the petits soupers of the Parisian belles, such folks as Playfair thought it would be quite the thing for them also. Playfair was a poor schoolmaster—a particularly unfortunate trade in Scotland—for the best part of his life; and owed his rise in society to any thing but the cultivation of the graces. He was a regular Dominie Sampson, a little, and but little, improved by the application of a curry-comb; but then he thought it would be one of the finest things possible to be elegant, in order that people might wonder at the grace and gusto of his accomplishments, as well as the powers of his mind—just the same by the way that Sir Humphrey is playing

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off now, so much to the merriment of his acquaintances. Voltaire and Co. were deists too, and Playfair was a deist of course. The French wits—who *were* wits—had joked ingeniously on what we poor people believe to be sacred subjects—and, of course, Playfair, who was no wit, but a fine specimen of a hard-headed mathematician—had his dry joke, and cutting sarcasm, and agreeable rallying on the same subject. [We do not take Playfair invidiously as a sample of the whole, nor because we have not living specimens plenty of this bourgeoise gentilhomme sort of philosophers alive and well, this present minute, in Scotland, though they are not in such good odour as formerly—but because he is dead, and we do not wish to hurt living people, and have a particular objection to being prosecuted for libel, as we undoubtedly should be if we ventured to speak the truth about any of that particular set, as Blackwood, we should think, could tell.] You would see this hard, dry, underbred, withered, old Scottish pedagogue, at balls and routs, persuading himself that the days of the philosophers of France had revived in Auld Reekie. This mixture of dandyism and science, which has always appeared to us one of the most disgusting things in the world, gave the ton to the Edinburgh society, and Mrs. Ap. was up to her eyes in blue. We remember to have been present when old Playfair was talking airily—Heaven help the mark—on Madame de Staël's Corinne, and a set of Mrs. A.'s parasites, (the lady had money) were asserting, on what grounds we cannot conjecture, that she was the Corinna. Every body knows that the vain creature who wrote the novel drew the heroine for herself—but Mrs. A. swallowed the lump of incense. Playfair put in, however, a faint caveat. He did not think her tall enough. "She wanted," he said, "of the proper height for Corinna, an inch and some ——." He then coughed. He was going to say an inch and some lines—when he caught himself in time to hinder the mathematics from bursting out.

Sir Humphrey married her for—What? Why, for love, to be sure: what else does a man ever marry for? And if a little money comes, it is no harm. Her blue stockingism was delighted to the highest, and his ambition of shining among the fashionables instead of lecturing to them, also received its gratification. He dedicated his work on "Agricultural Chemistry" to her; which, as the book chiefly treats on analysis of dung and other manures, was a well-turned compliment. Frere, in his capital little poem, "Whistlecraft's Prospectus and Specimens," has a sly hit at this absurd dedication. We forget the lines, but he laughs at dedicating to relatives, in that easy and good-humoured style, which characterizes him beyond all other writers of *ottava rima*. The satire is meant against this dedication of Davy's; and nothing could better deserve it than such a piece of nonsensical affectation of conjugality in the face of the public. All that, however, is over entirely now, and he finds it bon-ton to be as negligent as he was formerly gallant. Both are equal pieces of humbug.

As a counterbalance for Davy's puppyism in fine society, he has taken into his head, that it is spirited and manly to talk obscenely among men. This is always the refuge of poor wits, or rather of people setting up for wits. There is poor Tom Campbell, for instance, who never said a good thing in his life, but is continually straining after one, and he knows no way of doing it but by talking dirt. Numps carries it to a high degree, and is quite in raptures with the cleverness he displays. He is everlastingly telling of his amorous adventures, and occasionally turning them by a side-wind to a scientific account. It is a pity that we *cannot* tell his story of the invention of the safety-lamp, with which he once regaled us at the Royal Society. It is a rich specimen of what we allude to, but we dare no more than allude. This talent of his, with some absurd attempts at playing magnifico, made him abominated at the Alfred. There are some queer stories about him connected with that club. He evidently considered himself quite the attraction of the place, and thought that if he withdrew his countenance, it must go down. He had contrived to get himself on the committee, where he was excessively disagreeable; and, at last, out of disgust at not being able to domineer over every body in his own way, he, to the infinite delight of his brethren in office, resigned. He, of course, expected that the Alfred was gone; when, to his surprise and mortification, his place was immediately filled up by the Marquis of Camden. That

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was an unkind cut; but, nevertheless, finding that he, no more than the Danes in former days, could put down an Alfred, quietly continued his subscription under the management of that committee of which he no longer made a part. He was very busy there during the rumpus between Sabine and others, which we mention, merely as an excuse to tell a joke. Hylton Jolliffe, he of the hat, was very active against Sabine; and Tom Murdock, when he heard about the quarrel, said, that it reminded him of his school-boy days, it being a revival of the war between the Sabines and Rum-'uns [Romans]. It is not a bad pun for Murdock.

The puppy tone follows Davy even in his writings, and in his lectures was a perfect bore. We see him continually straining after effect, and anxious to show you that he knows literature, altogether as well as he does chemistry. For instance, what can be more puerile than his turning away to waste an entire page upon the proper mode of forming a Greek name for Iodine. (It is quite evident, *en passant*, that he knows nothing of Greek). And, in his lectures, though people came to hear chemical facts, they were entertained half their time with passages of his own poetry; the most stupid things conceivable—which he chaunted forth with unwearied throat, and immeasurable ears gaping for a tribute of applause, at the end of each putrid morceau.

Of his government of the Royal Society, it is not our intention here to speak, having an idea of over-hauling that learned body altogether some fine morning; and we may as well now put an end to our paper. Davy, the gentleman, is a HUMBUG OF THE AGE. If he would forswear fine clothes, and fine company; if he would give up the notion of being a clever man in genteel society or polite conversation; if he would stick to his own particular profession, every body would rejoice in his talents, tempered, as they then would be, with modesty. As it is, he may believe us when we assure him, that Voltaire's complaint about Congreve is often repeated at his expense. Congreve sunk the author when Voltaire called to see him, and did the gentleman. The Frenchman was displeased, and very justly said, "If Mr. Congreve were no more than a gentleman, he should not have been troubled with my visit." So say we of Davy. If his merit only lay in wearing a green gold-bespangled velvet waistcoat in a blue-stocking party, he would not be troubled with this paper. We should have thought as little about him as we do of one of his nonsensical ship-models, which he keeps floating in stinking salt-water, in Somerset-House, to the great dissatisfaction of the nasal organs in their neighbourhood. The people there call the reservoir in which they are, Numps's pond—we should prefer styling it Davy's locker; and there, or in the more ample reservoir which goes by that name among our tars, might repose, for aught we care, the person of Sir Humphrey the gentleman. We would not so easily part with Sir Humprey the chemist, and are not without hopes that this paper will do him some essential service.

Farewell then, Mr. P. R. S. Next for a man of note. Ladies and gentlemen, we have the honour of announcing to your consideration, for October,

BISHOP, THE COMPOSER.

HYDROPHOBIA.

"Nay, Robert, 'tis true, '*tis* a dangerous time,
Many folks have been bitten. I tell you I know it,
Have gone mad—lost their brains without reason or rhyme;"
"Gone mad—pray, dear Timothy, how do they show it?"

"Why, first, they great hatred of water display;"
"Stop, Tim—for if *that* proves one's senses are undone,
Get a waistcoat for me, without further delay,
For, in that case, no mortal is madder in London!"

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOHN BULL.

MR. JOHN BULL,

LAST month, it seems, you were shorn of some verses, through the interposition of the Devil. By way of making you the *amende honorable*, he now transmits you a few, through the medium of his *upper*-secretary,

Your obedient,
CLAW CLOVENQUILL.

Should his Infernal Majesty be deemed no better than *other* Royal Poets, you will be obliging enough to return his MS. by post—making use of your grate as a letter-box.

N.B. Your *kitchen*-grate, for it is summer-time on earth—if I mistake not, about your latitude.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM,

Which will not be printed entire.—1823.

DIABOLUS LOQUITUR.

44.

THE bard whose fingers wield that mighty pen,
Of which, in stanza forty-three, I spake;
Is one whose spirit walk'd awhile with men,
But swell'd with indignation till it brake.
Cleft is the yew that makes the stoutest bows,
And satires dart the *riv'n* heart fleetliest throws.

45.

And his, whose first thoughts met the critic's frown,
In riper years hurl'd back each envious taunt;
Mingling such venom as his foes had shewn,
With sweets that all but he must ever want:
His keenest sarcasms flatter while they satirize,*
Like dead sea-apples, or mask'd goodly batteries.

46.

Even as the scent of India's perfumed grass,
The vigor of his mind came forth—by *crushing*;
And thus in many things it comes to pass,
The diamond's lustre is brought out by *brushing*,
And if you ne'er had *struck* the stubborn flint,
Would you have ever known a spark was in't?

47.

Another case is this, for boys who love
Vice more than Virgil, holidays than Horace,
And think that every science but "the glove,"
Or naked "bunch of fives," a deuced bore is,
There's nought like *birch*, unless their flanks are iron,
Like mine;—but I'm forgetting Baron Byron.

48.

And though I thought it proper to adduce
As many relevancies as I could,
With moderate brevity, to shew the use
Of mental, and of corporal thumps, I should
Not spread my paint too thickly, lest it crack;
The load of proof breaks many a doctrine's back.

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* At least the sufferers appear to think so; for example, the title "Maudlin Prince of Mournful Sonnetteers," has been triumphantly quoted in the advertisements, announcing a recent edition of Bowles's sonnets. This is making "increment of every thing" with a vengeance.

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49.

In its young prime, his fancy's fearless wing
Wanton'd along a paradise of feeling,
All radiant, pure, and fervid, as a spring
At the first blush of morn; till somehow stealing
A curious peep above the walls of Eden,
In Eve his grandmamma's old slippers treading.—

50.

Over he fell! but I was near to catch him,
And save him both from future fall and rising;
Yet no one knows how hard I'm forced to watch him!
His truant tricks are verily surprising.
For though I've set my seal on him for ever,
And bound him with a chain that few can sever,

51.

Whene'er I do but leave him for an instant,
Gambolling at the full length of his tether,
(I never to the measure of a pin, stint
One that's been used to freedom altogether,)
He darts at Heaven fiercely, as if he tried
To drag all H——l up with him at his side;

52.

Which makes it clear he'd not be with me long,
But for the spell his first mishap threw round him;
Though latterly his plunges are less strong,
As if a gravity of soul had bound him;
Like the gross corpulence that oft assails
A time-worn body, when its vigor fails.

53.

Yet much of this depression may be owing
To the vile treatment of his fellow men,
Who, when they spy a neighbour downward going,
So little strive to help him up again;
They seem to hope their friends may fill the abyss,
And break the fall, in case *their* footing miss.

54.

As if the avenging Godhead had a maw
Capable, as a glutton's, of *satiety*,
And, like a tiger, arm'd with tooth and claw,
When hunger'd, always ready were to fly at ye!
With only this partition 'twixt them posted,—
That *one* loved victuals raw—the *other* roasted!

55.

Thus, when the vermin see, with fear and wonder,
Some lion spirit struggling in my snare,
They seldom gnaw one single mesh asunder,
Copying the fabled mouse's grateful care;
But rather would, than blunt their teeth to set
Him free, club tails and double twist the net.

56.

I speak of writers; for though other men,
In this respect, be much the same way tending,
Yet, if they soar not on the exalting pen,
Few can see whither they their course are bending;
Reptiles may pass, more noxious than the snail,
Unheeded, if they want his slimy trail.

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57.

Tis a strange trade they drive, who live by shewing
The world their souls, to make their bodies thrive;
Their brain the die that stamps the paper coin
By which they're doomed at once to starve and live,
Spinning, like spiders, from their own warm breasts,
The web that fills their mouths, and builds their nests!

58.

Most wonderful it seems, that man can catch
The wing'd thought, and bind it to his page
Eternal captive there! It is to watch
That momentary flash, amidst the rage
Of summer tempests darting through the air,
And on the canvass fix its wand'ring glare.

59.

Yet, literally *this* is almost done
By Martin;—not the wight who deals in blacking,
Though sure the brightest lightning that e'er shone,
Compared to *that*, in lustre, would be lacking;
And none will doubt that *I'm* a judge of black,
Remembering I've it always on my back.

60.

No; tis the painter Martin that I mean;
That heavenly tint he throws appears collected
From all that bright on earth, mingling the sheen
Of arms, of starlight on the wave reflected;
Of sunset windows, forest-tops, and spires,
To make his touches all the eye desires.

61.

But I am wondering at man's puny doing,
Like a mere mortal! and it always happens so,
When the mind's eye *one* object is pursuing,
It takes a most miraculous size and shape, and so
Seems to the microscopic view much greater,
Than all that's really vast in art or nature.

FINE ARTS.

No. II.—On the Influence of Mythology.

THE mystery which so constantly involves every important movement and circumstance of human destiny, is the origin of the singular train of feelings and fancies usually referred to enthusiasm and superstition. These are all closely interwoven with our hopes and our fears of future good or future evil, awakened, in the first instance, by the mysterious events and phenomena with which we are connected from infancy and boyhood. No event, indeed, —no circumstance,—no phenomenon, ever takes place in nature, which, if it be examined and thought about, will fail to produce wonder how it has taken place, and by what unseen machinery it has been produced. The observation, that man cannot of himself produce such events and phenomena, must be made very early by the rudest and most unthinking savage; and, the instant such an observation is made, the fancy must be awakened and inspired to picture its shadowy conjectures in the semblance of reality. The process thus begun, and afterwards followed up by successive generations, may be supposed to be the origin of the fanciful systems of superstition and mythology, which have from time to time originated in different and distant nations.

Whether we are right in this deduction, we cannot prove, as all our rea-

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sonings from our own feelings or our own speculations, must, when applied to savage life, be at best only conjectural; and, in such cases as the present, we always reason from our own notions, whether we be aware of it or not. —But, however such feelings and opinions originated, we are certain that they are universally diffused, and, of course, must have an equally universal interest and influence, and must give a colouring and a character to all the pursuits and all the modes of thinking which prevail among men. We know, from historical fact, that this is so: we know, that, in all ages and nations, the reigning mythology has stamped its character on manners, on government, and on the feelings; and given an aspect of grandeur or of awful mystery to almost every national event, and almost every individual movement.

This is the point where some modern critics of high authority have made their stand, to show that the superstitious systems of the heathen world were alone fitted for all the grand and magnificent displays of human superiority in the regions of taste and fancy; while christianity, by dispelling the darkness of superstition, has frozen up and blasted all the fair promises of modern genius, has left the ancients the undisputed masters of every talent and every excellence, and has made it impossible for a modern poet, or a modern painter, to do more than an infant could have done when the ancient mythology reigned in all its glory, and in all the splendid magnificence of its wild and its lofty conceptions.

Now, it is asserted, all this has been swept away by the plain realities of christianity, and the vision of Olympus, and its celestial population of Gods and Demi-Gods, is no more;—and the rays of their divinity have been bedimmed and darkened by the dazzling light of our religion, and in the blaze, all the fire of genius has also been outshone. For poetry has ceased to come upon us with the fire of its former inspirations; and painting has been tamed down to soberness and reality, and charms us no more with the heavenly freshness which breathed from the canvass of Zeuxis and Apelles; and architecture is now heavy and deformed, and tasteless—a ludicrous and jarring mixture of barbarism and beauty—the result of an impossible effort to conjoin the light, tasteful, and harmonious style of antiquity with the rude, Gothic taste which has now been entailed on genius in every department of the Fine Arts.*

Now, there is no splendid mythology in credit and in belief, from which to derive the machinery of an epic poem or the interest of a drama,—no, not even to give fire to an ode, or to cast an elysian air over a pastoral. Now, allegory is for ever destroyed, for the religion on which it rested has vanished from our belief; and the painter or the statuary, who dreams of obtaining fame by allegory, is the dupe of a vision which he can never realize; for nobody will now give a moment's credit to such fictions as pretend to represent the genius of a nation or of a river, or to embody in female forms the virtues or the vices of human nature. The modern painter tries in vain to be great or sublime. He cannot introduce the Gods of antiquity without producing what is tame and uncredited. Christianity curbs and hems him in wherever he tries to advance; and its truths and its realities look coldly and unwelcomely on all his creations of fancy,—and blast every vigorous and luxuriant scion of his rising genius.

Now, the architect has no longer to contrive the graceful porticos of a temple, uncontaminated with Gothic arches and Gothic bas-reliefs, and all the trumpery of towers and turrets, and colonnades in solemn mimickry of forest-trees, bedizened with fantastic carvings in wood and stone, and with other symbols of folly and of tastelessness. Now the architect must become a mere builder, and must lower his genius to the contrivance of vulgar rows of windows, —which may indeed be useful enough to admit light, but are monstrous corruptions of the simplicity of the ancient temples.†

All this corruption, it is asserted, is plainly chargeable on our religion, which is the very bane of genius—the deadening draught which makes the heart beat languidly,—checks the dance of the spirits, and unfeathers the wing of fancy the instant she tries to ascend or to soar. A man of genius, therefore,

* See Brewster's Encyclopædia. *Art.* CIVIL ARCHITECTURE.

† Brewster's Encycl. *Art.* CIVIL ARCHITECTURE.

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who now arises is lost—must be lost from the same baneful and paralysing effects, as all belief in the sublime and elegant mythology of the ancients is now gone; and, paint as he will, gods, and heroes, and muses, the cold look of a christian withers at once his budding laurels, and scowls in pity or in contempt upon his Venus, or his Apollo, or his Hercules.

Such are the charges—and they are strong—which critics, in the depth of their judgment, have discovered and preferred against our religion; but fact and not assertion must be the test of the argument. Look to the history of genius and taste, and say whether the system which is so loudly declaimed against, has in effect done all the injury with which it is charged. Have there been no christian poets—no christian painters—no christian architects, to disprove the assertion and throw it back on their accusers? Is the fact so, that genius has disappeared from the world since the abolition of the ancient mythology, and the promulgation of another and a better system? The absurdity, indeed, is fast giving way, which gave implicit faith to the critics of antiquity, and could allow no excellency nor merit where it had not been awarded by them; but in part it still keeps its ground, and even where it no longer remains in force, it has left traces behind it, which will not be soon or easily obliterated, and will long maintain their influence on public opinion. Of this, numerous illustrations crowd upon us; but one striking instance, which is known to all, will suffice:

According to the ancient mythology, every country and every kingdom had a goddess to preside over their affairs, —nay, every river and forest had some divinity, who either presided there, or made there an occasional residence. Now this fable the ancients as firmly believed, as we believe that there is no proof of it whatever. But though nobody now believes this in the enlightened nations of Europe, yet there are still allusions made to it, by our poets and orators, and representations made of it by our own painters and statuaries. Nobody now believes in the existence of an imaginary goddess called Britannia, whose business it is to watch over the interest and the prosperity of Britain: or, in the existence of another imaginary and inferior divinity, called Hibernia, whose peculiar attention is directed to Ireland, and who amuses herself, when not oppressed with employment, by playing upon a golden harp.

All this, it must be confessed, is a pretty enough fancy—an elegant and a beautiful fable; but, it is all a fancy and a fable, which christianity disclaims, and reason revolts from; yet, in defiance of both, painters will paint their Britannias and their Hibernias; and poets and orators will talk of them as real and embodied divinities; and statuaries will make allegorical groups of them; and the artists of the mint will emblazon them on coins and medallions, for no other apparent purpose, but to perpetuate Heathenism, after it has every where else disappeared.

And, is it wonderful, we may justly ask, if artists will persist in all this foolery and nonsense,—elegant though it be, and classical though it be,—that they should fail to awaken interest or feeling? If there has been a falling off in the genius of our artists, it is there we are to look for the cause, and not in christianity; it is to their hacknied mimickry of what pleased in the antique, because it was in unison with public feeling and popular belief, and which can never please *now*, both because all imitation and mimickry of this kind are foreign to genius, and because the artist himself, not being in earnest in his belief, can never persuade others, by any hypocrisy, that he is in earnest: for earnestness, and zeal, and enthusiasm, cannot be put on so perfectly as to produce more than a momentary deception.

The ancient poets, on the contrary, and the ancient painters, firmly believed in the existence of their gods and goddesses, and their muses and nymphs of the fields, rivers, and seas; and, being in earnest themselves in the belief, they could easily persuade others, from the well-known principle of sympathy being contagious. Not so the modern imitator: he neither believes himself in what he pretends to fancy, nor does he seem to care whether any body believes it or not. How then, since this is so, can he ever expect to interest the feelings of those to whom he addresses himself, either by the canvass or in verse? But is it proper—is it just, to charge home all these failures on christianity? Is it right to say, because, as christians, we believe not in the existence, nor in the goddesship of Britannia and Hibernia, and look unfeelingly

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and coldly on the finest of the hypocritical representations of them,—that therefore christianity has been the cause of failure in the painters or the sculptors? And because we do not give credit to the existence or the divinity of a modern poet's muse,—since he himself does not give credit to it, nor ever demands it of us, but puts on an awkward and sheepish air in his warmest addresses to this imaginary and uninteresting thing called a muse—is christianity to blame for dissolving the charm, which, in the classical ages, the poet's invocation to his muse possessed when he was in earnest about his invocation?—And will any body believe or listen to a puleing hypocrite, who scarcely takes the trouble to disguise his hypocrisy? Will any body put up with lame and lifeless imitation, so long as the originals are within reach?

All failures and deficiencies of this kind, therefore, so far from being chargeable on christianity, are clearly chargeable on the indolence and the blundering system of imitation adopted by the moderns on their first emerging from the darkness of the middle ages, and which have never, as they should have been, completely exploded and abandoned.

If we are called on to produce a list of modern names, which may rival or even rank with the great men of the ancients, we boldly meet the challenge, as we can muster as goodly an array of men of genius as can be mustered from the annals of the classical mythology. We cannot, indeed, boast of an Orpheus, whose music could make the trees of the forest dance around him; nor of a Zeuxis, who had the bad taste to paint grapes so naturally as to deceive the birds;—but we can boast of modern poets and modern painters, who will not shrink before *any* of the great men of antiquity.

Statuary we must as yet give up, notwithstanding the great efforts which have lately been made in Italy and Britain; and architecture we must also partly give up. The ancient paintings have perished, and we are here deprived of comparison. But in poetry, the genius of the moderns has been gloriously triumphant. We cannot, indeed, produce an epic poet to compare with Homer—nor a dramatic poet to compare with Eschylus, or Aristophanes,—nor a lyric poet to rival Pindar. But we have a still more numerous array of incomparable names; for who of the ancient classical poets can be compared with Dante?—Who of them could rival Ariosto or Tasso?—Whom could they produce to match with Shakespeare, or Milton?—Which of the ancient poets could be mustered to rank with Spenser, Dryden, Young, Pope, Cowper, and Burns? That they have superior poets in some departments is not the question; but it is not quite clear that there is not one name in all antiquity, which deserves to stand in the same rank with those just named, not to speak at all of our own splendid galaxy of living poets.

In oratory, the ancients, though they may justly boast of Demosthenes and Cicero, and a few others, could not produce one orator to match Lord Chatham, or Mr. Burke,—could not name one—not even Chrysostom—to rival Massilon, who, though he spoke a language better fitted for the nursery than the pulpit,—yet conquered with the power of a master the defects of his French, and was sublimely eloquent in defiance of drawing-room verbiage and pastoral prettyism.

SONG.

1.

THERE is no wrinkle on my brow,
No sadness in mine eye,
Who ever saw *my* tear-drops flow?
Or heard my plaintive sigh?
And ever jocund is my smile,
And joyous is my tongue;
Who then could guess how all the while
My heart of hearts is wrung?

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2.

While jests are flowing from my lip;
While loudest is my laugh;
Or while with those, who largest sip,
The cheering bowl I quaff,
Who could suspect that all inside
No touch of joy could feel?
Or that the smiling face should hide
A soul of lifeless steel.

3.

Yet so it is, no care have I
For aught I say or do;
Deep in yon grave my fond hopes lie,
Under the church-yard yew.
I live without a thought—an end—
A purpose to pursue;
And care not how through life I wend,
So that it *were* passed through.

4.

But why should I my friends torment
With sorrows all my own?
It gives my bosom more content
To feel them quite alone.
And, therefore, do I smooth my brow,
And brighten up mine eye,
And check the tear, though prompt to flow,
And stop the bursting sigh.

THE LOWER ORDERS.

For many years it has been a question among philosophers and philanthropists, whether or not it is either politic, or beneficial, to instruct the lower classes of society in any branch of knowledge, which might not tend directly to the immediate improvement of their powers, for performing the mere mechanical functions which their station in society required, for the general good of the commonwealth. Indeed, many of the opponents of the system of improvement carried their praise of the blessed effects of ignorance to such an extent, as to assert, that every hour that the urchin, who was destined for the trade of a shoemaker, spent in learning his alphabet, was just so much subtracted from the time he ought to have been learning that trade; and that the shoes of his majesty's lieges suffered in exact proportion. But though reason and experience has put such *ultra*-ignorantial theories to the rout, still much is wanted to put the community on a right method of bestowing education, in such a way as may promote the public welfare; and it is with the intention of pointing out the more general of these errors on both sides, that we lay the following thoughts before our readers, in the hope, that at least it may call their attention to a subject so vitally interesting to the well-being of the country at large.

It is now pretty generally admitted, that, in the parts of the country where education is most generally diffused, the people are both more moral, and, by a natural consequence, more loyal subjects than in those where the cultivation of the intellect is neglected. The whole of Scotland was an example of this, and the border counties—the Lothians and a great part of the west lowland counties are so still. But, say the advocates of ignorance, the city of Glasgow and its manufacturing dependencies, where the people are at least as well educated as in any other part of the kingdom, whatever they once might have been, are now (witness their police-reports and assize calendars) neither a religious, a moral, nor a loyal people. We admit they are not, and for a very plain and obvious reason; fifty years ago, there was not in Glasgow one man in twenty, who could not read and write; whereas *now*, we can assert from the best authority, that of the whole of the cotton-manufacturers, which form so large a proportion of the population of that city, not above forty in the hundred

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can read a sentence, and of these, perhaps, not one in the forty has either the inclination or opportunity of improving themselves by reading. In fact, as education has retrograded, crime has advanced, and so it ever will be found to do.

We would quote only another instance (though we could many) the converse of the former, where increase of education has caused a decrease of crime. It will long be remembered in Scotland, what a scene of disgraceful outrage took place in the streets of Edinburgh, on the morning of New-year's-day, 1812, when a band of desperadoes, joined by the apprentice-boys of the town, kept the streets for several hours, and assaulted and robbed numbers of the passengers; during which riot, several lives were lost. This disgraceful scene called the attention of the thinking part of the community to the source of so extensive an evil; when, upon diligent scrutiny, it was discovered, that the education of a great mass of the younger part of the population had been wholly neglected; and, while the people of Scotland were securely hugging themselves in the universal diffusion of education throughout their country, there were actually thousands, in the very centre of the capital, who were totally ignorant even of their alphabet. Such a fact only required to be known, in order to be remedied; a parochial school, on the same principle as those of the country parishes, was set a-going; and a gentleman, admirably qualified both for his talents and benevolence, took an active interest in the immediate superintendence of the institution. The proficiency of the pupils, as might have been expected, was commensurate with the zeal and talents of their instructors; and, since that period, though an average of 150 have passed through the school annually, and these of the very lowest orders of a large city, there has only been one solitary instance of a pupil of that establishment being called before a magistrate, to answer for an offence, and that one did not enter the school until he was fourteen years of age, and only remained in it for six months.

But while advocating the cause of education in general, it is necessary to obviate the effects of a too ardent philanthropy, which would spoil by forcing that which would grow and flourish of its own accord. Many worthy individuals, fully convinced of the advantages of education, wish to make it general by eleemosynary encouragement. This, for several reasons, is impolitic. In the case of a parish pauper, we should certainly instruct him on the same principle that we would clothe him; because, if it is not done at the public expense, it will not be done at all; but, upon the same principle, it would be just as proper to clothe as to educate the son of a mechanic, who can afford to do so at his own expense—for what he gets without paying for, he will neither value so highly, nor use to such advantage.

Let us add, that the habit of receiving charity destroys that spirit of independence which is so essential to the character of the subject of a free country; and damps the feeling of reliance upon one's own exertions, which is indispensable in making a man turn his talents to the best account for his own benefit; and, consequently, for the benefit of the community to which he belongs.

Again, we deny the propriety of forcing education by artificial means, upon the same principle that we object to forcing the production of any other commodity; first, because more may be produced than there is a demand for; secondly, because what is produced will be of inferior quality; and thirdly, because, like every thing else that is forced, it will be liable to continual interruptions and fluctuations, and will end in a series of jobs for the benefit of private individuals. Need we say that in this latter case the public interest will be gradually lost sight of, until at length it is totally neglected.

As for the first of these objections, it is universally admitted then, that education is an essential benefit, or even necessary, to the community at large—so is food—so are clothes—why not then give a fair and just price for what is necessary, to a comfortable existence? If the people are of opinion that other things contribute more to their comfort than the education of their children, let them be convinced of their error, by seeing the beneficial effects of education on the children of their neighbours; and not force instruction down their throats, any more than you would feed the family of a man, to enable him to spend the money that ought to be employed for that purpose, at the ale-house. This is not charity, but the abuse of it, for by this you encourage education, at the expense of the greatest

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end of education—morality; and the child so educated will, when he becomes a father, expect a similar boon from charity, or will neglect his children, as his father neglected him.

Our second position is so obvious, that it may be dismissed by asking this very simple question. Is it possible, in the nature of things, that the pensioned schoolmaster, whose livelihood is quite independent of his exertions, will take the same pains as the man whose existence depends on the proficiency of his pupils? If any one thinks so, let him look to free-schools wherever they exist, and without going out of the empire, the history of those of the sister-kingdom will fully demonstrate, that such must, in the course of time, degenerate into jobs—indeed, for that matter, we might, if we liked, look nearer home.

What then is to be done? Is the education of the poor to be neglected, or, what amounts to the same thing, to be left entirely to chance and their own exertions? We say by no means. Let education be placed within their reach by economy of their slender means. We know that by a strict attention to this, children can be educated in the country, giving a sufficient income to the schoolmaster, and paying for all the materials that he requires, at the rate of about 6*s.* 8*d.* per scholar per annum; that is at an average, instructing a child in reading, writing, and the practical rules of arithmetic, which it has been possible to do on an average of three year's tuition, for the sum of 1*l.* sterling. But suppose, that in the metropolis and other large towns, that sum should require to be doubled, is there any of the working classes who can earn their bread, who cannot pay 3½*d.* per week for the education of each of their children? Yet, for this sum, we know that a much better education than falls to the lot of many, even of the middling classes, could be conferred.

What still further will tend to the moral improvement of the lower classes, is the spirit which has of late appeared in the country of inquiry upon scientific subjects—a thirst of knowledge has been cherished and supplied by the system of publishing works, in cheap numbers, for the exclusive behoof of the lower orders. Of these, the most prominent is the MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, which, from the able manner in which it is conducted, and the extensive circulation it enjoys, cannot fail to do incalculable service to the cause of improvement throughout the empire. Were more books upon the same principle published, (and the demand must cause an adequate supply) we should in a few years hear but little of the necessity of gratuitous education, as the father who has the good fortune to enjoy reading himself, will be stimulated to exert his industry and economy to the uttermost, to enable him to bestow a like advantage on his children.

There is only one more argument which of late has come into vogue against encouraging education among the lower orders, which we think it necessary to refute before concluding. It is said, if you educate every one, where is the advantage of the middle classes over the lower, in being able to educate their children? By diffusing education among children of an inferior rank, you are taking the bread from your own children, and giving it to those of others. Allowing this to be true, the motive for withholding a benefit from others is too selfish for a generous mind to listen to for a moment. But luckily, like most arguments against the amelioration of the human race, it is futile. Every discovery and improvement in mechanics gives employment to hundreds of all classes of the community. The more you add to the power of a nation, the more you enrich her and every individual she contains. James Watt, the son of a schoolmaster, in an obscure village, has done more real good to the people of Great Britain than all the statesmen she has produced since the revolution. The more widely you diffuse education, by fair and honourable means, the greater is your chance of bringing forward such men, and of increasing the wealth, the power, and the happiness of the people.

A MECHANIC OF FLEET STREET.

*** We have published the above almost as it reached our hands. A few alterations in orthography, and one or two in style, we have made; but, in other respects, it is as it came from its author. In spite of the editorial "we," which he has assumed, it is the *bonâ fide* production of a mechanic. That class, always of the highest importance to a nation, always forming one of the main sinews of a country's strength, has only of late fallen into proper hands, and been turned

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towards purposes worthy of intellectual beings. This good work has been, in a great degree, effected by the Mechanics' Institution, a most interesting body, of whose rise and progress we, ere long, shall take most decided notice. It has given us great pleasure to perceive that they have properly appreciated the designs of trading politicians of all parties, who have occasionally come among them, and are determined to keep aloof from the furtherance of all such humbugs. The Mechanics' Magazine, alluded to by our correspondent, is a work of much more pith than its unpretending appearance would lead the unreflecting to imagine. No work we know of has contributed more to diffuse information among the *people*.

We trust that similar principles as those which actuated our correspondent will long continue to spread among the order to which he belongs—they would soon raise them above what they have been too long made by those who care nothing whatever for their real interests. What *that* has been we can tell them in a word, with which they are very familiar—They have been, on all occasions, made neither more nor less than—TOOLS.

P. S. We suppose that it is totally unnecessary to remark, that our correspondent is a Scotchman—it is quite evident, from his universally citing Scotland as his authority, on all occasions, according to the general practice of all folk north of the Tweed. We wonder why he has not mentioned the *Glasgow* Mechanics' Magazine. All in good time!

CAMBRIDGE ALE.

A LITTLE book, in a dictionary shape, has been just published, under the title of Gradus ad Cantabrigiam. The wit is poor enough, and the slang no great matter. The Cantabs ought to do better things. However, as we are professed ale-drinkers, we were glad to see one little *bijou* from John's on that subject; and accordingly, having nothing to do this fine morning, we translate it, giving the preface from the dictionary.

"ALE. Cambridge has been long celebrated for its ale; we have ourselves quaffed no small quantities of this inspiring beverage, and remember the rapturous exclamation of a celebrated classic on receiving some dozens of *Audit* * stout,

'*All hail* to the *Ale*, it sheds a *halo* round my head.'"

(Which, as we go along, we must remark, was a very stupid attempt at wit on the part of the celebrated classic.)

"Among the many spirited effusions poured forth in its praise by Freshman, Soph, Bachelor, and Bigwig, none appears more worthy of record than the following Sapphic ode, from that cradle of the Facete, St. John's College.

In Cerealem Haustum: ad Promum Johannensem, A. D. 1786.

I.

Fer mihi,† Prome, oh! cohibere tristes
Quod potest curas! Cerealis haustus
Sit mihi præsens relevare diro
Pectora luctu.

Here, waiter, here, bring me a bottle of ale,
The best of all medicines for banishing care,
A medicine I never have known yet to fail
In making blue devils to vanish in air.

---

* *Audit.* A meeting of the master and fellows, to examine or audit the College accounts. A feast in hall succeeds, on which special occasion is broached that "aureum nectar" celebrated above,

Gradus ad Cantabrigiam.

It is a favourite subject with the university wits. So poor Marmy Lawson, in his parody on Gray's ode,

Dear lost companions in the spouting art;
Dear as the commons smoking in the hall;
Dear as the *audit ale* that warms my heart,
Ye fell amidst the dying Union's fall.

And again—

Fill high the Audit bowl,
The feast in hall prepare.

† A word most obnoxious to a pun. Who does not know the old clench—*Prome, Prome, prome potum?*

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II.

Hanc sitim sævam celera domare,
Hoc (puella absente) leva dolens cor
Heus mihi curæ, Cereale donum,
Fer medicamen.

Were my bosom with sorrow just ready to burst,
And no woman were near, 'tis to this I should fly;
So here with its flood, let me banish my thirst,
And draw from it courage, my grief I defy.

III.

Euge! non audis?* sibilat fremitque
Aureum nectar, fluviique ritu
Aspice a summo ruit ore zythus
Spumeus obbæ!

Ha! bravo! d'ye hear it; it whizzes and pops,
This nectar of gold; and as fast as the tide
Does the worshipful extract of barley and hops
Flow frothing all over the black-bottle's side.

IV.

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
Lucidus liquor! comes it facetus
Cui jocus, quicum Venus et Cupido
Spicula tingunt.

See, see, how the glass which I envy, by Jove,
Shines glorious and bright in the glad liquor's beams;
Wit comes at its call—and the goddess of love
Hastes with Cupid, his arrows to bathe in its stream.

V.

Nunc memor charæ cyathum replebo
Virginis! curæ medicina suavis!
Hinc mihi somni—ah quoque, suaviora
Somnia somno.

To the health of my darling a bumper I fill,
Here's my love! of all sorrow a solace is she.
Sleep will follow the draught—ay, and dreams sweeter still
Than slumbers, no matter how sweet they may be.

VI.

O Dapes § quæ lætitiamq; præbes
Omnibus vero veneranda Diva!
Tu mihi das, alme Ceres, amanti
Dulce levamen.

O goddess, who fills every stomach with food,
And bosom with fun, mighty Ceres, all hail!
The pangs of my love in its gloomiest mood,
Are allayed by this potion of generous ale.

VII.

Hos bibens succos generosiores
Italis testis nihil videbo
Hos bibens succos neq; Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ.

While quaffing this liquor more noble by much,
I care not a farthing for Italy's wine;
While quaffing this liquor I care not to touch
What France can produce from her much bepraised vine.

VIII.

Cum Johannensi latitans suili †
Grunnio, et scribo sitiente labro
Hos bibam succos et amica musis
Pocula ducam.

Then while lying at ease in my own Johnian sty,
I grunt and I scribble with still thirsty lip,
This liquor to poesy, sacred will I
In the name of the muses unceasingly sip.

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* "Bottled ale highly up." Grabus.

† An allusion to the University name for the men of John's—Johnian Hogs. Whence it arose has not been rightly, or with any degree of probability, ascertained. A variety of conjectures are offered in the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1795, with the following *jeu d'esprit*:—"A genius espying a coffee-house waiter carrying a mess to a Johnian in another box, asked if it was a dish of *grains*. The Johnian instantly wrote on the window

Says ———, the Johns eat grains, suppose it true,
They pay for what they eat—does he so too?

(*A mighty pointless attempt at a jeu d'esprit, by the bye.*)

Another writer, whom I should suspect to be *Maystery* Ireland, the pseudo-Shakespeare,

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TAKING CARE OF AN INVALID.

So far back as 18—, being advised to remove from the city of ——, to the country, for the benefit of my health, which had got somewhat out of order by close study and confinement; instead of taking up my residence at a watering-place, I resolved to ramble through some parts of Durham. Letters of introduction were easily procured from some friends, to acquaintances living near such places as I proposed to visit. My reader need not for a moment be apprehensive, that he is about to be *bored* with a prosing journal, detailing accounts of scenes, rocks, and vallies—no such thing—the "*cuisine*," is somewhat more to my taste; and there is not a reasonable being in existence, who will not frankly admit that the pleasantest view, seen in the whole of a country trip, is the view of the "*dejeuner*."

My first visit was to a plain straightforward fox-hunter, to whom I had an introduction, and who received me with all the frankness usually attendant on such a character, assuring me, at the same time, how much he regretted that the state of my health would not allow me to go deep into the bottle, but that Mrs. —— would take charge of me, and see my wants attended to. Here is some of the influence of "gossiping;" long before my arrival, every little circumstance connected with me was fully known, and thus it plays its part, influencing in some way even the minutest concerns of our lives.

At dinner, Mrs. —— resolving to take charge of me, assigned me the seat next to her. Mr. —— was in the act of asking, whether he should send me part of the dish before him, and I was just assenting (it happening to be the very thing I should have preferred) but, the hostess at once interposed, asking, with the greatest surprise, could "any such thing be recommended to an invalid. She must be allowed to know what was, and what was not fit, for a delicate person, and had prepared under her own eye, 'a made-dish,' such as was fit for an invalid after a journey." Spirits of Kitchiner! of Curtis! and all the other aldermanic tribe of eating animals, look down with pity on a poor disciple, whose only fault was that of having been troubled with a bit of a short cough, or a little thickness of wind, and for this small offence was doomed, in the face of the very fare he could have feasted on, to eat that which he ever loathed, and the very sound of whose name, even now, makes him shudder— "a made dish, after a journey!"

To prescribe the quality of the thing to be eaten, seemed a mere preliminary act of guardianship on the part of my hostess; to order the quantity followed naturally enough, as a matter of course; but, though with patient submission to inexorable fate, I ate almost to repletion of viands thus presented, my only recompence was—"Oh, you really are doing nothing, you have scarcely eaten a morsel." Repeated assurances that I already had abundance were of no avail, my plate was still loaded with unsparing hand. To diversify the scene, or rather to produce a diversion, I tried to get some fluid to sip, by way of interlude; and while in the act of calling to the servant, my hostess, ever watchful of my comforts, seemed disposed to crown her attentions, by adding to the pile already before me, but her attention was roused to another subject. The sound of the word, "glass of ale," as I called to the servant, suspended every other purpose.

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has, or pretends to have, discovered the following, in a very scarce little book of epigrams, written by one Master James Johnson, Clerk, printed in 1613.

To the Schollers of Sainct John his College.

Ye Johnnisbe men, that have no other care,
Save onelie for such foode as ye prepare,
To gorge youre foule polluted trunks withall;
Meere *swine* ye bee, and such your actyons all;
Like themme ye runne, such be youre leaden pace,
Nor soule, nor reasonne, shynethe in your face.

* Edmund Malone, Esq. of Black letter sagacity, would discover, with half an eye, that the above was not the orthography of 1613. *Sainct—themme—reasonne—shynethe*, &c. For a further account, see Cambridge Tart, p. 279.

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"Surely, sir, your physician does not allow you ale, it is quite impossible: such beverage is never allowed to an invalid. I see I must take charge of you; you'll allow me to show you how to mix your wine and water, it is the only drink fit for delicate persons."

Literally horror-struck at the very name of that vilest of all vile mixtures, wine and water, I still felt that resistance or protestation were alike unavailing, and so was obliged to make a virtue of sad necessity, and submit with as much composure as I could assume. Wine, sir, as every body knows, was once, even in this great wine-bibbing country, used only medicinally; but now it has become so much an article of every day's use, that all trace of its original character is lost, I mean that character of nauseousness that appertains to every part and portion of the res-medica—however it was once my lot to drink port, I say medicinal port, with every circumstance of feel and gesture that attends the act of gulping down some compost of the pharmacopolists.

Possibly you may have witnessed the sensation that is caused by the arrival of an unexpected guest; and, amongst other causes of bustle, in a country-house that does not rejoice in a well-stored wine-cellar the haste with which a courier is dispatched to the next town for the "wine for dinner."—Just fancy, for a moment, such a skipper, returning home with this article of luxury committed to his charge:—see the zeal with which he grasps the neck of a brace of bottles, one in each fist, and then think of the effect that a trot of two or three miles, on a hot day, will have on its contents;—then think what must be the feelings of a man, who happened to get a glimpse of the probation to which that luckless wine had been subjected, and at dinner, on asking for a glass of ale, is peremptorily told he must have wine and water, which is his utter aversion at the best of times; and then, when an awkward clown clumsily inserts a bad cork-screw, sees, to his utter dismay, the cork come away piecemeal, and the turbid "black strap" issue, gurgling forth, loaded with fragments of cork, or sediment, or both, now rendered even more manifest by the watering to which it is subjected;—when, I say, you have all these preliminaries in your mind's eye, just figure a devoted being, endeavouring to still the qualm that kicks at his stomach, and tries to compose the wrinkle that would twirl up his nose, as he prepares to gulp down the nauseous draught, to which his guardian angel had doomed him.—Picture to yourself all this, and have you not, at one view, the very climax of human misery?

The dinner-scene, to my great relief, passed away, and the signal for the ladies to retire gave some prospect of being freed from farther outrage, for so it may truly be called; but my hostess, lest by any possibility I might forget her attention, perceiving my eye to stray towards a flask of clear mountain-dew that was laid on the table, strictly, as her parting injunction, forbad any other liquor than negus.

The host was not so excessively submissive as to have every command carried into execution, and he allowed me to fortify myself with some of the "patience" which he found probably to be indispensable to himself, whenever he wished to assume even the appearance of being a free agent. Thus strengthened I took courage, and resolved, that, come what may, at the tea-table I should drink no medicinals. There, happily, no subject of difference occurred; all went quietly on, and as early hours are necessary for an invalid, I was conducted to my sleeping apartment shortly after 10 o'clock. Here, at my very entrance, I felt a *glowing* proof of the attention paid to my comforts as an invalid, particularly an asthmatic one; a huge pile of wood blazed before me, though on referring to my diary I found the time of the year was June 2d. The curtains were drawn closely round the bed, the window-shutters carefully barred, blinds, &c. &c. adjusted so as to defy Boreas himself to slide in one puff to my assistance, even if at my last gasp for a mouthful of fresh air. But, Sir! I was an invalid, and somewhat asthmatic: therefore, in every particular, as you see, treated as such!! To undo all the other overt-acts of attention was easy enough, but as for the great blazing log that was literally hissing in the fire-place, to eject that was quite out of the question. So, submission being the order of the day, nothing remained for me, but to make up my mind quietly to bear "those ills we have," though the catalogue seems pretty full, as even the last section of our first day's history testifies—a blazing fire, close curtains, and a pile of down for an asthmatic.

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CAPTAIN OGLERIGHT,

A Story, founded upon Facts, by an Officer of the Veterans.

LIST—LIST—OH—LIST!——*Shakspeare.*

THE life of a soldier is checquered by a greater variety of scenes and circumstances, than that of most individuals—his wandering profession, his uncertain period of residence in any one particular place—his connections with individuals, suddenly formed, and as suddenly to be broken, make him what may be truly called a citizen of the world.—He has no spot upon earth where he can say to himself, this is my fixed place of abode—my home:—No—even after a night of heart-expanding conviviality, when he has sworn eternal friendship with a circle of casual merry-makers and good fellows—when he has been placed upon a level with his betters in wit or wealth, by the potent and equalizing influence of the grape, or brandy, or whiskey toddy,—he is liable to be roused out of his deep and refreshing slumbers, to be hurried off in a twinkling to some distant part of the kingdom—to some foreign country—or to —the lord knows where.

A soldier's life then is one of continual excitement, and he who is not an old stager in the profession, and whose heart is unaccustomed to the sudden tearing up of friendships and attachments by the roots, how much pain has he to encounter before he can pass through the world in a soldier-like kind of way. For my part, I have been always of a pathetic and even melancholy turn of mind, and it was the opportunities that I saw in a soldier's life for an indulgence of my favourite feelings, that first induced me to adopt the profession of the army. A few years since I was quartered with my regiment in a secluded and agreeably-situated town in one of the western districts of the sister-kingdom. All the knowledge of which that I shall give my readers is, what they can collect from description. A small river of clear water, meandering through morasses for a distance of several miles from the mountains where it takes its rise, divides the town into two equal parts, by a sort of east and west division, which are united by a narrow bridge, with houses, inhabited by petty grocers, linen-merchants, retailers of leather, snuff-manufacturers, with numerous and indispensable little venders of native whiskey, which latter houses are always well frequented.—To the east of the town the wide-spreading bog of Allen extends its flat surface of heath and water, to an extent beyond the reach of human eye; the prospect of this wild morass is excluded from the view on the north and south by thick woods, and elevations of the country which diversify the landscape on each side, for a considerable space. To the west, and at about the distance of nine miles, is a chain of hills of very imposing magnitude and a variety of shapes, far above the tops of which is seen towering, in majestic superiority, that pile of earth and rock and fern commonly called in the district I am describing, "the hill of the white fairy."

The immediate environs of the town are decorated by handsomely-situated little villas, belonging to the gentry of the place:—a few old family-mansions are to be seen, surrounded by lofty trees, the remains of former and more prosperous days—but those latter edifices are many of them deserted by their owners; and these that are inhabited by the descendants of goodly ancestors, are much neglected and gone to decay.

This town, like most others of equal extent, has its church for the weekly resort of the pious and well-inclined—its goal for the reception of refractory characters, its chapel, so called *par excellence*, for its Roman Catholics, and its meeting-house for its saints.—It also has to boast of its old castle and its holy well.—At the western entrance there stands a badly whitewashed—desolate—malt-house looking building, called the *Veterans Barracks*, appended to one end of which, as a sort of codicil, was a small shop, commonly called the canteen, kept by the sergeant-major's wife, smelling strongly of pipe-clay, red herrings, and rancid butter, and in which a great deal of *every thing* might be purchased for due consideration. Every object in and about this barrack

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gave one the idea of peaceable and idle times—groups of half-dressed soldiers were to be seen at all hours of the day, with foraging-caps on their heads and suspenders over their waistcoats, loitering about in the sunshine, or gazing listlessly from the small windows of their apartments, while regiments of newly pipe-clay'd duck-trowsers were suspended on lines to dry in front of the barracks, looking all so clean, and kicking up their empty legs fantastically in the wind; in short, every thing looked a picture of idleness. Idlest among the idle was the centinel posted at the barrack-gate, who would dangle playfully about an old sentry-box with a short switch in his hand, sometimes whistleing a brisk tune and striking the sides of his wooden tenement, at others wantonly carving his name with his tobacco-knife upon its shattered sides, and ever and anon, for the sake of variety, wandering, as if by accident, beyond the limits of his post, to have a sly peep through the shop-window at the serjeant-major's pretty daughter. This may give my readers some slight notion of a veteran's barrack in peaceable times. The officers, however, were well accommodated, with a good dwelling-house and every thing suitable, at a quarter of a mile's distance. On market-days, during the war, this town was infested with its recruiting party, accompanied, as is usual, by scenes of revelry. Sergeant Shanly was detested through the country by all good mothers and affectionate wives; he had a fascinating power in acquiring recruits, a whiskey-drinking sort of persuasiveness that was quite irresistible; but, notwithstanding the bad character he had amongst steady-going people, for being a determinate toper, yet his worst enemy could not accuse him of having got drunk more than three hundred and sixty-five times in the whole course of the year. The rub-a-dub-dub of the drum of this terrific sergeant collected around his standard numerous followers and admirers, and, at whatever public-house he *put-up*, after a march through the town, of toilsome anxiety, he was sure to be regaled by the landlord as one of his most constant and best customers—in truth, he was the life and soul of the place for a considerable space of time—but the *peace came*—sad words—and there was an end to Sergeant Shanly; as his loyal and persevering services were no longer required!!

Shortly after this awful event, the regiment of *veterans*, to which I belonged, received orders to march from our former quarters to the town which I have just attempted to describe, to fill the place of the *regular troops*, who had received the rout for England, after having been stationed there during the space of nearly a year and a-half. We set out before day-break to perform a journey of eleven miles, which we accomplished with great ease before nine in the morning. The deep and heart-felt sorrow I experienced in separating from my divine Eliza, and the charming Mrs. G., was, in some degree, alleviated by the anticipation of the greetings we should receive from the inhabitants, and particularly the females of the town we were just approaching. My mind was engaged in forming a thousand pleasing conjectures on this point—the longing glances of female curiosity and admiration—the passing salute from the artillery of bright eyes, as they gazed at us from the drawing-room windows, the loves at first sight, and the praises uttered by sweet lips, all enchanted my imagination. Our approach was announced by the beat of merry drum, and the leading fife (the name by which the chief performer on that instrument is called, and who, by the bye, knew his business right well,) played up the lively and appropriate air of "*We are the boys for bewitching them!*"—but—gentle reader—imagine our disappointment and surprise, at finding that the joy-inspiring sounds of the music, and the curiosity exciting the arrival of a body of sturdy *veterans*, had not the expected and desired effect on the inhabitants. There were no blooming clusters of pretty faces pressing forward, like holly-hawks in summer luxuriance, from the drawing-room windows—no hurryings of curiosity—no welcoming glances—all was silence and apathy! A few servant-maids thrust their heads suddenly from half-raised attic windows, with a sort of bob and back again, as tortoises thrust out their heads from their shells occasionally with a kind of fitful animation:—in short, the only greetings we had of any kind, was a *feu de joie* of yelpings and barkings, fired at us by a motly group of cur-dogs as we halted in front of the butcher's shop, at the corner of the market-place. The space of one week, however, made us acquainted with

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the town and a considerable portion of its inhabitants, as the universal grief that was excited by the departure of the regular troops had, by that time, in a great degree, subsided with the usual rapidity of the fashionable sorrows of the drawing-room. On the following Saturday a ball was given, by some of the most respectable inhabitants, in honour of our arrival—all our officers were, of course, invited.

The greater part of the beauty and village aristocracy of the place was then assembled. There was the whole family of the Taffes—three families and a half of the O'Flanagans—the Duffs were there, and a whole host of young female cousins—Lady De B——, and her spindle-legged husband, Sir Hugh, with their interesting rabbit-mouthed daughter. Costello, the brewer, and his daughter, came in during the dancing, and indulged the company with what Jemmy Regan, the established punster of the village, styles a sample of their *hops*. We had quadrilles and country-dances, (waltzing was not allowed), after which, an amateur concert was struck up, in which the ladies exerted their dear little necks to warble, with what success may be conjectured, in the style of Madam Catalani or Miss Tree. In due course, a fat red-faced gentleman, with a very knowing obliquity of vision, (after spiriting himself up by six large glasses of white-wine negus, which he took quietly in the course of the evening), volunteered his services to give a solo on the bass-viol, which he performed with considerable skill, and a most perspiring degree of anxiety. In a word, the evening passed off like most evenings of the sort do in Ireland; the gentlemen did ample justice to the supper, discussed several rounds of whiskey-punch, and talked on various subjects, with a degree of interest which gradually became more intense towards the conclusion, when they became boisterous. Many of the females, however, were not so brisk and intent upon the amusements as might be expected. I observed there was a serious and secret topic of conversation, when they assembled together in little groups. Some affecting tale of love-sorrow, which absorbed their minds, and excited their sympathies. It was evident that some *deer* of the tender herd had been smitten by the all-pervading shaft of the amorous god.

The names of Catherine Grace and Captain Ogleright were frequently uttered, in under-tones, during the conversation. The sweetly-budding members of the groups, who had attained to the ages of sixteen or eighteen, and who were, of course, competent to give rational opinions on matters relating to the heart, were most serious in the gossip; and it was amusing to see them distort their pretty eyebrows into expressions of regret, and hear them breathing audible sighs by the dozen, the simple effusions of their untrained, untainted hearts. During my exploits at the ball, I became acquainted with a widow lady with large blue fishy eyes, and a tongue that beat loosely against her under-jaw, like that of a bellows, who, with the greatest good-nature, in a lisping voice, gave me an account of the *love-affair*, and the heart-breakings occasioned by the departure of Captain Ogleright, and the particular sorrows of the fascinating and amiable Catherine Grace, and I shall tell it after her as I can.

"Sir Hugh and Lady De B——, a grizly hard-faced couple, who hung loosely together in a sort of fashionable conjugality, and who are the subjects of much of the envy and scandal of the gossipping coteries of the place—inhabit a stately-looking edifice, a little to the westward of the town; the house is surrounded by trees, and fronted by an iron gate—the grounds about it are retired and very picturesque. Sir Hugh, who is now a man in possession of considerable property, was, at one period of his life, what is commonly called a poor knight. When he first came in contact with the delectable lady, who gained possession of his heart, she was a flirting, animated, highly-rouged little body, with a smattering of book knowledge in the way of novels; a tongue that never rested, an abundance of tact in coquetry, and a fortune of 12,000*l*. Some folk looked upon her as rather *gay*, and whispered about some nonsense respecting moonlight-walks with a certain personage of high rank in the neighbourhood, but that was all slander. Sir Hugh loved her for her money and accomplishments, and she loved him for his title and his quiet unassuming disposition. They were united one day in holy wedlock, without much previous courtship or fuss, and, in the space of seven months (owing to an accident Lady De B—— met with in stepping

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out of her carriage) she made her knight perfectly happy, by presenting him with a son. Months rolled on, and this offspring of their happy union grew in strength beyond the expectation of even the nurse. Sir Hugh was delighted, and since the birth of the child, he indulged himself in the evenings with a glass in addition to his usual quantum. Lady De B—— exerted her text successfully, and kept the knight under excellent petticoat-government. At her parties, which were always splendid, *he* was never allowed to appear. She assured him that he was a most excellent and worthy man, and one of the best of husbands, but that he wanted those graces of manner which are necessary for entertaining fashionable guests; to which he submitted, in silent admiration of the lady-like perfections of his wife. On an evening, when company was invited, he would take his station in the front parlour adjoining the hall, habited in his morning-dress of saffron hue; keeping the door a-jar in his hand, to peep at the guests as they passed, and when he happened to spy an old *crony* strutting in with all the importance of full dress, he would suddenly rush from his lurking-place to give him a cordial shake of the hand, unknown to the servants, or Lady De B——. Such was the mode of life of this skeleton knight, who, however, was not a fool in other respects—being highly respected as a man of profound knowledge and good sense by the unsophisticated farming gentry of his neighbourhood, and considered as one particularly knowing in the culture of cabbage. In due time, Lady De B—— presented him with another treasure, in the shape of a daughter, which became the favourite child of the happy knight; while Lady De B—— took upon herself the sole management of the son, who she determined to bring up strictly in the paths of virtue, and according to the precepts laid down by all ancient philosophers. The boy, alas! attained to his eighteenth year without deriving much benefit from her instructions; his love of field-sports in preference to literary studies, tortured and disappointed his anxious mother—and as for the daughter, Fanny, she was totally neglected, from her being, in Lady De B——'s opinion, incorrigibly dull of intellect, and like Sir Hugh in the face. At about this period of her domestic annoyances, a wealthy half-brother of her's residing in India, sent over his only daughter, a girl of 14 years of age, and of much personal beauty, to be an inmate of Lady De B——'s family, as the climate of India was considered prejudicial to her delicate constitution. This interesting guest was well received, for Lady De B—— was aware of the enormous wealth accumulated by her brother, of which her little female relative would be in possession in proper time. It appeared, however, to Lady De B——, that the arrival of the young lady would, in some degree, discompose the plan of her domestic arrangements; but when she reflected on the immense wealth she was destined to inherit, and thought of the great advantage that might be derived at some future time, from a matrimonial alliance between the damsel and her favourite son, she looked upon it as a fortunate occurrence, and tried every way in her power, for some time, to make Catherine happy and at home in her house.

Catherine was gentle and unobtrusive in her disposition, was fond of retirement, and though not out of her teens, indulged in a pensive turn of thinking, owing to her not having mixed much in society, as well as her naturally delicate health. The two things that Lady De B. prided herself most as being perfect in, were her knowledge of the world, and her cleverness in *managing people*. She had always some knowing plan to execute; some point to gain, which kept her in a continual state of nervousness and agitation; and, if any aim of her's missed its object, it made her so ill-tempered that even Sir Hugh felt uncomfortable; and should she happen to fall into one of her own artfully laid traps, the knight would leave her to herself to get out of it as well as she could.

The gentle and unsuspecting Catherine became the object of all her concealed plans and speculations. She was continually watched and annoyed by the active scrutinizing and suspicious aunt. In the hours of the day when she wished most to be alone, her little boudoir was invaded. She was not allowed to walk but in certain parts of the grounds which Lady De B. pointed out to her, and her time for exercise was limited, with exact precision. Companions and play-mates she had none; Miss Fanny and her rough bro-

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ther had no corresponding sympathies with her, and she endured their society as seldom as she could.

Year after year Catherine grew up more and more beautiful; her health, too, was considerably restored, but the transparent glow of colour that adorned her cheek, when a child, had, in a great degree, disappeared when she attained her nineteenth year. The paleness of her countenance, however, was more interesting and characteristic of her placid and plaintive mind: she was naturally grave and silent; but when she saw any person she liked, or heard any thing in which she took an interest, her soul seemed to sparkle through her soft blue eyes, and a rosy suffusion of delicate colour would tinge her cheek; at such moments she looked all sweetness and sensibility, and her whole countenance, when animated by a smile, was so full of expression, that the coldest beholder could not look upon it unmoved. Captain Ogleright, whose name has been coupled with that of Catherine in a preceding part of this story, arrived in the little town with his regiment, about the period of which I now speak. He was a man of agreeable personal appearance, and his accomplishments were those of a perfectly well-bred gentleman; he had evidently been trained to the usages of the best society; his manner was animated and courteous; he possessed much general acquirement, and he had a happy knack of amusing in conversation, which made his society much sought after. He was also a man of a proud and bold spirit, and had a dash of romance and chivalry about him. Lady De B., who was always desirous to patronize young men of gallant manners and refinement, was on the look-out for our hero, and met him at one of the rural balls shortly after his arrival.

She was mightily struck by him at first sight, and, during a short conversation, he applied his compliments to her with so much skill and delicacy of point, that he made great progress in her good graces. Her having recognised him was a sufficient passport to all the gaieties and amusements of the neighbourhood. Captain Ogleright was every where with Lady De B.; nothing was right, or went off *well*, as they phrased it, unless arranged by Lady De B. and the *Captain*. This Wellington of the drawing-room had, at that period, all the tender hearts of the village at his command. He had the power of life or death in his gracious smile, or his stern look of disapprobation. All uncouth danglers and country-cut fashionables in the shape of men, were maltreated and discarded by their belles, and the Captain's accomplishments and ascendancy were unquestionable. He was, of course, the right-hand man at all Lady De B.'s parties, and was *particularly* introduced to the *daughter Fanny*, who used all the pleasing arts to make herself agreeable in his eyes. While he was thus all in all with the only two ladies of the establishment whom he had seen, he was looked upon by Sir Hugh and son Harry in not so favourable a light. The one considered him a silly talkative puppy, and the other was indignant at being outfashioned by the Captain's well-made coat.

In the course of some time our successful hero began to sicken of the scenes of foolery and dissipation, in which he had taken so active a part; and, after such a career of conquests, he resolved on giving himself a little rational repose, and not go so often to Lady De B. Full of this resolution, he got up early on the following Sunday morning, and took a refreshing walk into the country. He was nervous and out of temper with himself. The green fields gladdening in the effulgence of the morning sun; the trees wafted by gentle breezes; the joyous melody of birds, and other delightful circumstances of the sort, tranquilized his feverish mind. As he returned to town in better spirits, the church-bell was tolling for morning service; he was inspired with a religious, or perhaps lounging, feeling, and he hastened to mingle with the congregation in prayer, a duty he had for some time neglected. As he proceeded under the lofty range of trees leading to the church, his attention was attracted by a female who moved slowly and with a graceful step. She was attended by a black servant, carrying her prayer-book. Our hero's ardent imagination was excited—he had not as yet seen her face, but her air of modest and quiet dignity, the symmetry of her form, and the elegant simplicity of her costume, convinced him that she was no common-place individual. As he approached nearer, he was astounded at perceiving that the

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servant who followed her was his favourite Tippoo, the Indian valet at his friend Lady De B.'s. The lady, who so much enchanted him, he had never before seen; he was completely puzzled, and as he came near to them his heart beat high with agitation, his cheek was flushed. Tippoo, when he saw the Captain, touched his hat, and displayed his enormous white teeth in an expression of vulgar gladness. The young lady passed our hero without raising her head. She slowly ascended the few steps leading to the church-door, and as she turned to receive her prayer-book from her attendant, Ogleright saw, for the first time, the face of *Catherine;* his eyes followed her as if she were a heavenly vision that passed before him; he went as if to pray; but his thoughts were with his eyes, and they were devotedly fixed upon *Catherine.*

The sublime pathos of the psalms, as they were chanted by the full pealing melody of the organ, accompanied by the thrilling and silvery notes of female voices, stimulated his feelings, and during moments of such pure and powerful excitement, with his eyes fixed upon the only woman by whom he was ever really attracted, he was filled with a passion which, unhappily for himself, he never could afterwards forget. When the service was concluded, the mild Catherine returned home as usual; but, as she passed through the long avenues of trees, she turned to speak a word to Tippoo, and her eye was encountered by that of Ogleright. She gazed for a moment. The servant spoke to her, and looked at the captain.

Catherine withdrew her glance with a sudden effort, as if conscious of having committed a fault in looking upon a man who followed her in the streets. She proceeded home; Ogleright saw her enter the house of Lady De B. and the iron gate was closed after her by her attendant. This frustrated all the captain's fine resolutions—he was more assiduous in his visits to Lady De B.'s house than before, but saw not the object after which he sought. Catherine never appeared in the drawing-room but on an occasion when a few relatives were invited to talk over stupid family-affairs—her artful aunt thought it prudent to indulge her in her love of retirement. She represented her in general to her friends as a poor female relative she had taken to live with her—that she was eccentric, uneducated, and not fit for society. When speaking to Catherine alone, she was all kindness and affection, exhibiting every exterior token of esteem and love; she would congratulate her on her good fortune in living with friends who could appreciate her worth, and were willing to show her every attention; at the same time, taking an opportunity, as often as possible, to express her sentiments on the total uselessness of riches; and to praise the amiable qualities of her son. Catherine heard all and said but little—she was not so dull of apprehension as not to discover that her aunt was cunning, affected, and worldly.—Harry De B. was properly instructed respecting his attentions to Catherine—but in truth he needed no suggestions on that point, for he always looked upon her as a fine animal, and would often attempt a rough compliment, indicative of his admiration;—but he was a hard-riding—punch-drinking sportsman, and notwithstanding all Lady De B.'s efforts to refine him, he seemed intended by nature to herd with quadrupeds. Catherine always received his advances with a coldness which even his nerves could not stand. The person she looked upon on her return from church, haunted her imagination, but when she learned from her faithful and only confidant, Tippoo, that it was the Captain Ogleright of whom she had heard so much, she felt an emotion in her heart than which nothing could be more natural at her age. Her desire to see him again stimulated her to the desperate resolution of appearing in the drawing-room at the next rout.—She seemed to throw off her usual timidity in combating the objections of her aunt on the subject—She assumed a new character in a manner that was unaccountable to Lady De B.—She was more than usually animated and full of spirits—affected to laugh at trifles, and was even garrulous in conversation—Lady De B. was puzzled to account for this sudden change of conduct in her niece, but still confiding in her own power of *managing things*, and seeing that Catherine was resolved to *come out* in public for the first time, she affected to encourage her in it, and seemed to feel so much anxiety about the effect she would have, as to recommend the dress that best suited her complexion. While all these internal matters were under discussion—the captain repeated visit after visit but to

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no effect—he almost despaired—at the next party given he performed his part as usual, and, at a moment when he least expected such a surprise, and while coquetting with Fanny on a sofa, Catherine entered the room—she was pale, and appeared much embarrassed—her resolution had almost failed her when it came to trial—Lady De B. presented her to the company—she seemed overwhelmed by her feelings, and the gallant captain's agitation was not unobserved.—The moment so dreaded by Lady De B., and so fatal to her projects, had arrived. Catherine appeared in society—was caressed and admired—she shone the evening star of the assembly, and her aunt was astonished and mortified to find that her manner was even more fascinating than her appearance. The captain's attentions to Catherine were what might be termed emphatic—Fanny was deserted, and sat upon the sofa a perfect emblem of envy and chagrin, her murky artificial curls hanging in ill-arranged clusters on the back of her neck.—As for Lady De B.—she was in a perfect fidget, was fiercely polite to her guests, and spoke harshly to the servants. Matters went so far in the course of the evening, that Ogleright was made to understand that he was no longer expected to visit at Prospect-house. This banishment he could have borne with willingness had Catherine been his partner in it, but alas! Lady De B. had determined that they should never meet again —Such opposition inflamed the lovers—lovers I say, for I shall not pay my readers the poor compliment of not being perfectly certain that they have, from the beginning, arranged that my hero and heroine fell in love at first sight, and contrived to make one another return it—with a still stronger attachment to each other. Catherine was closely confined, and no person was permitted to approach her but her own servant the black, who accompanied her from India. It is supposed, that notwithstanding the vigilance of Lady De B. and her daughter, the lovers had interviews in secret.

In a short time, Catherine became reconciled to what she at first submitted to reluctantly enough. It would, I trust, be superfluous to say, that sweet and stolen communications passed between her and her lover, through the medium of her faithful Indian. All this however, was, of course, kept secret, and Lady De B. began to congratulate herself on the success of her scheme, for keeping the lovers asunder. Her triumph appeared complete; when an order arrived for the captain's regiment to march for a seaport, on their way to England. This news she herself communicated to Catherine, who heard it without a word.

When the wished morning of his departure had arrived, Lady De B., who had slept little during the preceding night, went early to Catherine's chamber, but, to her surprise, found it empty. She immediately gave the alarm, and the household, roused at her command, hurrying through the gallery that extended along the rear of the house, found the door at the opposite end open, and, in a moment, Tippoo was seen rushing hastily from the garden. He was breathless with fright, but he eagerly pointed to a summer-house in a second garden, where they found Catherine lying insensible on a seat. She was conveyed immediately to her chamber, and placed in her bed, but it was long before she recovered her scattered senses.

Her dress was damp, and Lady De B., while occupied in removing it, found a miniature concealed in her bosom. It was Ogleright. There was, also, a small piece of paper with writing in pencil upon it; but it was illegible, appearing as if it had been written in the dark, and took some time to decipher. It was found to be a mutual protestation of eternal attachment, one half of which was written by Ogleright, and the other by Catherine, with both their signatures at the bottom. These tokens of the clandestine intercourse of the lovers were found by Lady De B., and they were known *only to her*; for that foresight and sagacity, which dictated all her actions, prompted her to conceal them, even from her own family. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Catherine on her recovering from the state of insensibility in which she had lain for nearly an hour; her first impulse was that of searching for the miniature and the paper. She tossed and ransacked her little vestment, hastily unloosed her running-strings, and the ribband that encircled her waist—but all would not do—they were gone—and where to look for them she knew not. At first she fancied, that the whole of the scene in the garden might have been a vision created by her disturbed imagination; but, again, the impressions that it made upon her heart were too powerful to be the result of

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mere fancy, or idle dreams. She was puzzled and distracted. The effect that the mysterious occurrence in the garden produced upon the inmates of Prospect-house, it would be unnecessary to detail. Lady De B. was anxious that the whole circumstance should be kept perfectly a secret, but the thing was impossible, when the servants had got hold of it. On the day following, it became the topic for conversation in every coterie within ten miles of the house.

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The first communication that Catherine received from her beloved, after his departure, came by a private hand; it was delivered, in secret, to Tippoo, who was faithful to his trust; it was full of the strongest assurances of regard and constancy; he spoke of his suddenly setting out for London, to forward a law transaction with which his future prospects in life were deeply involved; and added, that as soon as his circumstances would permit, which he hoped would be in less than a month's time, he would return, and make himself perfectly happy with Catherine. After the receipt of this letter, though she had lost the tokens of attachment he left her on parting, she felt herself secure and her heart at rest. She occupied herself, as formerly, in her little domestic cares and charities. She had ever been kind to the poor, but now she made an important addition to her list of pensioners—the post-boy, a long-legged cadaverous looking wight, with a mercurial vivacity of manner—the only act of interested kindness of which her simple heart had been guilty. Lady De B., however, by her superior artifice and management, made Catherine's little attempts at *bribery* useless,—her plans were deeper laid.

The period appointed by Ogleright for his return approached, and passed, but he came not, nor had he written according to promise; another month glided by in slow and weary pace. Catherine watched from her window day after day, at a particular hour, but her ungrateful *protegé*, the postboy, would ride furiously past the house, clad in his iron-coloured dress,—her gift—and mounted on his white pony, looking like the figure of "Death on his pale horse." Her spirits gradually began to fail, and her hopes to forsake her. Month succeeded month, until she became exhausted by ardent longings and frequent disappointments. The numerous letters she addressed to him, describing the state of her feelings, and imploring him, by all his fondly proffered vows of constancy, to have compassion on her, were unattended to—in the space of eight months her spirit was nearly broken, and the debility of her frame was obvious to every body.—Lady De B., perfectly aware of the cause of her depression, made use of every means in her power to divert her mind. She treated her with unusual delicacy and tenderness—seemed to anticipate all her wants—gave her full permission to wander at her will in the grounds—made Harry de B. drive her almost every day into the country for the benefit of the fresh air, and induced her as often as she could to pass her evenings in the drawing-room. She was of a disposition that always felt grateful for any acts of kindness, and the attentions of her friends were peculiarly gratifying to her in moments of sorrow and ill-health. Time passed on in this manner, and Ogleright seemed to have forgotten, with the usual instability of absent lovers, all he had sworn, and she had believed. Lady De B. lost not a moment in her endeavours to sway the mind of Catherine in the way that she wished. Harry was unremitting in his attentions, he became more ardent in his conduct towards her, and his society was less obnoxious to her than formerly, though while in his company, and when he endeavoured to make himself most entertaining and agreeable, she would gaze at him with an expression of sorrow, as if a sudden melancholy thought had passed across her mind—her eyes would fill with tears, and she would leave him abruptly in the middle of a conversation. She felt that she was deserted; and a degree of apathy, which she never before experienced, took possession of her heart. She was continually harassed by the solicitations of Lady De B. respecting Harry, and she was shown letters from her father on the subject, where he approved of, and strongly recommended, their union.—She was determined to make another and a final effort, and wrote to her beloved, explaining matters, enclosing her letter to an uncle of his who held a high public situation in London, and put into the post-office with her own hand. A short time previous to this, her artful aunt, desirous to break off all further communication

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between the parties, made use of the miniature and written document for that purpose; she secretly forwarded them to the unhappy captain, enclosed in a blank sheet of paper, bearing Catherine's seal.

Ogleright, who was up to his ears in law, at one side, and love on the other, was tortured nearly to death on finding that the only clue that he had to the heart of Catherine was cast away by her; but, when he received her letter through his uncle, the truth flashed upon his mind—he saw there was some mysterious treachery in the matter, and he determined, at all hazards, to set out and unravel it in person. He wrote to Catherine to that effect, appointing a day for his return. In about the space of time that this letter would have reached her, Lady de B—— became all at once *imperative* in her wishes with respect to the union between Catherine and her son:—She would listen to no objections from her unhappy victim, on the plea of her delicate state of health, or the almost overwhelming depression of her mind; she was resolved that the ceremony should take place before a particular day, and the fatal time was appointed. Catherine's efforts at resistance proved ineffectual. She felt, too, that her pride was hurt at being so coldly abandoned by the only man upon whom she could bestow the unrestrained affections of her heart, and, in a despairing fit of mingled sorrow and indignation, she tacitly consented to become the bride of Harry de B——. Every person at Prospect-House had something allotted to them to perform in the way of preparation for the happy and much wished-for event. — Catherine alone seemed unconcerned about what was going forward, and when the morning arrived to see her united in indissoluble bonds with a man whom she could not love, she approached the church with a countenance as serene, and her feelings apparently as free from agitation, as if she were merely going to offer up her morning devotions. Lady De B—— was desirous that the ceremony should be got through in as private a manner as possible; but, on reaching the church, she was annoyed at finding that a considerable number of both sexes had assembled there, and so great was the anxiety of the spectators, and particularly the females, to behold Catherine's face as she ascended the steps leading to the church-door, that it was with some difficulty her servant could make way for the bridal group to pass. There was something mysterious in the unexpectedness of this marriage, and the unusual gravity with which it was conducted, that seemed to suprise every body—those who had some knowledge of the secrets of the family, looked upon Catherine with the deepest feelings of compassion, as a being whose future happiness in life was about to be sacrificed to the interests of an avaricious and designing woman.

Before the young couple had reached the altar, the galleries surrounding it were literally thronged with spectators, and as the solemn ceremony was about to proceed, several females, in different parts of the crowd, were so much affected that they wept heartily.

Catherine, from the moment she had entered the church, never raised her eyes from the ground; her countenance seemed unmoved, either by pleasure or regret, but she was as pale as ashes. There was an awful pause of silence for a moment or two, which was interrupted only by the half-suppressed sobbings of some pitying females in the galleries. Catherine could now no longer master her resolution, the tears streamed along her pale cheek, and her delicate frame was agitated as if by convulsions; she became so weak and overcome by her feelings, that it was thought expedient to walk her for a moment into the open air. Lady De B. alone seemed callous to her sufferings, and was impatient at such an interruption. She was accompanied to the door by the bridegroom, her anxious aunt, and a whole horde of those idle impertinent gazers who are to be seen every where on any occasion of the sort, and who seem to live upon curiosity. They were about to conduct her again into the church, when the clattering of a post-chaise, in full speed, was heard at a little distance. Lady De B.'s attention was first attracted by the sound. Catherine raised her head for the first time during the day, and stood like a statue, gazing with bewildered look towards the approaching vehicle. As it moved rapidly past the church and entered the avenue of trees, Catherine gave a faint shriek, and fell senseless into the arms of Harry De B. This circumstance created a terrible alarm; the groups of spectators hurried precipitously from the interior of the church. Catherine lay for a consider-

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able time without shewing any symptoms of returning animation, and at length was conveyed home in her carriage. It would be useless to attempt describing the feelings of Lady De B., at finding that all her fond hopes and well-constructed plans, which had cost her years of thinking and anxiety, were in a moment suddenly blasted; this I must leave to the imagination of the reader. Ogleright had not been an hour in the town, when he was in possession of all that had taken place, and by some extraordinary channel of communication, which was known only to *himself*, he heard of his letters having been intercepted, and of the cruel artifices practised on the amiable and unsuspecting Catherine. While his heart was burning with indignation, he sent a message to Harry De B. accusing him of treachery and every base feeling that could disgrace the character of a gentleman, and demanding instant satisfaction for the wrongs he had done him.

Harry readily accepted his challenge —he was a man of strong passions and great physical courage; added to which, he had always entertained a jealousy and implacable hatred towards the captain, which he was glad to have any opportunity of showing in the most decided manner. The antagonists met the following morning at day-break, in a defile between two hills, at about four miles distance from the town. They faced each other with a desperate determination—and the event proved fatal to both. The captain, shot through the heart, uttered not a word, but fell instantly to the ground. His ball had pierced Harry's intestines, and he lingered in pain for a few hours, under the eyes of his agonized mother, who thus saw an end of all her machinations.

As for Catherine—why, she died, and there is an end. She lived about a year after the duel, in which time she wasted away like a taper. She was perfectly silent during the whole period, save while at her devotions, and a smile never passed her features, until her physician bade her to prepare for death, and then her countenance kindled into a languid joy. She is buried in the churchyard of the little town where I was quartered—and peace be to her ashes.

Such was the story I was told—it may be dull—but I am sorry to say that it is true.

A DISCURSIVE LETTER ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

THERE is no use in talking about it, or in lamenting what we cannot cure; and, therefore, it is just as honest at once to admit that August, denominated, as it is, after the prince who gave name to the Augustan age, is the very Cimmerian month of our current literature. There is no class of men so seriously to be pitied as the writers for periodical works in this month. Look

> How the drudging newsmen sweat,
> To earn their punch-bowl duly set,

and how "*lies* the lubber fiend," to make up the due quantity for his remorselessly-craving columns. The fine weather shines not for them; and the only answer that any one of them can make to a dissatisfied coffee-house lounger, who tosses from him indignantly the folio of four pages with a peevish exclamation of "Pish!—there is no news!" must be in the shape of a question, "Why, sir, in the name of heaven, what *can* we write about?"

A Frenchman has observed, with the profound accuracy which marks the travellers of his nation, that such is the respect the English entertain for their Houses of Parliament, that during their session you never hear of a murder or robbery, or other breach of the peace; but, the very moment the Lords and Commons have dissipated into thin air, before the breath of the king, there is an inundation of crime. You may be convinced of the fact, quoth monsieur, by just looking over the newspapers, folios of which are filled with the details of lawless deeds, altogether unheard of during the days of debating. Little did the Frenchman guess that these acts of malversancy are the daily bread of our journals in these sad times. A larceny is as good as a breakfast, but a properly-got-up murder supports an editor, with a wife and five small chil-

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dren, during three weeks of the dog-days. We have frequently suspected that the late Mr. John Thurtell was merely an *employe* of the press. It is well-known that he was in habits of most close and congenial intimacy with several of the most distinguished writers for the morning and hebdomadal papers; and, being a man who, as the phrenologers have sufficiently demonstrated, of the most benevolent and social feelings, is it too much for us to conjecture that he demolished Weare merely in order to afford support and sufficiency to his quondam very good friends and allies. It is a thought which has frequently crossed the metaphysical motions of our pericrania. If it be at all founded in fact, and we protest that we cannot see any plausible objection to our theory, he is a patriot of the same stamp as Curtius—he died to fill up the yawning void.

This season we have, as yet, had no murder worth talking about, nor even a good case of any kind. People would not sympathise with the fate of Captain Chorus O'Callaghan, doomed to the agonies of eating bread and water, in company with a bruising barber; and the case of John Franks, though similar in tendency, does not promise to be at all so famed in history as the parallel case of Ahab and Naboth. It is already passing away, wafting before the winds of oblivion, as if it were no more than the knocking out of the brains of his namesakes in Ireland, beneath the crowbars of the most injured and heroic peasantry in the world. There is nothing in the theatres out of which the most ingenious can concoct a paragraph, and to come to ourselves, towards which point we were all along tending with a direct, though perhaps not a very nimble pace, the literary world is snoring fast asleep. Poppy or mandragora never ministered sounder or more unshakeable slumber than that under which the republic of letters is now-a-days suffering; soon we hope to awake like a giant refreshed. But until it wakes what are *we* to do, who are by our contract bound to attend upon its motions? "Live horse," says an old proverb, "and you will get grass." Are we reduced to parody the venerable saw by repeating 'live reviewer and you shall get books.'

However, we must put the best face we can upon it. In the hopes of having the wherewithal for an article, we had written some scraps of verse, which we numbered at random, being sure, upon a pinch, that we could write up to any given number we pleased.

XXXI.

Where next shall we turn us? Ha! welcome be GILLRAY,
Every touch of his graver, is worth us a *Milree*.
Hail genius embodied of caricature!
How droll is thy humour—thy satire how sure.

XXXII.

Look there at the figure of fat Charley Fox;
How like! yet how unlike! as echo it mocks!
Look again, can you miss the bright countenance merry
That recals, with a sigh, thy gay visage—old Sherry!

XXXIII.

The time has gone by, when the feelings of party
Could withhold from these plates commendation right hearty;
Few survive of their subjects—the few who remain
Must but smile at the scenes that can ne'er come again.

XXXIV.

The heats are now past, which these drolleries describe,
The grave has enwrapt the great chiefs of each tribe,
The gay artist himself sunk in woe to the tomb

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But we were getting serious at the last line, and, therefore, we did not finish it. Any ingenious young gentleman that pleases may conclude it; there are plenty of rhymes; room, Hume; boom, Brougham; gloom, womb; loom, doom; of which the last, we suppose, could be most easily got in. But, without rhyme of any kind, Gillray's caricatures, now publishing in parts, are capital specimens of that peculiar art, and, in reality, act as a kind of memorandum of the minuter facts of the period which supplied the events to his pencil.

In another article of this our magazine, there has been some commendation of Vieusseux's Italy, so that it is not without some astonishment that we find we have again paid him a compliment in verse. We are not used to the panegyrizing mood; it, therefore, amazes us to discover, on our table, verses on

——————— your Italia, Vieusseux,
Where every thing's sharp, fresh and vigorous, and new;
And no wonder—the country you speak of you know
Heart, liver and reins, from Tarentum to Po.

XLVI.

'Tis 'refreshing,' (what pity the word is so hack'd,
For a very good word 'tis in truth and in fact)
To read such a picture which gives us a sure hope,
That all is not lost in the garden of Europe.

XLVII.

That there still is some life in the land of Boccace,
That genius still lives in its second birth-place,
That the rule of the Austrian, the Pope, or Sardinian is
By no means so bad as the common opinion is.

&c. &c. &c.

There were three or four more verses on the same subject, but we leave them out, lest people should say that we were paid so much per verse for puffery.

We shall add a verse or two on Geoffry Crayon and his new book.

LXVII.

Few writers of stories are half so deserving
As the New-York historian, Squire Washington Irving,
And he now has received fifteen hundred pounds solid,
From Murray, for Tales which the trade almost swallow'd.

LXVIII.

We mean not to say that there's no blame or cavil, or
Flaw to be made in his Tales of a Traveller;
There's a great deal of Balaam, no doubt, to be found in
His pages, and wit is by no means abounding.

LXIX.

Yet they're all of them readable—rather too dear—
A dollar's their price any day in the year—
But a pound we would pay, aye, and Crayon we'd thank ye,
Were your Tales to be nothing at all but pure Yankee.

LXX.

There you're strong—'tis your soil—'tis your natural ground,
No rival at all can be any where found;
But we've lads by the score, who, as well and as wittily,
As you could, would give us *novels* from Italy.

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So much for poetry: but we beg leave to announce to the public and our friends, that we shall bother neither them nor ourselves with rhyming reviews, until the season begins honestly and fairly; that is to say, until December, when we shall come in with the Christmas carols. There, however, we own, is nothing more possible than we shall change our minds.

We should be sorry to give up that particular series, knowing, as we do know, that it was very popular, though, as we are on the subject, we may say, that the haste with which our last was printed, filled that article, and the following one, with blunders of the press, which, according to due custom, we shall hasten to correct. So

Page 74, line 26, *for* superiority of Rogers, *read* inferiority of old Sam Rogers.

But who would take the trouble of reading this stuff; if we must have a list of errata, why not in verse? and, therefore, here goes the

Errata for last Number.

The reader who (page 76) looks for sense,
For 'theme,' line 11, will be pleas'd to read 'thence;'
Line 14, an improvement will shew, sir, be sure,
If you *dele* the comma that stands before 'poor;'
In line 36, better sense you will find,
If you read for 'inclusive,' what we wrote, 'inclined.'
In page 77, for 'law,'—which is stuff,
Read 'laud,' line the fourth, and there's meaning *quant. suff.*
'Theologic' is wrong; so pray place 'theologue,'
In line 24, where we're speaking of Hogg.
Turn to line 25, I mean page 79,
For 'renown,' *lege* 'venom,' which much mends the line.
Page 80, line 8, there for 'starved,' (whence 'tis hard
To extract any meaning) be pleased to read 'starred.'
Read in line 32, for 'Inica,' 'I mean;'
We quote both the lines, that the sense may be seen;
"Who, praise to the stars the vile fellow who wrote it,
(The chapter I mean) and scold me who but quote it."
In line 36, from 'far-famed' *dele* 'far,'
And the verses will read smooth without grating or jar.
So last month's *errata* we thus have got through,
In rhyme 'tis a feat has been practised by few,
We ne'er saw it before, nor good reader did you.

To which catalogue of errors we must add one worthy of *Debrett*. We said in our article on Lord Byron's letters (p. 42), that the series in our possession began "in 1816, when his lordship was in his seventeenth year, and *continued* until 1815, the period of his marriage." We hope that our readers had tact enough to perceive that 1816 should have been 1806. There are cases, you see, in which even *nothing* makes a great difference. As for the aforesaid letters, the same reasons that prohibited us from publishing them last month, still operate.

As we have made this a most wandering skip-about article, it is as well for us to continue it so to the end. We, therefore, avail ourselves of this medium of writing a few

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The paper on 'EGOTISM,' though evidently written by a smart person, is not worked up sufficiently for the public eye.

Would a letter, directed to the Northumberland, catch 'AN OLD GRENADIER?'

Mr. C. MOREAU has sent us a circular letter, touching 'A Chart of the Trade of England;' and, we conclude, that noticing thus much is sufficient for all his purposes.

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We have not forgotten our promise of noticing the European Review, as A. B. insinuates, but question whether it is worth it. Perhaps next month.

'INSIDE THE CURTAIN,' mistakes us much if he thinks that we shall open our columns to green-room scandal. If we were so minded, we might do no little in that line; but it is hardly fair that the private lives of actors and actresses should be liable to a more scrutinizing examination than those of any other people.

From X. Q. and his 'ELEGIES,' we must X. Q. Z. be,
And for the letter which he asks, lo! we've given him three.

We own the joke is an old one, but we could not resist versifying it when we got a *lot of* elegies with the signature.

It is a pity that 'A TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED GENIUS,' did not contrive to write better lines than these:

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF OXBERRY, THE COMEDIAN.

Mourn, reader, for the death of one so merry,
As him I grieve for, gay Mr. OXBERRY.
He was a man quite free from any faults,
And kept good ale and gin in his wine-vaults.
He published from the prompt-book many plays,
And never was addicted to bad ways, &c. &c.

The bard may have his lines again on calling for them.

'TRANSLATIONS FROM THE MODERN GREEK,' probably in our next.

We comply with Z. Q.'s request, and give, accordingly, a list of the books of the month, as follows. We may, perhaps, continue to do so, as it appears some people wish for it; on what principle we cannot conjecture.

Hullmandell's Art of Drawing upon Stone, with twenty plates, royal 8vo. 15s.—Life and Journal of the Rev. Joseph Wolf, 8vo. 7s.—Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, vol. 4. 12mo. 8s.—Nicholls's Armenianism and Calvanism compared, 2 parts, 8vo. 1*l.*—Bearcroft's Practical System of Orthography, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Canova's Works, 2 vols. roy. 8vo. 4*l.* 4s.—Ditto, large paper, 6*l.* 6s.—The Human Heart, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen, Third Edition, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 10s.—An Account of the Peak Scenery of Derbyshire, by J. Rhodes, 8vo. 14s.—The Art of French Cookery, by M. Beauvielier, 12mo. 7s.—Elgiva, or the Monks, an Historical Poem, 8vo. 8s.—Russell's New School Atlas, 8vo. half-bound, 12s.—Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, new Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4s.—Malcolm's Poems, f.cap, 8vo. 6s.—Smith's Guide to English Composition, Logic, &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Wentworth's Poetical Note-book, 12mo. 7s.—Dupin's Journal of a Residence in Ashantee, 4to. 2*l.* 12s. 6d.—Burns' Poems, with Westall's Designs, 12mo. 9s.—Ditto's Songs, with Ditto, 12mo. 9s.—Sutleffe's Medical and Surgical Cases, 8vo. 16s.—Finlayson on Preserving the Health of Seamen, 8vo. 4s.—Coombe's Elements of Phrenology, 12mo. 4s.—Warton's History of English Poetry, by Park, 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 10s.—Tales of a Traveller, by the Author of the 'Sketch-Book,' 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4s.—Caprice, a Novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1s.—Gurney's Peculiarities of the Society of Friends, new Edition, 12mo. 5s.—A Selection from Denon's Sermons by the Rev. E. Berens, 12mo. 5s.—Psha!

That's all—our monthly work is o'er,
Good bye until October—
And then we'll meet you gay once more,
No matter drunk or sober.

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So saying, let us conclude,

I lift my eyes upon the radiant moon,
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
Her solitary walk; and as her light
Recals my wand'ring soul, I start to feel
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream
Of time, while to my ears its waters sound
With a strange rushing music. O! my soul!
Whate'er betide, for aye, remember thou
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

POSTSCRIPT.

On a Couple of Sentences in the last Noctes Ambrosianæ.

O'Doherty.—"You would disapprove, I suppose, of the attack on De Quincy in the John Bull Magazine?"

North.—"Disapprove? I utterly despised it; and so, no doubt, did he. They say, he is no scholar, because, he never published any verbal criticism on Greek authors—what stuff," &c.

We beg leave to set Mr. North right, on two most important facts, which he has, most magnanimously, mistated, in this last speech of his. In the first place, whether he despised our article on Quincy, (it is really too ridiculous to call him *De* Quincy) or the contrary, which is not of much consequence to the world in general, the little animal himself did no such thing, for he immediately wrote half-a-dozen mortal pages, in answer, for the London, which Taylor, with sounder sense, suppressed, well-knowing, that the less that is said about these things the better; and, being perfectly conscious that any thing in the shape of reply would call down, from us, a crushing rejoinder. Such was the manner of Quincy's contempt for us, and we *know* that he is, this very moment, writhing under the infliction.

Secondly, we did *not* say he was no Greek scholar, because he had never published *verbal* criticisms on the language. We said, he had never published *any thing whatever*, which could make us suspect that he knew Greek, and we repeat it. We added a proof that he had quoted, in the London, some Greek verses, abounding in blunders; which, if he had been a scholar, he could not have missed observing, without dropping a hint of their incorrectness. We have nothing but his word for it, that he knows Greek. He is, we own, constantly referring to Plato for example; but, it is perfectly plain, from the blunders which he *adopts*, that it is from the Latin translation that he derives his information. The fellow's writings are so utterly contemptible, that they are not worth minute examination to hunt up and expose his ignorance; but we defy any body, from them, to prove the affirmative side of the question, and to bring forward any thing, out of his works, barring his own disgustfully boasting assertions, which could warrant any suspicion of his knowledge of Greek. We should like to see somebody take up our defiance.

Having thus shewn that Mr. North knew nothing, whatever, of what he was talking about, when he lugged in "the Quincy creature" by the head and shoulders, we bid him adieu, begging leave to ask him what end does he purpose to gain by "paiking at us?". We are in perfectly good-humour with him, and are only sorry that he should think fit to quarrel with us, in defence of one whom, but for *private* reasons, he would most willingly confess to be one of the greatest literary bores ever spewed upon the public. Need we say any more? A nod, &c. &c.

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THE

JOHN BULL

Magazine.

VOL. 1. OCTOBER, 1824. No. 4.

PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN OF A NEW JOE MILLER.

IN the church-yard of St. Clement Danes, as you proceed down the Strand, after you have passed the famous steeple which that unfortunate blockhead, John Williams, (who wrote by the name of Anthony Pasquin) in one of the few happy moments vouchsafed to his brick-dust-brain,* declared to be a mile-stone run to seed, namely, St. Mary-le-Strand, you will pass by the tomb of Joseph, usually called Joe Miller.

There should the punster come the earliest guest,
And there the joker crack his brightest jest;
And many a quiz should o'er that ground be played,
That ground now sacred by Joe's relics made.—POPE.

There are few more holy spots in this our metropolitan town. We think that there ought to be a regular annual pilgrimage to the grave. All the wits of the city—by which we mean not merely the regions inside Temple Bar, but also the adjoining dominions of Westminster and Southwark—should go in gloomy procession, with a sad smile on their countenances, induced by a jest of James Kenny, or What-d'ye-call-him Pool. There they should shed tears over their departed chief, as Madam Poki, Mounseer Bogi, or Mr. Poodle Byng, did over the inanimate corpse of Tamahamaha, Dog of Dogs and King of the Sandwich Islands.

And quaffing round the woeful ground,
Should troll the mournful ditty;
And sigh for him who lies below,
The jovial and the witty.

Joe was a comedian of the lowest class—the Teague of his day. The Irishman declared himself no Irishman—but, perhaps, it was on the same principle that Matthews declares Yates no mimic,†

* So Gifford—or Gifford's friend, in the notes on the Baviad and Mæviad.

TO ANTHONY PASQUIN.

Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,
The name of Pasquin to thy ribald strains?
Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see
Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains?

But 'twill not do—for altho' Pasquin's head
Be full as hard, and nigh as thick as thine;
Yet has the world, admiring, thereon read
Many a keen jest, and many a sportive line:

But nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring,
Save impudence, and filth; for out—alas!
Do what you like 'tis still the same vile thing,
Within all *brick-dust*, and without all brass, &c. &c.

We quote from memory—but the whole should be read—and particularly with Williams's own special pleading notes on it.

† "Why, Sir," Matthews says, "Yates ought to stick to what he *can* do. There never

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—because the imitation is too true to be palatable. He kept a public-house, at the back of St. Clement's, and we warrant was a good man to call up, to season a second bowl by a song. He could not read or write—but neither can Kean. It did not hinder him from being the worse player; and though, like the tragedian, he did not keep a private secretary to spell for him, he married a wife to read him his parts—which was better. As for his wit, we doubt not that he was great in the green-room, and shining over a shoulder of mutton—but, verity forces us to confess, that we have only one jest of his recorded, which amounts to no more than this, that he, being one time called on to wonder at the length of a *pike* (fish), which was three feet long, declared that he saw no wonder in it, having frequently handled *a half-pike* double that length—as, indeed, he did, if he ever handled a spontoon.

His name, nevertheless, is registered on the roll of wit—prime, and first-rate—by the universally-known fact, that it is blazoned in everlasting colours on the title-page of our current Encyclopædia of Waggery. Not wishing to tease or perplex our readers with archæological details, in the manner of that patriarch of magaziner, John Nichols, or bibliographical Balaam, like the reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, we shall not enter into the reasons which have seated him on this magnificent throne to look down on us, inferior tribes of jest-mongers. Let those who wish bother their brains with such speculations—we ever detested dry discussions, and never wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine.

Sad is it to say, that his tome hath grown venerable; you could not now make a ten-year-old stripling laugh at the best joke in the book. He would as soon think of smiling at the sallies of Jackass—we beg pardon—Janus Weathercock in the London. All are known, familiar as Mother Barbauld's Little Charles, or Toby Taylor's, of Ongar, barbarous inventions for decoying young children into decorum. If you hazard one in company, "Bah!" says some red-nosed soaker in the corner, "p. 43," and you are abashed. No new person has arisen to correct this lamentable state of affairs. Keat's Flowers of Wit are as unpalatable as his late namesake's (John the Ipecacuanhian's) Flowers of Poesy, or brimstone—and the contemporary* attempt of a similar nature proves its author to be what his name indicates—a very wee-wit—Sir. (That is a bad pun, and, moreover, an old one; therefore, good reader, pass it by, and pretend you did not see it).

Moreover, and above, sorry are we to declare that many jokes appear in the book of Josephus of that nature, which is not readable before virgins and boys. We *cannot* quote examples, because that would be as bad as what we blame; but let any body go down to Brompton, and there turn over the volume, in company with that venerable philanthropist, Mr. Will. Wilberforce, either at his own hospitable mansion, over a quid of opium—or at the sign of the Two Brewers, over a pot of beer from the Cannon brewery, and we are sure he will point out many most reprehensible passages, without our being reduced to the necessity of sullying our pages by them. From such dangerous and combustible materials the compiler of a book of faceties must, now a-days, most strenuously refrain. Yet weed Joe of these, and you sadly diminish the thickness of his volume.

Again; Sterne complains, in his Tristram Shandy, that writers are but too often similar to apothecaries, in continually pouring the same liquor into one vessel from another. He meant to be severe in this sentence on plagiaries—and, with great consistency, stole that very sentence itself from old Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Now, a more apothecary-like pilferer than Joseph never existed. "Half of Joe Miller," said the reverend Sydney Smith, long ago in the Edinburgh Review, "may be traced to Athens—and the other half to Bagdad." This, though not *quite* true—for your professed wits never let a story slip without *mending* it—is almost so.

---

was such acting as his Iago to my Othello—highly applauded in Liverpool. The Liverpool men have more *real* taste than the Londoners. But then the fellow flatters himself he is a mimic.—He is no more a mimic, by G—, than I am an alderman. And then he thinks he takes me off—no more like me, by G—, than—. Besides, mimicking people is *so* unfair,"

† Wewitzer's ———, we forget what.

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Joe's Irishmen are the Scholastici of Hierocles, and the very bull* which a brother-reviewer of the parson's declared, in his review of Miss Edgeworth's Irish Bulls, to be the *ne plus ultra* of bull-making, is actually to be found figuring in the pages of the Grecian. So much for learning.

Now, it has struck us that *we* could get up a jest-book of our own, and that nothing was wanted but a beginning to make us go merrily on. The current wit of the month, (as Dr. Johnson called it in his letter to Case) will always, we think, afford us material sufficient, without at all poaching on the newspapers, who never pick up the really good things; and, therefore, as the thing only wants a commencement, let us, without farther prospectus, (a thing which we have already and most truly denounced as humbug) dash off, little caring whether our first dozen—for we shall limit ourselves to a dozen—be particularly good or not. Like smugglers, we shall be contented if we carry one cargo in five.

1. MRS. COUTTS.

Mrs. Coutts made her appearance the other day on the links of Leith—dressed in a most magnificent fashion—so as quite to overawe our northern neighbours. "Hoot, mon," said a gentleman by-standing, who did not know who she was, "yon's a bra' gudewife—she'll be a *countess*, I'm thinking?"—"No," replied Mr. David Brydges, "no just *a countess*—but what's better—*a discountess*."

2. OXFORD-STREET.

Why is Oxford-street like a thief's progress?

This lengthy street, of ceaseless din,
Like culprit's life extending,
At famed St. Giles's doth begin—
At fatal Tyburn ending.

3. NONE OF YOUR FORMAL VISITS.

Frederick North, some short time since, on his return from the opera, found the house of his next neighbour but one on fire, and hastened to volunteer his exertions to extinguish it. In order to do this more efficiently, he got on the roof of his own house, and crossed over to that of the house in danger. Here he mistook a window in the roof for leads, and, unluckily, stept on it: of course he broke through, and came down through the entire house, tumbling down the welled staircase. He received some fractures, and was taken up senseless. It was a long time before he recovered. When he did, he had totally forgotten every thing connected with the accident. He remembered going to the opera, and returning from it; but the fire, and the fall, had totally been obliterated from his brain. Those about him informed him of all these things, and added, among the rest, that the gentleman, in whose house he was hurt, had been unremitting in his visits to inquire about him. "Aye," said North, "he was returning my call; for, you know, I *dropped* in on him the other night."

4. THE CREDIT OF THE THING.

A methodist preacher was once seized with a fancy for converting the jews, and invited them to attend his chapel to hear him preach. Several attended the call. In the course of his sermon to them, he took occasion to describe our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, of which he gave rather a new version. "He entered the city," said he, "mounted on a magnificent charger, covered with purple housings, and decked with trappings of gold and silver." One of his flock, who knew the facts of the case, could not stand this; "Why, brother," cried he, "it was upon an ass that he rode."—"And if it was," replied the preacher, reddening with indignation, "should *we* be the first to expose the circumstance, and that before such company."

5. SHELLEY'S POETRY.

The Duke of Gloucester was playing whist the other day, when an ace was played in a suit, of which he had no cards. "I'll ruff it," said his Royal Highness.—"I'm at it."—"Then," said Col. D., "your Royal Highness is like one of Shelley's heroes—Prince Athanase." *(at-an-ace.)*

6. TRANSLATIONS.

The old schoolmaster's translation of the first line of Cæsar has been long a standing joke at our universities; "Om-

* That of the man in a coffee-house writing a letter, and perceiving an Irishman looking over him. He immediately wrote, "I should write more, but that I find a blackguard Irishman is looking over my shoulder, and reading every word I write."—"You lie, by J——s," said the Irishman, "I did not read a word of it."

The "by J——s" of course makes it an Irish story—but it is, nevertheless, in Hierocles

nis Gallia divisa est in partes tres."—"All Gaul is *quartered* into *three halves*;" but our current literature can match it. A French translator interprets "*the Green Man and Still*," into "*L'homme verd et tranquille*;" and we have as good on our side of the channel. In the translation of the Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, just published, "Deux en sont morts, et on dit publiquement qu' ils ont été empoisonnées," is thus rendered, "Two of them *died* with her, *and said, publicly, that they had been poisoned*;" which was clever for dead men.

7. PUNS FOR CHEESE.

Dialogue between Horace Twiss and Horace Smith.

S. "This curst old cheese would be well named in French."

T. "How?"

S. "Why, it is rotten *from age*."

T. "Very well, indeed—but ugly as it looks it is like love itself, for it is *allmity*."

8. THE DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Tom Campbell, some time since, on a visit to his native land, stopped at Haddington, and was particularly struck with the beauty of a pretty chambermaid. He got to bed, and fell asleep to dream of her. Out of his slumber he was gently awaked, and, to his great delight, saw this charming girl standing by his bed-side with a light, seemingly a little embarrassed. "Would you, Sir," she stammered out, "have any objection to a bedfellow?"—"Objection!" said Tom, starting up, "how could I? I shall be delighted—overjoyed."—"Oh! Sir," replied the girl, quite pleased, "I am *sae* glad! There's a drunken loon o' a rider frae Brummagem below—and we ha'e nae bed for him—sae I made bauld to ask to turn him in wi' you, for nae other body wad thole him, (endure him) an I'm muckle obliged for yer sae kindly consenting."

9. A HINT.

Luttrel, though a good *conteur*, occasionally proses. He was the other night telling rather a long story,—when Rogers interrupted him by saying, "I beg your pardon, Luttrell; but, I am sure the person, from whom you heard that anecdote, did not tell you *the whole of it*."—"He did," said Luttrell. "Ah!" said Rogers, "I took it for granted *you never could have waited for the end of it*."

10. REGENT-STREET.

When Regent-street was first building, Perry attacked the plan and execution of it most bitterly, in the Morning Chronicle. Nash casually met him, and complained of this. "If," said the architect, "you would point out any defects in the street, I should, most willingly, correct them, and adopt your views, if I thought them well founded." "Why, Sir," replied Perry, "I am no architect, and, therefore, cannot enter into details;—but I dislike the street from one end to the other."—"I do not doubt it," said Nash, nettled, "for one end is the Regent's house—the other, his park." This repartee has been neatly versified:—

Says Perry, "With minor defects, my good friend,
My head I don't mean to be teasing;
I object to the whole—for the street, from one end
To the other, to *me* is displeasing."
"I doubt it not, Sir," replied Nash, in a fret,
Which he now was unable to smother,
"For the house of the Regent at one end is set,
And his park, we all know, forms the other."

11. GAS-LIGHTING.

Shortly after gas-lamps were adopted in London, a gentleman walking down Piccadilly observed to his companion, that he thought they gave the street a very gay appearance. "Pardon me," said the other, "I think it looks most gas-ly,"—*(ghastly.)*

12. POLITENESS.

"George," said the king to Colman, "you are growing old."—"Perhaps so," was the reply, "but I am a year younger than your majesty."

"A year younger, George! how do you know that?"

"First, by the almanack, please your majesty;—and, secondly, because my innate loyalty is such, that I should not presume to walk into the world before my king."

So far for our first dozen.—We hope it is our worst.

Chorus of readers.—So do we.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOHN BULL.

WORTHY MR. BULL, *Demonopolis.*

His High-Mightiness of the lower regions laughed so exultingly at your acceptance of his Rhymes, that although (by his order) I send you the enclosed, my concern for you suggests that you would do well to commit them to the flaming return-post I once mentioned:—unless, indeed, you think of being speedily *with us*, and, in *that* case—you can put them in your pocket.

Yours for ever,

CLAN. CLOVENQUILL.

Erratum in last Extract, Page 93, Stanza 45, From "mask'd goodly batteries," *dele* "*goodly*."

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM A POEM THAT WILL NOT BE PRINTED ENTIRE.

DIABOLUS LOQUITUR.

9.

I SHALL not, like Asmodeus, lift the roof
Of every house that holds a knave (in London),
To shew my trembling pupils, from aloof,
What deeds are done, what men are made or undone:
His was, indeed, an admirable art;
But less than mine, for I unroof *the heart*.

10.

And little hardship can I find in that
When all the dædal workmanship's my own;
For my repairs fit in so very pat,
And frequent, that I seldom leave a stone
Of the first building,—doing as the nurse did,
Who darn'd a pair of hose from silk to worsted.

* * * * * * *

13.

Perhaps, as I'm turned author, I should give
The preference to such of *that* degree
As I may deem the most deserve to live
To the all-infamous eternity,
That Satan's mention surely will bestow on them,—
Making time's billows blacken as they flow on them.

14.

And, on reflection, there are few that have
An equal claim to such pre-eminence;
And none a greater,—still "except and save"
The two great corps of g— and b—, whom hence-
Forward I'll handle with all due decorum,
But, for this once, bards must be d—d before 'em.

15.

The witty sinners! they have swarm'd in shoals,
Begging but one small quill from out my wing
To pen their lies; and offering e'en their souls
For such a syphon to Castalia's spring:
'Twas a sore point, for Michael's huge hand-rocket
Singed almost every feather from its socket;

16.

However, I have saved them a few stumps,
Trick'd up with beards I strip from off the plumes
Moulted by angels, when perchance the dumps
O'ercloud their heavenly nature, which assumes
An earthly grossness, and, on such occasions,
I furnish pens for poets of all nations.

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17.

'Tis wonderful, indeed, how well they write;
The barrels being warranted "well-baked,"
Dingy perhaps,—but that, with vanes so bright,
Is not perceived,—and he who ne'er has slaked
His thirst of curiosity by trying them,
Cannot do better than be quickly buying them.

18.

The cost is economical, for 'tis
But giving what it's ten to one I *shall* have.
Whether a gift or no; and small is his
Wit, or I *should* say, he can none at all have,
Who will not make a virtue while he may
Of giving what I soon shall snatch away.

19.

And even those who prize not *virtue's* fame
Would like to be considered men of business,
And have some value for the thing they claim,
However feebly; but in some a dizziness
Hinders their noting the sly gulf below
Whereinto at the next blind step they go:

20.

And thus in idle sport they carry on
Hypocrisy's dull farce,—at perfect ease,—
Thinking as they've *to-day* a soul their own,
To-morrow they may sell it, if they please,—
Ne'er dreaming, when at last the market's full,
The sales may probably be rather dull.

21.

I shall not always pay the present price
To those who vend me their "immortal part;"
Now-fame for pride, and gold for avarice,
Sore for the head, and pleasure for the heart,
Exemptions from the worst of worldly ills,
And,—as I said,—for bards, my patent quills.

* * * * * * *

27.

However, I've no reason to complain,
For murders, rapes, and all that sort of thing,
Are what alone can e'er assuage the pain
I feel or *have* felt,—dear as the cool spring
To a parch'd lip, they seem the contribution a
Gen'rous world makes to pay Heaven's executioner.*

28.

Liberal enough it *ever* was, I own;
But those same ——————,†
Brimstone reward them for't! themselves alone
Have made it, since they wrote, as much again,
By the sweet sins their scribeships blest my sight with,
Besides the spirit they made others write with.

* * * * * * *

But I rejoice at the "strange alteration"
That "years have wrought" in S——y's destination.‡

---

* This rhyme is Cockney—and I grieve I penned it—But, gentle reader, I've not time to mend it.

† Mysterious.—Editor.

‡ Though we have let the devil's tongue loose on our chief Poet, yet we must say, that, in this instance, it is quite at variance with our own opinions.—Editor.

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31.

In his young days I gave him up for lost,
And deem'd me of one sin-born soul bereft,
Treading bright Freedom's path; but he soon crost
Over to *my* side—ratting to the *left*,
Which, lest you may not understand me quite;
In *death* is what the *living* call *the right*."

32.

This bard, I say—for so the Crown has dubb'd him—
Too politic to be a politician,
When soap of gold from honour had clean scrubb'd him,
Now took upon himself to make decision,—
Shunning, of course, to argue, for you all
Know that all arguments are radical—

33.

On the respective merits of the dead;
Induc'd to it, no doubt, good man, by reading
The work on which a word or two I've said,
Where finding that some gents, with small good-breeding
Had penn'd (unhang'd) lampoons on their Creator,
And every beauteous ordinance of Nature.

34.

He thought that he might fairly 'scape a swinging—
Perhaps a *singeing*, as he saved Heav'n trouble—
If he awhile amused himself with flinging
The Almighty's bolts around; he might, too, double
His earthly pension, by the heav'nly pay
He shower'd on some that *I* had stow'd away.

35.

But there I nabb'd him. While he was contented
To "deal *damnation* round the land," and show
How ultra-loyal was the rage he vented
On many a former friend, his present foe,
I praised; and Heav'n scarce blamed him, though astonish'd,
Knowing how few could be unjustly punish'd;

36.

But when he seized upon *salvation too*,
And handed it about in brimming measure,
All of all regions vow'd to make him rue
This daring waste of Heav'n's rewarding treasure,
Lavishing it on folks no whit entitled,
And robbing me of souls that I by right held.

37.

States might admit a hangman volunteer,
To save the wages—spite of *Jack's* objections—
But, few a self-placed *treasurer* would endure,
To ope the public purse to his connections;
Thus, though a king in fight may need allies,
He seldom asks their aid to share the prize.

38.

But I have done with S——y; let him roll
Through the world's common-sewer, which in time—
Yet *he* may dare it—soils the purest soul,
Fitting it for the epithet "sublime,"
A Latin flower of praise that none would claim
Who guess'd the filthy root from which it came.

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38.

Yes—I have done with him; at least in *this*
World, though I hope to meet him in another;
A meeting fraught, to *one*, at least,—with bliss;—
And will not *he*, too, joy to see the smother
Of his friend's fireside kindling to receive him?
Oh! what a warm reception I *will* give him!

40.

His works,—prose, verse, plays, letters, epics, all—
Except W—— T——, *that* was own'd *above*,
Before a touch of mine could on it fall,—
I have cramm'd in, and on my largest stove,
Thinking it meet his Muses should expire,
Like Eastern widows, on their husbands' fire.

41.

And to both Muse and spouse its much more creditable
Thus to be fried, than die a natural death;
Though *one* might grace a shelf, the other head a table,
Awhile, they both must yield their fame or breath,
Not being immortal; p'rhaps if widows were,
Or *might* be, *suttees* would be somewhat rare.

42.

But as it is, when the last links are riven
That bound the spirit to its native clod,
Yet gall and canker still, if means are given
To shake them off, and seek a new abode,
Why,—— convicts deem it better far to try one's
Fate at the tree, than linger on in irons.

43.

But, by this time, some folks may wish to know
Why thus I trample on a name that's dead;
A name already laid so basely low
By the best pen an inkhorn ever fed?—
I answer—paltry malice fits my station,
And devils, like men, *may* "sin in their vocation."

ON LENT-KEEPING.

Great Spirit of the Universe! pervading
Millions of worlds, to whose immensity,
Less comparable that which man was made in,
Than drop or atom to the shore or sea,—
Infinite Essence!—*canst* thou care a button
Whether this worm be cramm'd with *cod* or *mutton*?

ON DR. JOHNSON.

Poor fellow! when he kept his life so pure,
So free from stain of all voluptuous crime,
He little thought he'd yielded to my lure
In envying every author of his time!
Then, at each fear of death that thrill'd his soul,
I laid aside for him another coal.

119.

Not such round knobs as warm churchwarden's feet
Per contract to supply the poorhouse, but
Rubbish like that which overseers discreet
(Mostly when coal-merchants) make serve to put
The infirmary fire out, lest, if long alight,
The sick recover—which would not be right.

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120.

Those are the dribbling sins—whate'er men think,
That soonest fill their measure: back again
The gush of weightier guilt breaks o'er the brink,
Leaving the cup half empty. While the rain,
In torrents bursting, sweeps itself away,
A drizzling mist-fall soaks into the clay.

ON KEEPING HIGH COMPANY.

Few errors are more common than a thought
That the gay butterfly effulgence which
Adorns the great may be brush'd off and caught
By every clown whom Fortune haps to pitch
Against them; *they*, like moths, are dimm'd by such
Contact, but none grow brighter from the touch.

THE INDIAN PRINCE.

Chapter I.

It was a dark starless night, in the latter end of November; the fore-part of the day had been clear and frosty, but towards evening the wind had arisen, accompanied with showers of blinding sleety rain, which partially melted the snow on the uplands, and brought the formerly-quiet river down with all the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. The waves broke on the shore, not with the long swell and broken surf that is usual in an ordinary gale, but were blown into foam and spindrift, far out at sea, and their white crests were descried gleaming portentous through the surrounding gloom, and adding a sepulchral light to the whole scene of watery desolation. Who has ever been on the ocean on such a night, even in the largest vessel that human industry, aided by human genius, has ever fabricated, and not been sensible of the utter insignificance of human power, compared with the power of the angry elements?

On such a night sat a lady pensively in her chamber, her fair cheek resting on her hand, and meditating on the dangers by which her lord was at that moment surrounded—he was not a captain commanding a ship of the blockading squadron off the Texel, nor a colonel with Wellington, at that time pushing the French over the Pyrenees; but he was provost of the honest and loyal burgh of Mussleburgh, and was that night dining at Mrs. More's (one of the best *hotels*, by the bye, in that part of the country,) with his brethren of the corporation, for the behoof of the community over which he presided, with a mild and paternal, yet determined and impartial sway.

Long experience had taught the lady, that when official business was to be transacted over a bottle, no ordinary time was required to get through it; and further, that, when it was fairly mastered, her lord was so much exhausted that he often felt some difficulty in finding his way home; and having before her eyes the terrors of the flooded Esk over which he was to cross ere she could clasp him to her faithful bosom, she called her trusty 'squire, John, and dispatched him to escort his master in safety to his own dwelling.—John set out on this embassy with joyful alacrity, well knowing that a full jorum of whiskey-toddy would necessarily be the reward of his services, and in less than half-an-hour found himself in the kitchen of the inn, before a rousing fire, with a handsome jug of his favourite beverage before him, laying down the law in matters of politics to the postilions and waiters, with the gravity becoming the prime-minister of the first magistrate, who, of necessity, must have often been enlightened by his master's views on these subjects, and who was generally believed to be deep in the secrets of the corporation cabinet, and to have some influence with his principal in procuring such as treated him with becoming respect, suitable situations in the gift of the municipality.

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The provost himself was an honest good man, with all the gravity and dignity becoming his station. It is unnecessary to add, that he was a stanch tory, holding in utter abhorrence whigs and radicals, and all who would upset or bring into contempt the established order of things, or the constituted authorities of the land; indeed, it was whispered, that, in this case, personal animosity came to strengthen political security, for his hen-roost had been robbed by a party of deputies, who came from Glasgow to disseminate liberal opinions, and who looked upon plundering the tory magistrate of a close burgh, as a mere spoiling of the Egyptians, and an earnest of the glorious pickings that were to fall to their share when their grand schemes of government were brought to bear; and nothing could ever persuade the worthy magistrate that he had not been led into the jury-court by a whig writer to the signet, for the sole purpose of giving a young unfledged advocate of that party an opportunity of displaying his powers, by which display he lost his cause. He had a still greater contempt for moderate politicians, utterly detesting all half-measures, whether in politics or pint stoups.

Conceive then this great and good man sitting in his chair, surrounded by his council and all the other sages of the borough, unbending his mind after the profound meditations that had occupied it during the day, and condescendingly joining in the hilarity of those around him, and still thinking each succeeding bowl better than the last; and if, by accident, the wholesome dread of a curtain-lecture should at any time flash across his mind (and the greatest men have some lurking dread of that most formidable and arbitrary tribunal,) he swallowed it down in a bumper to the prosperity of the honest borough, and consoled himself, that he was doing his duty in supporting the dignity and hospitality of the corporation, of which he was the head and representative.

How, and from what cause it happens, it would be impossible to determine; but, unfortunately, it is an undoubted fact, that, in every corporation, there is an unlucky wag, quite dead to the dignity of the body to which he belongs—one on whom not even a procession with the town-officers, with halberts at its head, can inspire with awe, but who is always about some mischievous piece of mummery which has the effect of casting a gleam of the ludicrous over the most solemn ceremonies—this, we say, is a misfortune, as tho' the corporation in all its proceedings be as grave as judges, their very gravity exposes them the more to the shafts of ridicule, as Dr. Beattie has long since demonstrated, that the more solemn the subject the more easily is it made laughable, as the contrast is made stronger. Such an irreverend wight was the deacon of the barbers of the good town of Mussleburgh, and much pain did this pestilent humour of his give to the worthy burgesses.

Upon the night to which we have alluded, the provost had drank just about enough—his speech had become thick, and he was prosing to his drowsy auditors concerning his own great consequence in the state—told, more than once, his feats and his speech at the last convention of the royal boroughs, where it appeared that he was hand-in-glove with no less personages than the lords-provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow. That he had dined with several lords of council and session, the lord-advocate, and the member for the city; and he carefully repeated, for the edification of the council, all the flattering things each and all of these had said of the magistrates and council of Mussleburgh in general, and himself, its excellent provost, in particular. The chief of the shavers, finding him in this key, and knowing his excessive partiality for great men, bethought him of a trick, to execute which, he stole quietly away to the kitchen, where he found John, the trusty guardian, rather farther advanced in his potations than his master, but not quite far enough for his purpose, as he had still the use of his tongue, in employing which he was delivering a lecture on the state of taxation, the national debt, the price of labour and provisions, the bullion question, and the general question, much after the manner of Mr. M'Culloch, the Ricardo professor.

As lecturing was not what the deacon wanted of him, he made him another jug of whiskey-punch, taking care to add a double portion of the *spirituelle*, admonishing him, at the same time, to make what speed he could in discussing it, as his master was in a fair way to require his services soon; the hint was not thrown away upon John, who bolted the scalding potation, and in a minute

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was so completely deprived of the use of speech as to be able to utter no one word intelligibly. The deacon, then, with the assistance of several loiterers about the kitchen, set to work to perform the toilette of their passive victim. They first blacked his face with a fine pomatum, produced by mixing the grease with the snuff of a candle,—a red Kilmarnock night-cap, with a table-napkin twisted round with a red and blue worsted comforter, made a very tolerable succedaneum for a turban, and a night-gown bound round his loins with a Paisley cashmere, completed an oriental costume that might have done credit to the hero of an Indian drama. This done, it was announced to the provost that an Indian prince, on his way to the metropolis, had called at the inn, and hearing that the lord of the city was there, requested the honour of an interview.

This was news indeed; the dignitary started to his feet, and made the best of his way (his gait being rather unsteady) to the next room, where the prince was stationed, and resting on the arm of the deacon, who had volunteered to act as his interpreter. The provost addressed him in a long speech, stating, how much he felt the honour of his visit, apologized for not proceeding to invest him with the freedom of the borough *instanter;* but stated, that at that precise moment the greater part of the council, as well as the town-clerk, happened to be, by some unaccountable accident, rather *ab agendo;* but, if his highness would honour his house with his presence for that night, the freedom of the borough, roll, wine, and all* would be presented to him in due form, in the town-hall, on the following day.

The prince in vain attempted to make an articulate reply—he stuttered, and hiccuped, and screamed, but only two words were perceptible, and these very often repeated, but so elongated in their quantities as to be scarcely intelligible to the party to whom they were addressed,—*onny master* being all he could articulate. The deacon, however, made up amply for this deficiency, by informing his superior, that, his highness desired him to say that he felt prodigiously flattered by the honour which the great man had done him, and that he accepted his offer with pleasure, and would tell when he got home to his own country of the kindness, condescension, and hospitality of the lord of the town.

The provost now called John, but no John was forthcoming; the well known sound only elicited from the Indian prince another paroxysm of hiccupping, stuttering, and screaming, in which, as usual, the words *bonny master* predominated. The provost made an apology for his absence—withdrew, ordered a post-chaise, but first dispatched a trusty messenger to his lady, to make her aware of the honour that was intended her; he then retired to another room to prepare a more befitting oration, as he had been rather taken by surprize on the first occasion.

Every one knows the bustle and confusion caused in a well-regulated family by the untimely arrival of any kind of stranger. The lady provostess was a most notable housewife, but here she was as completely surprised as the Spanish guards at the siege of Gibraltar. The kitchen-fire was low, and the cook in bed; besides, though she could have made a tolerable shift in entertaining any of the great men with whom her gudeman had consorted at the convention of boroughs, doing the honours to an Indian prince rather passed her skill; however, she saw that her credit depended on prompt measures. The cook was roused, the kitchen-fire set in operation, and a couple of fowls put to the spit; as she had a round of cold beef and a ham she thought that, with a few apologies, this might pass for a supper for one night, and having seen every thing put in a proper train she retired to her chamber; taking a glance at the best bed-room in her way, to see that all was as it ought to be in that quarter, she proceeded with what speed she could to dress. This she performed greatly to her own satisfaction, in a full suit of scarlet velvet, which she had got on purpose for the race-ball, and which assorted well with her *en bon point* figure. She had only time to adjust a splendid plume of ostrich-feathers, and rehearse a graceful salute before the swing-glass, when a thundering rap at the door announced the arrival of her

* In Musselburgh, on conferring the freedom, a roll of bread, dipped in wine, is presented to the new brother.

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noble guest, and she hurried down stairs to receive him in breathless expectation.

Having stationed herself in the middle of the hall, the door was thrown open. The provost descended first, bowing to the ground. The deacon, who had sat in the middle, for the sake of interpreting, followed, and last of all, handed by the other two, came the object of all her solicitude. Dazzled by the splendour of his oriental costume, she dropped a curtsey so low that she almost seated herself on the floor; upon recovering herself, she ventured to take a glance at the illustrious stranger, when, struck with a panic, she descried, through soot and grease, the features of the recreant John, whose absence during the bustle she had so often bemoaned. "What is the meaning of this?" demanded the lady, in a tone that shewed that evasion was out of the question. "Bonny master," hiccuped John—human patience could bear no more, one cuff laid the tottering prince prostrate at her feet, the barber bolted with the energy of a roebuck, upsetting the post-boy, who stood grinning at the door, and never slacked his speed until, as he asserted, the roaring of the Esk drowned the voice of the enraged lady, admonishing, in the highest key it could reach, alternately her husband and the now totally insensible Indian prince.

Westminster, 18th Sept.

A RUM DITTY ON RUM.

1.

I don't envy fair France her champagne,
Nor the land of the German his hock,
No sigh do I utter in vain
For the grape-juice of Portugal's stock;
Let the wine-bibbers revel in these,
If they let me but tickle my gum,
O'er my quid of tobacco, at ease,
With a caulker of balmy old RUM.

2.

Columbus deserves lasting fame,
For the various fine things he found out,
The Patlanders joy in his name,
For he gave them potatoes no doubt.
Let each praise what he thinks is the best,
But for my part I'd swear myself dumb,
That the glory and pride of the west,
Whether island, or mainland—is RUM.

3.

You may take it at morn as a dram,
In grog you may mix it for noon,
At night, as stiff punch, it may cram
Your paunch to a jocular tune.
It is equally good as the three,
And, therefore, I say 'tis a hum,
That whisky, gin, brandy can be
So handy a liquor as RUM.

4.

When a bowl on a table is laid,
With its glasses all stationed around,
And the Chair to announce that 'tis made
With his spoon makes the china to sound;
I rejoice that I live in the times
When the world to such polish has come,
As to know the true value of limes,
Lemons, sugar, spring-water, and RUM.

5.

If Wilberforce washed his old throat
With tipple so glorious and bright,
He no more in the senate would quote
Such trash as he quotes every night.
No—no—he'd exclaim "I perceive
Your West Indian is no fee-faw-fum
And ill stories no more I'll believe,
Against the great growers of RUM."

We understand that rum punch has lately become so great a favourite in high quarters, that the present high and very absurd duty on this glorious liquor has some chance of being halved or quartered next session. We, for ourselves, should recommend the Chancellor of the Exchequer to blot it out entirely, and we undertake in one week to get to a petition, praying the same, ten thousand signatures in Liverpool and Glasgow alone. The Glasgow Punch Club, with Hunter and Kingan to head them, would, if necessary, appear personally at the bar of the house in support of the measure.

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THE TWELVE BELLS, A TALE OF MY LANDLORD.

All who knew St. Mary Overy's, or St. Mary Orry's, or St. Mary Audry's, (let antiquaries settle which is the proper and orthodox appellation; for myself I don't care a pinch of snuff which it may be called,) in the borough of Southwark, must have been acquainted with a snug little public-house in one corner of it, which rejoiced in the emblematic device of twelve bells surrounded by clusters of the most blushing grapes that ever were painted, and any one who knew the house could not well fail to be acquainted with the worthy landlord, for a more facetious jolly fellow one would never wish to meet over a bowl of punch.

The house had all the well-known attributes of a first-rate public-house, from the bar, with its pewter appendages, where rich cordials and compounds were dispensed to porters, coal-heavers, and fish-women—to the outer parlour or tap-room, where sat the mechanic part of the customers, regaling themselves over a pint of ale, while they listened to some oracle who read for their edification a soiled and beer-soaked newspaper, commenting as he went along upon the contents, and wasting a vast deal of good advice upon ministry. I remember, in particular, among its inmates, one debauched drunken ruffian-looking scarecrow—a fellow who had, by his folly and knavery, lost an excellent business, and gradually come down in the world; had visited, either for debt or crime, most of the prisons in the metropolis; and now was employed in collecting paragraphs for the newspapers, at the handsome rate of one-penny per line. This worthy used to descant to his audience, for hours together, on the guilt and prodigality of ministers, the hopelessness of continuing the peninsular war, and how much better things would be managed if men, like himself, were in power. Of this worthy, however, the tap-room was cleared, partly by the reverses which Buonaparte met with in Russia, which shamed all his prophecies, but chiefly by a *rule* of mine host's, who allowed him to get a few shillings on his score, after which he never again honoured the tap-room with his presence, nor its inmates with his political philosophy. But in the inner parlour, which might be considered as the house of peers of this parish parliament, sat the select company of the house. These were chiefly eminent cheesemongers and wealthy traders, men who had risen in the world by their own industry and perseverance, and duly appreciated the money that they had so painfully earned; people who talked with a mixture of pity and dislike of a speculator, and looked upon bankruptcy as the consummation of all human evils. The radical orator of the tap-room was their utter aversion, as they looked upon him with that mixed feeling of aversion and contempt, that one feels towards a fangless snake, deeming him one who had all the will, though, luckily, not the power, to appropriate to his own use their hoarded treasures. He frequently boasted of contempt of the difference between *meum* and *tuum;* and his many stories of the ingenious devices which he had practiced in eluding the payment of tradesmen's bills, made him, in their eyes, as an unclean thing; while he, on the other hand, probably looked upon them as "Yea, forsooth, knaves who would stop a man's mouth with security," or, "whore-son caterpillars, who would not suffer us youth to live."

Besides these there was a younger class, pupils of Guy's and St. Thomas's hospitals; young fellows with all the mischief incident to their years, more especially when congregated in large bodies, and attending to one common object. These were the self-constituted conservators of decorum at the Surrey theatre, the sound of whose halloo and signal-whistle caused Dover-street to shake to its foundation; a body of whom even the police stood in awe, and between whom and that worthy power a kind of tacit understanding existed, that they were to wink hard at the irregularities of the pupil, while he, on the other hand, was to bestow his kicks and cuffs, in a street brawl, on any body rather than a watchman. This was their out-of-door character. Within they assumed a more composed and dignified demeanour, acting as umpires and arbitrators in bets and other disputes, more especially when the subject was literary; as, for instance, whether a word should be spelled with an *s* or a *c*, or any other matter that implied greater learning than fell to the lot of the generality of the company.

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Another component part of this heterogeneous mass consisted in a number of the higher officers of the different police-offices of the metropolis, and among that class is to be found as great a diversity of character as among any other craft or mystery in the world. Every shade and diversity was there, from the well-informed accomplished scholar down to the illiterate plebeian, who knew no language besides his own—if, indeed, he could be said to know even that—except the dialect in use among the adventurous spirits of the town, who, scorning to use the ordinary means of subsistence, tax, as an eminent writer has said of similar adventurers in another country, providence for a livelihood, and which tongue has been known by the various names of Dyot-street, Greek, Pedlers, French, &c. &c. if it would not be deemed more accurate to say, that this was their mother-tongue and ordinary English, the acquired language. These often regaled the company with accounts of their moving accidents, by lane and alley, some of which, at a future period, may be given to the company.

So much for classes—but there was one amongst the group who must not be passed over quite so easily, as he made a prominent feature in the picture. This was no other than an old, somewhat corpulent, gouty Yorkshire schoolmaster. His visage, notwithstanding the quantity of various liquids with which he soaked himself, had not the rosy complexion of the jolly English bacchanal, but fell down in large flabby waves, as if it had been half melted and was seeking the ground by its own gravity. He might have been handsome in his youth, for his features were high and not badly formed, and his large black eye, though dimmed with age and ale, had still a flash of intelligence in it, that, when he told a good story (and of these he had no ordinary store), could not fail to attract the notice of his audience. His manner of telling a story too was quite peculiar to himself, and many is the time I have seen an unfortunate imitator attempt one of his tales to another audience, and be quite surprized at the phelgm and apathy with which they received an anecdote which had set the table in a roar when in better hands.

In a corner of the room, and at the head of one of the long mahogany tables with which it is surrounded, in a comely arm-chair, sat mine host in person, presiding over the company—he was, at the time I mention, on the verge of three-score-and-ten years, but still hale and active. He was generally dressed in a sober suit of dittos, as it is called, that is, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches of the same colour; and his head was surmounted with a well-frizzled brown wig, rather too small behind, so that a large portion of the junction of the head and neck were visible—his face was the very embodying of good-humoured intelligence, and his grey eye sparkled into animation as, with a slightly Irish accent, he cracked his jokes, or, to use the American expression, *polled his fun* at people. Mine host had acquired, without ever quitting his own fire-side, what many traverse the globe in quest of—a knowledge of mankind. With some this sense seems almost instinctive, with others it is acquired; while there are some again who seem as incapable of attaining it as a man without ear would be of acquiring a knowledge of music. With Boniface it seemed as if a strong mind, with an acute perception, had given him the power, and the numerous guests, with whom he was in daily familiar intercourse, furnished him the means of attaining this knowledge.

His memory was the most extraordinary I ever met with—it was

"Wax to receive, and marble to retain."

Nothing he had ever heard or read escaped him, and a man who had sat for years in the parlour of a house, so numerously and variously attended as the Twelve Bells, must hear a good deal of one kind of thing or another. His reading was various and extensive, but not, at the time I knew him, very well arranged. A great part of it was drawn from newspapers and magazines—he was quite *au fait* at all the stock jokes and anecdotes of the press, and piqued himself on detecting some things, of almost daily appearance, that were only changed in name from things that had appeared twenty years before. It is generally believed that he spent the latter days of his life, after retiring from business, in compiling "The Percy Anecdotes," by which Mr. Boys, of Ludgate-hill, has acquired much fame, and also some little profit.

Somehow or other I was a great favourite with the old man, and I had, from time to time, heard snatches of his history, but never a continuous narrative of his life, until one day that I accom-

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panied him to visit the West-India docks, and to assist, with my council, in purchasing a pipe of Madeira and a puncheon of rum. On the day appointed I repaired to the rendezvous, and found the old gentleman spruced out most amazingly—a full suit of snuff-colour brown supplied the place of his ordinary costume; a new wig, with a more fierce and determined frizzle, decorated his capital; his large silver buckles shone with additional lustre; a broad-brimmed hat and long gold-headed cane completed his equipment for travelling.

We set out together, and few words were exchanged until we reached the centre of London-bridge, when my companion suddenly halted, and faced me. "'It is curious to consider," said he abruptly, "with what different prospects men enter on life, and what different results arise from them—here I stand a man, independent in the world, with a fortune much larger than I ever could have dreamt of possessing—yet, the first time I crossed this bridge, I was a wanderer and stranger, without a shilling in the world, nor did I know where I was to sleep, or how I could procure a single meal—I have often thought of telling you my story; and now that we are likely to be for a while uninterrupted, I shall give it vent." He then proceeded, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words.

MY LANDLORD'S STORY.

"My father was a respectable and was generally considered a wealthy farmer in Ireland. I was his only son, and was looked upon as a young man who would one day be heir to a considerable property, as, besides his farm, my father kept a well-frequented inn. He gave me such an education as is easily to be procured in most parts of our country; for, whatever the people of England may think, schools are as plenty and much cheaper there than in this country. As it was understood that I was to assist my father in his business, and, as he seemed to require but little assistance, I did little or nothing from the time I quitted school; at the age of fourteen, until I was in my nineteenth year, when an accident happened that shewed me that I had something else to do than merely to play. My father had been successful as a farmer and an innkeeper, but thought he could make more if he added to these the professions of a corn and cattle-dealer. Now, though he could cast up a reckoning with any man living, he was not quite equal to the multifarious calculations that a large and extensive business require. The result is soon told; he got into difficulties about bills, and soon after died, and it was found that his property, instead of yielding a handsome reversion to your humbler servant, was not sufficient to satisfy the claims of his creditors. Accordingly his house, goods, and stock, were sold, and I was turned at large upon the world, with the suit of clothes I stood upright in, six good shirts in a haversack, a prayer-book, an odd volume of the Spectator, and about fifteen shillings in money.

"One does not like to be poor in the place where one has been comparatively rich, so I took the road for London, determined to be guided by circumstances as to what I should do when I arrived there; and arrive I did, as I told you before, without one shilling in my pocket. When I was crossing London-bridge whom should I meet but an Irish piper that I had often seen in my father's house. I was now sure I had a friend, and all my fears vanished at once. He made up to me immediately, was quite delighted to see me, and ran on with all the blarney that these fellows, who are obliged to truck prayers for potatoes, employ. He pitied me when I told him my misfortunes, but consoled me by telling me, that in London there was no want of employment for a young fellow who was able and willing to work for his bread. He offered to get my shirts washed for me by his wife, who, he was sure, would do much more than that for my father's son, and recommended me to a house, all the lodgers of which were my own countrymen. I cannot say I could take much pride out of my compatriots, for such a set of ragamuffins I never before clapt eyes on.

I called on my friend that night, but found that he and his wife had set off a few minutes after our interview, not forgetting to take my shirts along with them. I never saw my musical friend from that to this but once, and the only satisfaction I got of him was, to give him a beating that barely left the soul in him: so here I was worse than ever, and devil a thing to turn my hand to. Under these circumstances, I can assure you I was a happy man to hear that the Thames had overflowed its banks, and

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that they were hiring Irish labourers to renew the embankments at nine-pence a day, and this was the first work I ever got in London.

This was not a trade for a man to make a fortune upon; besides, in the course of time, we got the river fairly embanked again, so I was then turned adrift to seek my fortune any where I could find it. I was not long idle, for I hired myself to a Battersea gardener, one of the richest and most respectable in the trade, (he was treasurer to Covent-garden theatre by the bye) and with him I worked for a year and a half. The wages of a gardener are, or at least were, small in proportion to that of other trades. The generality of the journeymen were Scotch, who came there more for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the mode of managing hot-houses in England, than of making money immediately, and these were, in the course of a year or so, recommended according to their abilities, to be gardeners or under-gardeners to noblemen and gentlemen who applied to my master to supply them; and he, by a judicious use of his patronage, secured to himself a set of men who, from this motive, were more zealous and active than any other means could have made them. I had not been bred a gardener; but, as I saw that my master was a just and fair man to all whom he employed, I did every thing that labour and industry could accomplish to make up for my deficiency, and I found that I did not lose my reward. One day my master sent for me, and told me that, though I did not understand the business of a gardener, he still had a high opinion of my attention and fidelity; that a friend of his in the wool trade wanted a porter, and he had recommended me to the situation. I made him my best acknowledgements, and lost no time in taking possession of my new office.

This was the best job I had taken in hand yet. The wages were good and the work not heavy, my principal business being to go errands, and sometimes to collect or pay small debts. In the course of time I became a favourite of my employer, and was entrusted with matters of more importance; so that, at last, I became more a clerk than a porter; and more unlikely things have happened, than that I should ultimately have become a partner in the concern, but a cross-grained accident demolished all my hopes in that way. A servant-wench of my master's got with child, and the d—l put it into her head to favour me with attributing the young gentleman to my gallant attentions. I might have been the father, God knows; but, to my certain knowledge, there were two or three at least who had just as good a claim to that honour; so, as I scorned to claim that which might belong to another, and had no means of satisfying the parish-officers, and less inclination to marry the girl, I e'en set off with myself, and left my good place and great expectations.

Our house was in the Borough, so I took myself to the west-end, and having nothing better to do I called on a friend of mine who was head-cooper to a wine-merchant in St. James's-street, to advise me what to do next. He told me that he could give me immediate employment in washing bottles, but that there was a club-house in St. James's-street, which got their wine from his master, which was in want of a cellar-man, and he recommended me to go immediately and apply for the situation. I told him I would take any situation I could get, but that I should wish to know what I had to do. This he explained to me in a very few words—I had only to take charge of the wine, see it bottled, keep an account of it, and it was essential that I should be a tolerable judge of wines, as it would be expected that I should know the various shades of difference of the liquors under my charge—here was a damper—I could just as soon be astronomer-royal to the observatory at Greenwich. I had occasionally seen port and sherry to be sure in my father's house, but that was so seldom and so long since, that I felt convinced that I should hardly know the one from the other. Upon stating this difficulty, my friend made very light of it—get you a good character, my boy, and I'll soon teach you to know wines—you wont be wanted at the house for a couple of months, and, in that time, the d—l's in it, if I don't put you up to something about it.

Accordingly I set off to the club-house and was shewn to the master, who was at that moment under the hands of his hair-dresser. He asked me if I knew my business? I said I did, and so I did, but not the business he wanted me for. He asked me whom I had been with? I named my former master; on which he said, he did not recollect such a name in the trade, meaning the wine-trade,

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but added, that he would send his head-waiter to enquire as to my merits. So far so well, said I to myself, as I left him; but by my soul they'll be at cross-purposes, when the waiter will be talking of the flavour of wine, and my ould master of the staple of wool.

Off, as I heard next day, went the waiter on the word, and over to the Borough he goes, and finds out my master's premises, and beautiful large premises they were; well, says he, this looks respectable any how. Now, my master had a son, who was just next thing to a natural, but poor creature he was harmless, and used to go about the premises with his hair finely dressed, and a gold-laced hat, and plenty of gold-lace on his clothes, and every thing very grand, for dress was his great passion, as it is of most fools, whether they be called idiots or not. The waiter saw this grand looking man, who was, as usual, giving his orders to the workmen and people with great pomp, though they never minded a word he said. They always indeed took off their hats to him, for his father allowed him plenty of money, and if they treated him with sufficient respect, he would not stand on giving them enough to drink. The waiter, as he often afterwards told me, was almost afraid to speak to so great a man; but summoning courage, he went up to him and asked him, with great respect, if he was the managing partner of this concern? "To be sure I am," said Master Billy, "who else should manage it?"—"No offence, your honour," said the waiter, "but a man who has been for some years in your employ wants a situation in our house, and I came to ask your honour as to his character."—"What," rejoined Billy, "my friend James, the very cleverest and best fellow I ever had in my employ; tell your master, sir, that he is in great luck to get such a man; and, as for his honesty, I'll be security for that to the amount of half my fortune;" so saying, he turned on his heel, and began to give his orders in an authoritative tone; and the waiter seeing he was too great a man to stand further questioning, and satisfied with the information he had already got, set off to tell his master what a pearl of a servant he had fallen in with.

I called next day, looking sneaking enough, no doubt, being on a forlorn-hope; but, to my great surprize, was told that, in consequence of the highly flattering character given me by my former master, I was immediately engaged, and I put myself under the tuition of my friend the cooper, who taught me all the mysteries of bottling and taking charge of wine. When my two probationary months had expired, I was able to pass muster before my new master; and before six months were over my head, I got the credit of being one of the best judges of wine in the house. I am sure I deserved it just as well as many gentlemen whose opinions were held as law on that subject; from this, I was often employed by the gentlemen who frequented the house, to buy wine for them, and always to bottle it off. This paid well, and in about three years time I was in possession of more than 300*l.*, with which, and a little money I borrowed, I set up a house of my own, and ever since I have done well. I came to London as I told you without a shilling; I shall leave it with 20,000*l.*, and I owe my success to being pillaged by a rogue, and recommended by a fool.

A MICHAELMAS-DAY SONNET.

Do not despise a thing from outward show—
The sober-suited violet doth exhale
A sweeter perfume, in the untrodden vale,
Than the proud tulip in its fullest blow;
And for mine own part, I had rather know
Sam Rothschild, spite of his so plain attire,
Than the most gaudy beau, whom folks admire
While his slim shanks down Bond-street lounging go.
Therefore, my goose, albeit unthinking souls
Have coupled nought but folly with thy name;
Yet when oblivion's tide above them rolls,
Thou shalt shine lustrious in the lists of fame,
For saving Rome from Gallia's barbarous hordes,
And smoking on Saint Michael's festive boards.

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A SEPTEMBER VISION,

Or, a Short Extract from a Long Poem.

'*Hamlet*—Arm'd, say you?
'*All*—Arm'd, my lord.
Hamlet—From top to toe?
All—My lord, from head to foot."

SHAKESPEARE.

Is it a vision born of Burton ale,
And sponsor'd by the wine-cup and the bowl,
That seems to toddle like a lagging tale
Over the bridges, for a morning's stroll?
Mounted, like Death, upon an old horse-pale—
Not such a one that spurneth at controul
Like that which West has painted—but a steed
That rivall'd Rozinante in its breed.

Behind this Errant—*errand* it should be,
For he did ride intent on the " main chance,"
And not to win an honour'd victory
By flash of broad-sword, or by thrust of lance—
Behind this knight I mark'd strange creatures three,
Thin, thin and lanky, and who seem'd to dance
Attendance on the rider, like the sprites
We see about Giovanni on play-nights.

The horseman was deck'd out afore, behind,
With implements of danger as it seem'd,
For to his back a musket was consign'd,
And on his breast a bran-new shot-belt gleam'd—
New buckskins next his puny thighs did bind—
He was so cap-á-pé that faith I deem'd
The Majesty of Denmark—Hamlet's sire,
Had roused again, to set the Thames on fire.

He was not quite so noble in his style,
And on his limbs no mailed harness hung;
Instead of casque he wore a Joliffe *tile*;
For greaves, about his legs, loose fustians hung;
For gauntlets, dogskin gloves were on the file,
Whilst o'er his shoulder, like a robe, there hung
An empty pouch, which flapp'd at every breeze,
As bagpipes do before the piper's squeeze.

Nor did his " beard" like " sable silver" show,
But rather " grizzled," as young Hamlet said;
As for his visage, zooks, I hardly know,—
I was so startled—if 'twas " pale or red;"
Its " march" was not o'er " stately," yet 'twas " slow,"
And like old " truepenny" at " cock crow" fled,
I thought that hope and fear, and ease and trouble,
Were in its face—I might have seen, p'rhaps, double.

I patter'd homewards, and to bed I hied,
In marvel vast what could this sign pertain,
I rubb'd my eyes, a little stupified,
As though the man had dimm'd my fluster'd brain;—
But still it came—the half-bred it did ride—
Quixote himself—his yelping *doggrel* train—
All came in frightful, villanous array—
Shouting " that every dog should have *his day!*"

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Anon I slept, most people do, I think,
After a night's carouse, or jolly bout,
And 'pon my life I had enough to drink
Before from Richardson's I sallied out:—
Anon I slept—till those old Fogies' clink
Upon St. Dunstan's kick'd up such a rout,
That I did count twelve strokes upon its bell;
I pull'd my own, and that did breakfast spell.

The newspapers are pretty useful things
For idle folks who do not weave or dig,
Nor invoice bales, nor deal in curtain rings,
Nor sell a calf, nor buy a ten score pig;
The newspapers, upon whose "*de'il*" press'd wings
Ride morning's hoax, and evening's brighter rig,
They served my turn an idle hour or so,
And so did billiards—Bond-Street—Rotten-Row.—

And thus, with killing time now here, then there,
The glorious dinner-hour again came o'er,
My toggery set, and burnish'd to a hair,
I traced the ancient banquet-path once more;
But scarce had yet attain'd the smell of fare
When came the vision, horrid as before—
Poor Mr. Gattie ne'er felt half my pain
When thus *my* Monsieur Tonson came again.

But yet a change was o'er the Phantom's hue,
And the pale horse was mottled quite with dirt,
And limp'd as though he'd lost his dexter shoe,
And there were gore marks on the rider's shirt;
His "shining morning face" look'd rather blue,
And all his form seem'd much with toil begirt;
As for the imps, they toddled on behind,
Worse than a boxer when he's lost first wind.

All was for wear the worst—the buckskins—coat—
Save the strange bag—and that (which I did mark
Like bag-pipes ere the wind had fill'd their note)
Was now like bagpipes puff'd by Scottish spark;
And though the parable of beam and mote
May stop me from proclaiming of the lark,
I swear, for they popp'd o'er the said bag's noose,
I twig'd a turkey's tail, and head of goose.

Ah! ah! thought I, the murder's out my lad!
Ive laid the *spirit* which morn laid me,
For in my senses how could I be had
With such a palpable reality?
A Ghost, indeed! why heav'ns, may I be mad
And pickled, dinnerless, in Albion s sea,
If he is not of sport a would-be member,
And this the very *first day of September*.

And partridges were scarce—and so he thought,
Having an eye upon the pot at home,
That all is fish that to the net is brought,
And therefore * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

September 1, 1824. J. S. F.

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THE HUMBUGS OF THE AGE.

No. IV.—Bishop, the Composer.

If any person, gentle or simple, passing along the shop of that excellent fellow, Power, the music-seller, in the Strand, should cast his eyes upon the centre pane of the window, towards Northumberland House, he will see an engraving of a man's head, judiciously erected over a black daub. If by any chance the name of this person be hidden from view, by the intervention of another piece of paper, or otherwise, it will occasion many conjectures among the spectators, to know what manner of man it may possibly be intended to represent. By the countenance it will be decided, that he is a Jew old-clothesman, and the black daub, reaching from his throat to the bottom border of the picture, which a more minute investigation will discover to be intended for an upper garment, will then naturally strike the perspicatious to be a horse-rug, picked up at some pawnbroker's auction, and ambitiously decorated with a clasp and collar, so as to be a rather masterly attempt at a cloak, in the manner of the Landaburians. But then the doubt will naturally arise; why should Power, a music-publisher and an Irishman, stick up, as a decoration of his shop-window, an Israelite from Monmouth-Street or Houndsditch? Your mind then will, by a natural association of ideas, be drawn to think it may be a pig-eyed and lank-snouted Savoyard, who grinds music from a hurdy-gurdy, for the amusement of the miscellaneous population of St. Giles's; and you will wonder why Power should deposit such a scarecrow among his minims and demi-semiquavers. If, however, after having wearied yourself with conjectures, the object which hindered you from seeing the inscription, declaring the name and description of the individual were to slip off, it would be revealed to your optics, that there stood before you no rag-vending descendant of Abraham, — no barrel-organ-twisting itinerant, but BISHOP THE COMPOSER—a humbug of the age.

Who painted the original picture, from which this admirable engraving is taken, we know not, and we thank our stars that there is no likelihood whatever of our ever laying eyes upon it; but knowing what we do about the man, we most sincerely pity the artist who had the manufacturing of such a mass of affectation. Just conceive such a fellow as Bishop—a fiddler's boy, or some such thing, rigging himself out in a costume fit for the Marquis of Anglesea, and endeavouring, as far as the tailor could go, to give a warlike appearance to his footboy countenance. If you look more narrowly at the picture, you will perceive that his clumsy paws are loaded with rings, and that some document, declaratory of his advancement to honours—corporate, we have reason to know, is ostentatiously displayed upon the foreground. *Quelle gloire!* Were we so minded, we should be able, most satisfactorily to all concerned, to explain the whole history of that freedom—why—wherefore—and how it was obtained—but that disquisition is at present irrelevant, and would draw us off too much from the game immediately before us.

The sin of affectation is not a heavy one, and we therefore should have suffered Bishop to make a knight of himself if he pleased, without its calling forth any animadversions from us—or to have worn his rings in his pig-snout-nose, instead of upon his fingers—or to have sported on canvas the freedom of all the cities in the empire, from Bristol to Ballyhooly; but we cannot rest quite so well satisfied under his assumption of the title he tacks to his name. Bishop, the—*composer!*—If Lord Carlisle were to give himself the name of Lord Carlisle the *poet*—if Lord Blayney were to designate himself as Lord Blayney the *general*—(he *is* a general of one kind or another in the army; but there is a difference between generals and generals)—if Billy Hazlit, or any other such brisk young fellow were to dub himself a painter—if Horace Twiss were to get himself exhibited as a sign-board to a chop-house, and call it "The Wits' Head"—in short, if any kind of absurdity could be tolerated, we could tolerate the impudence of Bishop, in calling himself a composer. We have it frequently flung in our faces by our brethren in Ireland, Wales, or Scotland, that we have no national music which is perhaps not quite true, to the extent to which those accusers wish to push the charge; but if Bishop and such folks be taken as the fair standard of our composers, Italy and Germany may

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indeed most safely laugh at us, as being destitute of scientific musicians.

What the requisites to constitute a brilliant or a great composer are, need hardly be recapitulated here. Indeed, they are more to be felt than defined. What Horace so long ago said of a great poet, may be applied to a great musician.

The first requisite, without which all the others are totally unavailing, is *genius*. Without this gift of Heaven, art, though it may certainly do much in detail, never can effect any thing magnificent as a whole. It would, we should think, be throwing words away, were we to deny that Bishop is possessed of this qualification. Look in his face, and you'll acquit him of such a suspicion without another word. If that wise body of people the phrenologists, or, as the Edinburgh-men, with more justice call them, the turnipologers, can find an organ of genius, or music, on Bishop's jobbernowl, their science is demolished as completely as it was when George Combe discovered piety, valour, and philoprogenitiveness in a turnip. What then does he substitute in its place? Why verily the practice of that art which placed Mercury among the gods in the days of the ancients, and would place a mere mortal at the bar of the Old Bailey in the days of the moderns, if practised upon the grosser elements of earthly affairs — *videlicet*, STEALING.

Of course Bishop is in no danger of being compelled to hold up his hand for pilfering, there being no court of assize for the punishing of musical misdemeanours. He may make free with Haydn's notes with much less danger than with the notes of the dread old lady of Threadneedle-street, and run up a score, at Mozart's expence, without being liable to a charge of swindling. But IF such a court *did* exist, what a culprit would he not be in its eyes! We called him a humbug on this especial ground; Mr. Bishop, the *composer!!* What has he ever composed? The answer is ready, short, and tangible—NOTHING. He has not even given a song of his own. As for an opera, he could no more compose one than he could leap over St. Paul's—and he is equally incapable of a mere overture. During the war, while the continent was sealed against us, he did very well. We were most miserably ignorant of the compositions of the continental musicians, and Bishop, and fellows like him, revelled at their ease. They had nothing to do but to copy by handfuls, and John Bull was gulled most satisfactorily with rehashed music. Things went to such a length, that Tom Cook actually brought forward an opera under the title of "Music Mad," which was note for note "Il fanatico per la Musica," and it was rapturously applauded, and obtained for the pilferer a high name in the musical world. In the same way Bishop plundered, at his right hand and his left. Whole overtures, which pass on the frequenters of Covent Garden as very fine and original pieces of music, are either taken by wholesale from foreign composers, or else snapped up a bar here and a bar there, dove-tailed together in a most bungling manner—such a manner, indeed, as would raise the hair on the head of the original composers, could they be present at the barbarous murdering inflicted on their ideas by the botching joiner. As for songs—he has taken the airs of different countries (chiefly from published sources,) acknowledging them where the thing was too palpable to be concealed; but when there was any chance of the concealment being feasible, boldly clapping on the title-page "Composed by Henry Bishop, Esquire."—Esquire we say, for the gentleman is an armiger—a 'Squire of high degree—being well-intitled to such distinction, from the honour of his birth, the excellence of his education, the glory of his rank, and the elegance of his manners.

We labour under a great disadvantage in not being able to print specimens of his music, contrasted with the passages of the composers from whom he has stolen them—and we know that a mere *verbal* indication of such things is quite useless; but we propose a fair test. Let Bishop, or any of his friends, appeal to ten consecutive bars in any composition bearing his name, which he can claim as his own; and we undertake to point out the very quarter from which the better part of them was stolen, in less than an hour. This is fair. Or, against next month we shall draw up, if it be thought worth while, a list of his productions, and opposite to each put down the place from whence they were *conveyed*, as the wise call it. We know that his library of musical books is large, and that he is a pretty diligent student; in other words, that he has a keen hawk's eye for his prey; but still we should be able, from our general knowledge of music, and our particular knowledge of his peculiar

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studies, to unkennel him in double-quick time. It is, we own, a task which we should not be unwilling to be engaged in, for really the existence of claims such as his to be set at the head of our music, and to be considered as a sort of sample of the English school, renders us quite contemptible in the eyes of foreigners. We felt not a little nettled a year ago at Leipsic, when we were speaking of the large sums paid annually in England for the cultivation of music, at having him immediately flung in our face, with the caustic observation from an old German bass-viol player, (whose name it is needless to mention) who, furiously ejecting a volume of smoke from his whiskered lips, exclaimed, "Potztausend! it only shows that you proud islanders have more money than wit, to pay so dearly for the cast-off-clothes of us continent-men, patched and botched by Herr Bischoff."

We hope that this stigma will soon pass away, and that the real musical genius of the country will be called into action. It is such folks as Bishop that keep it down. Men of merit, who know his utter incompetency, are shocked at seeing him, and others like him, patronized and puffed, and retire disgusted from the arena. We may attribute to this, chiefly, the undue patronage of the blackguards from Italy, which is conferred on them by the frequenters of the opera. We have not good public music at home, and people of musical taste, or what is the same thing, people who pretend to musical taste, are obliged to look abroad. The cunning foreigners, knowing this, act accordingly, and demand their own prices, which they usually get. There is no subject, perhaps, for which we are more quizzed on the continent, than our excessive gullibility on this head. Our neighbours do not know that they are to thank the exertions of those who, by one trick or another, have got to the head of the musical world here, and now hold their throne by the great potency of brass, though long since discovered and scouted.

Having only to do with Bishop as a composer, in which point of view he is a most eminent humbug of the age, we are of course silent on many other topics which we might have introduced, had we so pleased. We have often laughed, for instance, at his mock importance, and the airs of a grand seigneur, which he gives himself in company. There is something irresistibly comic to us, who know the man's whole history, in his airs; we do not mean his musical airs. It is as good as a farce to see him lugging about his black servant, every where he goes, after him, even if he shall be only going to take a cut of mutton tête-a-tête with an acquaintance. And the style in which he calls for "*my* servant," at table is *so* good. These things, however, are nothing to us. Let him enjoy his folly in private as much as he likes, but we cannot so easily swallow his palming off old music on us as new. We should almost as soon swallow, as true, the boasts which he makes of his success with the fair—boasts which, in spite of the trouble he takes to make them credited, we hold, from the very tailorly look of the man, to be as untrue in *all* cases, as we know them to be in *one*. As he is a musician, it would be a pity to part with him without a song, which we are sure he will set with his usual genius and originality. He will only have to copy poor Harry Carey's "Sally in our Alley." So—

1.

Of all musicians in the town,
There's none like Harry Bishop,
Not one, I bet you half-a-crown,
A song so well can dish up.
None better can a bar from one
And bar from t'other fish up,
Than that fine Hussar-mantled don,
Composer Harry Bishop!

2.

Some people cry up gay Mozart,
And others cry up Handel,
Some take antique Corelli's part,
Some Haydn's bantlings dandle.
I don't these foreign thrummers quote,
But give them with a pish! up;
Is not their music note for note
As good in Harry Bishop!

3.

He, who good food at home can find,
And yet can wish to wander,
I care not who may know my mind,
I hold him but a gander;
Let foreign masters then alone,
And let us throng to *his* shop
Who makes their several beauties known,
As works of Mr. Bishop.

4.

In Oxford, sophs and freshmen spru ce
Will mull their quarts of claret;
And then, with savory orange-juice,
In skilful style prepare it.
This is *their* Bishop—but I swear
That, serve it as they wish up,
'Twill not be such a mixture rare
As the hotch-potch of Bishop.

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5.

Long may he, then, in triumph reign
O'er famous Covent-Garden, *
The rival fame of Drury-lane,
With proudest scorn regarding;

For as above the tribe of Ben
Arose the son of Kish up,†
So o'er the tribes of pilfering men
Soars Henry Humbug Bishop.

So exit Episcopus.

Next month, the Rev. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, Bibliomaniac.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A MISSIONARY GOING TO THE WEST-INDIES.

DEARLY-beloved brother, as you now have been called from the lap-stone to the ministry, and are sent to regenerate the poor souls in the West-Indies, I have thought it my duty to draw up for your instruction a few general rules, which I have carefully derived from the practice of your predecessors in that saintly office, and their honourable and right-honourable patrons at home.

1. It is to be taken for granted that every West-India planter is your enemy, and lest it should happen to be the contrary, you are to do every thing to render every member of that body in particular, and the whole body itself, in general, dissatisfied with your conduct. Assuming it at all events, and you know that they have no reason to love you, you are to proceed in your operation against them as you would against open foes; or, rather, as you would against mad dogs. You recollect well what the quaker did against this class of canine society. *He gave them a bad name.*

2. You, therefore, in the progress of your hostility, are to scrape up every story which has been, at any time, invented against the planters. And as these tales have unfortunately, in most instances, been proved utterly false, and in all instances have been so often repeated, that as A. Baring—a malignant, observed in the House of Commons, they are now *stock* stories, a sort of spiritual Joe Miller; you cannot do better than exercise your own genius in the invention of new anecdotes. In this you will but resemble your elder brethren, the idle monks of the good days of monkery, who were ordered by their superiors to occupy their leisure hours in composing new miracles for the honour and glory of their patron saint, whenever the public taste happened to be glutted and satiated with the old stock on hand.

3. When you go to the West-Indies you will see a well-fed, well-lodged, well-clad, and in general well-disposed peasantry. You will see that they are lightly worked, and allowed an immensity of leisure time. You will learn that their old age is provided for, and their sicknesses and infirmities remedied or consoled by the care of their masters. This will afford you a finer theme to work upon. You can say that your heart sickens in you when you see human creatures reduced to the humiliating condition of the beasts of the field. You can call them, poor blinded creatures who eat, drink, and sleep, work and play, lie down and rise up, without perceiving that they are in the most cruel bondage, loaded with the heaviest chains, and lashed by the most savage of cart-whips. You can contrast them with the happy peasantry of European nations, where a man is made to feel that he has political rights by being called on to pay his share towards the general government, and not compelled by any thing but hunger to work more than twelve hours a-day. The food of the negro you may judiciously undervalue by comparing it with that of the Irish labourer, who subsists on the proud-sounding viands of solanum tuberosum, seasoned with the muriate of soda.

4. Look carefully about you, and you will be very unlucky if you do not find in some estate in your vicinage an idle or refractory slave, who would much prefer, as is quite natural, partaking of the extract of sugar in its distilled state, to giving himself the trouble of culti-

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* Since we wrote the above, we find that Bishop has been ejected from Govent-garden.

† This note we give for the benefit of those whom he was seeking on the day Samuel found him, viz. Saul.

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vating the aforesaid product of the earth in its vegetable existence. By judicious observation you will discover, that the overseer of this gentleman will be so unreasonable as to imagine that his master ought to get some return for the expense he has been at in rearing, feeding, housing, and clothing him; and finding all arguments to fail, will, like the old man in that venerable manual from which you have derived your chief instruction, the celebrated treatise of reading made easy, try what virtue there is in blows, and remonstrate accordingly with his man. You must instantly take notice of this; you must paint his bleeding stripes; you must enter into all his lacerated feelings; you must bring in his wife and children weeping over his fate; you must depict the round drops chacing one another down his innocent face; you must dismiss him from the diabolical lash, with wounds upon his back, and curses, not loud but deep, against his unmanly and ferocious tormentors. Carefully note his pathetic speech as he is sent to work. He will probably say, "me damn good tickle from Massa." Which you can thus expound. "Yes," said the proud-spirited, and much-injured African, "he whom your barbarous institutions have designated my master, as if human liberty could be sold, has inflicted upon me a punishment fit only for the damned." It will have a good effect in a report.

5. As a proof of the degradation of the negro, mention that the peasantry of an estate are always called "gangs." Mr. Adam Hodgson has been very pathetic on this subject, in his late tour through the United States. If you had read Gil Blas, you would perceive that he has taken the hint from the indignation expressed by the popular players of Madrid, at having their associations called "troops."

6. In speaking of the tyranny of the planters, always remark that such practices are unknown in any civilized society. There are two or three cases of cruelty, exaggerated to be sure, but that is the regular way, actually on record, which make the most of; keep them as your rear-guard, to be called on whenever any doubt may be cast on your own stories. If your antagonists retort, that every Old Bailey sessions, every circuit through the kingdom brings forward cases far worse than the worst of these; if they adduce, for instance, Mrs. Brownrigge, as a parallel case to Mr. Hodges, say that these are but individual instances; and that they have nothing to say to the general question. Should they in turn object, that *your* individual cases also have nothing to do with the general question, you must say that they are unfair reasoners, because these things ought never to be looked at in the abstract.

7. Be particularly pathetic on the lash. You know that its use is now abolished—but that is no consequence. You can say that such an instrument never was used in any Christian country. Keep your thumb upon the fact that the soldier who fought at Waterloo is flagellated by a drummer, and that the general who commanded, or the statesman who directed, the campaign had, in all probability, suffered similar infliction in the seat of honour from the birch-wielding lords of Eton or Harrow.

8. In your sermons preach particularly on the natural equality of men. Choose as texts such passages as these in which the Israelites groan under the oppression of hard taskmasters, and especially applaud the conduct of Moses in smiting the Egyptian. Do not forget also to enlarge on his spoiling the Gentiles. Praise the spirit of Ehud in sticking his knife, haft and all, into the body of Eglon; and if there happen to be a fat man among the planters—a thing not very likely just now, give a knowing wink towards him, which will be understood.

9. You will recollect the old story of the fellow of a college who was a little oppressed with debts, and happened to see a bailiff under the hands of the youths of the university, suffering the usual punishment of pumping. Ah, said the disinterested master of arts—do not, I beseech you, nail his ears to the pump. I need not tell you how the hint operated. So, though you can put good thoughts into the heads of the negroes, you must always most strenuously advise them to keep quiet. You can say, brethren, you are oppressed—basely, brutally treated—your oppressors are in your power—they have no chance against you—but do not burn their plantations—ah, dear brethren, do not, I beg, nor cut their throats. Such was the conduct of the lamented Mr. Smith.

10. You must have two characters of the blacks at your fingers' ends—one for home—one for the spot. For English consumption, the blacks must be the

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finest and most intelligent people in the world—for West-India use they must be besotted, stupid, and not to be believed on their oaths; you will know the reason of this advice.

11. If the cares of your ministry oppress you, there is no reason why you should not solace yourself with your female congregation. Baptize and cohabit with them, as has been sworn to have been done by the reverend Mr. Elliott. You are entitled to this little recreation, for, as Mr. John Gay remarks in his book of devotional poetry—

When the heart of a man is oppressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears.

12. Write letters constantly to the African Association of your proceedings. Libel all around you, for the honour of God. If your libels happen to come into court, never mind it; Hatchard must stand block; and if need be, go to jail; we shall call the affair a most lamentable occurrence—make no reparation—and cushion the author, as we did in the case of Sir James Leith's aid-de-camp.*

13. Do not ever let yourself be seen drunk, for that might create scandal among the heathen. However, Sangaree is not to be avoided, and there is no need that you should shun the creature-comforts.

Dearly beloved brother, I stop here for the present, having given you a baker's dozen of precepts, out of compliment to the memory of that departed saint Smith. Act up to them while waiting for others—and you will not fail to attract the applause of the good and pious, as your gifted brethren before you.

I am, dearly beloved brother,
Yours, in the bond of humbug,
Brompton. EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

BROWN BETTY.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives ——————"—OLD BALLAD.

"YES, I certainly am in love, devotedly, enduringly, ardently in love—immersed over head and ears in its never-tiring whirlpool! and yet mine is an attachment rather aspiring than romantic; it is not of the earth, earthy; it soars into the middle world, and is concocted of the elements. I grovel not upon the ground in my likings; mere flesh and blood, the painted cheek, and the blue meandering vein are not the assailants upon my sympathy; mine is a devotion for a less sceptical delight; they may wither, and change in their progress, mine is of perfection all compact; if it fail this moment it shall be renewed in freshness the next, and its relish and spirit shall be to-day, as yesterday, it was matchless and beautiful. Its impression upon me is lasting as life, and it shall be said of me, that it "glistens even in the dying eye." Reader, I, John Barleycorn, am in love, and the object of that warmest of passions is, not Wilhelmina, nor Anna-Maria, nor Laura-Matilda, nor the "divine Dorothea"—not "Sydney's sister," nor "Pembroke's mother," nor "the fair Cordelia," nor "Rosalind," nor even "Rebecca," or "Flora M'Ivor,"—not these—but she that "I love the best, O most best," she "my most dear lady" is—Brown Betty—

Run, run ye swains, and carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste the unexpressive she!

Her dwelling, and she is named after it,

* This story is not known as much as it ought to be, but it affords a pretty specimen of saintly honesty, justice, and candour.

In the Tenth Report of the African Institution, a most infamous libel on the gentlemen, connected with the old charge of negro cruelty, appeared. There was not one word of truth in it; no, nor any thing bearing the semblance of truth. The aggrievous parties brought their action against the bookseller, Hatchard, of Piccadilly, and obtained damages. He put in, naturally enough, an affidavit in mitigation, stating that he had anxiously sought the author, but in vain, for the Directors of the Institution screened their congenial fabulist. The Judge justly remarking that it was a wicked fabrication, which it would be a shame to screen from justice by such a plea, gave it no attention. Hatchard paid the fine, the saints laughed at him, and Master Stephen, in his speech, in 1817, called it "a singular and unfortunate case." It is indeed *unfortunate* that any body of men should think fit to cover a liar; but in the case of the saints, nothing *singular*.

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—is a brown jug, curiously wrought about with tracery, more eloquently descriptive than are even the architectural adornments of antiquity Instead of the carved Corinthian capital, or the Doric basement, we have, marking its orders, and substantially embossed, the stately stag-hunt, or the daring fox-chase —the vicissitudes of the high-mettled racer, or the fortunes of the fowler; or, best of all, looking like a jolly sign-board to good cheer, an inspiriting alarum to love, there sits the glorious personification of Jack Falstaff, the "honey-seed rogue of the tavern," or some as glorious portly fat friar, like him of "Orders Grey," or merry Father Paul, who deemed "the bottle the sun of his table," and toasted the "blue-eyed nun of St. Catherine's." It may be that her "house-top" shall be occasionally tipped with a silvery cornice, like a girdle of diamond round a dark beauty; but for mine own part, I who seek not the pomps and vanities of show, prefer her in the simplest gear, and always deem her, as was Lavinia in the Seasons,

"When unadorn'd adorn'd the most."

As for herself, she is a *combination*, and a form indeed; and the perfume of nations is in her breath. Earth and waters, those mighty elements, do amalgamate for her creation, and the sweetened toast, and the luscious "home-brewed," that might be said to form her dainty body, are of them. Then cometh the east with its wise-offerings, its twice-voyaged madeira, its fruits, its spices, whilst the bounteous south droppeth its *spirits* into her lap, and these form her warm heart, and her cheerful countenance, whilst the bubbles of their might dress her up in a sparkling coronet. Her hiss is impregnated with all the spices of Arabia, and her warm embraces wrap the devoted ones in an *intoxication* of delight. She cometh in all her glory, and is most divine, when hospitality spreads his feast-board, and friendship mustereth his guests. She standeth like a creature of kindness by the side of the more airy, but less potent daughters of Champagne or Xeres; and though foplings—they who deem their own clime and its products too vulgar to be acquainted with—may affect to slight or despise her country habits, yet the good and the wise consider her of exceeding price, and the sweetest solace for the fatigues of labour, or the cares of life.

I never was jealous of her potency but twice—can all bridegrooms assert as much of themselves and their dulcineas? and then I did feel the twitchings of the green-eyed monster, and trembled at her supremacy.

It was, as now, the sportsman's jubilee, and the first week in September, and there was a merry muster at the squire's mansion, and there had been terrible havoc among the partridges o' mornings, and we sat down at eve to the board of plenty, a happy party of us. There were two Londoners, champagne and hock men, and who had never been introduced to my Betty, but the wench entrapped them at the first ogle, they fell in love at first sight, and they swore —Londoners swear sometimes—that Jupiter must have had a fine day's sport in Olympus, and in the best possible humour imaginable, had sent down his nectar to his chosen followers, for they swilled potations pottle deep, and

"Sweet Kitty Clover she bother'd them so."

But let that pass—I am no informer, but I was angry with Betty for the disguise she put upon such worthy gentlemen.

The brown lady's other step of infidelity is a still more modern one. She actually set her cap the other day at the leader of a recent music-meeting, and two or three of the very first professors engaged, and I trembled for their integrity—for the fame of a C——r, the correctness of a S——o, or the brilliancy of even the divine S——n, for she too received my dear one with complacency, and from my hands. I bethought me of the wrongs that Mozart, and Rosini and Webb would suffer. I saw that crotchets and quavers were in jeopardy, and I rated Betty in my mind for a Calypso. This time, however, I had interest enough to arrest the potent spell, and after making myself pretty considerably comfortable in her embraces, I had the satisfaction afterwards, of finding that she had only given an additional grace to the fiddle-strings, a clearer note to the talented individuals with whom I had enjoyed the pleasure of "hob-a-nobbing" at my relation's table.

And now, ye good men and true, that have the wisdom to read this Magazine, I beseech ye to believe that this which I have spoken is an "owre true tale." If there be one amongst ye that would wish a less paradoxical recipe for the composition of my Betty, say the word, and it shall be provided; for I dare say you have long since discovered that

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"the celestial, my soul's idol, the most beautiful Ophelia" of my likings, is none other than a brown jug of ale, powerfully impregnated with that which "maketh glad the heart of man"—in short, and to end this eventful history, an improved edition of the tryste-cups and wassail-bowls of antiquity,—and which, though you may

"Doubt that the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
Oh! never doubt I love!"

Sept. 3, 1824. JOHN BARLEYCORN.

MACBETH.

WE should gladly lay a wager of a rump and dozen with any frequenter of the theatres, or reader of Shakespeare, that he would not, in five minutes from the date of laying thereof, tell us Lady Macbeth's name. The vast majority of the public imagine that she is just the wife of a baronet of that name, and make no scruple in swallowing the idea of a *lady* of the fashion of a lady-mayoress, in the days coeval with our Saxon dynasty. Now *we* shall tell it without farther scruple—it was Gruock, the daughter of Bodhe—words much more Celtic than harmonious.

How do you know, somebody will say, that her name was Gruock? The answer is ready. We have, in the chartulary of Saint Andrews, read a charter, granting to the Culdees the lands of Kyrkenes, by Macbeth and his wife. And as it may amuse the Shakepearians, the curious in Culdees, and folks fond of bloody stories, we shall translate the document, which we imagine has never been done before.

"Macbeth, son of Finlach, grants, to obtain their prayers, as does Gruock, daughter of Bodhe, the king and queen of Scots, Kyrkenes, to Almighty God, and the Culdees of the aforesaid island of Lochleven, with its meres and boundaries. These are the meres and boundaries of Kyrkenes, and of the village which is called Porthmokanne; from Moncloycodhan to the river Leven in breadth—and from the high-road which leads from Hinkerkethy to the stone of the Hibernians in length.

"And it is called the Stone of the Hibernians, because King Malcolm, son of Duncan, granted them the Salt-pit, which, in Scotch, is called Chonnane. And the Irish came to Kyrkenes, to a man of the name of Mochan, who was absent, and no one was in the house but women, whom the Irish violently ill-treated: not, however, without shame and modesty. The event having come to the ears of the said Mochan, he hastened home as soon as possible, and found the Irishmen there in the same house, with his mother. And having frequently exhorted his mother to come out of the house, which she did not by any means wish to do, but desired to protect the Irish, and obtain peace for them; the aforesaid man, in revenge of their great outrage, burnt them manfully, as insulters of women, barbarous and sacrilegious, together with his mother: and, on this account, the place is called the Stone of the Hibernians."

Machbet filiis Finlach contulit pro suffragiis orationum, et Gruoch filia Bodha, rex et regina Scotorum, Kyrkenes, Deo Omnipotenti et Keledeis prefate insule Lochleune, cum suis finibus et terminis. Hic enim sunt fines et termini de Kyrkénes, et villule que dicitur Leuine; et hoc in latitudine: Item, a publica strata que ducit apud Hinhirkethy, usque ad Saxum Hiberniensium; et hoc in longitudine: et dicitur Saxum Hiberniensium, quia Malcolmus rex, filius Duncani, concessit eis salinagium quod Scoticé dicitur Chonnane. Et venerunt Hiberniensis ad Kyrkenes, ad domum cujusdam vire nomine Moshan, qui tunc fuit absens, et solum modo mulieres erant in domo, quas oppresserunt violenter Hiberniensis; non tamen sine rubese et verecundia: rei etiam eventu ad aures prefati Mochan perveuto, iter quam citius domi festinavit, et invenit ibi Hiberniences in eadem domo cum matre sua. Exhortatione etenim matri suæ sepius factæ ut extra domum veniret (quo nullatenus voluit, sed Hiberniences voluit protegere, et eis pacem dare;) quos omnes prefatus vir, in in ultione tanti facinosis, ut oppressores mulierum et barbaros et sacrilegos, in medio flamme ignis, una cum matre sua, inviliter comburit; et ex hac causa dicitur locus ille Saxum Hiberniensium.

This must be allowed to have been a touch worthy of the "perferridum ingenium Scotorum," and a proof of the early fame for obstreperous gallantry of our neighbours of the Emerald Isle.

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A TRIP TO THE NORE IN A STEAMER.

In one of my perambulations, my course lay in the neighbourhood of Ratcliffe, a place devoted to the sports and pastimes of the sons of Neptune; for Jack, "in this piping-time of peace," must fain content himself with these straits, and the neighbouring shores of Wapping, for the scene of his gambols and wayward fancies; not, however, without a sigh for the faded glories of Spithead and Plymouth Sound.

Often does thought recal the glorious days of Gosport's prosperity; when, in his freaks, he melted gold and silver watches in a frying-pan, buttoned his jacket with seven-shilling-pieces, or lest he might be thought ever to have fought under false colours, embroidered with gold-lace the back of his waistcoat as costly as ever was the front.

The days, however, when Spanish galleons, and French Indiamen, yielded as prizes to Jack's intrepidity and courage, have passed away, and he is, in consequence, obliged to carry less sail.

He has, notwithstanding, lost nothing of his good-humour and native gaiety. With hands in the pockets of his short jacket, he rolls along with as lordly a gait as if he had just landed on leave after a signal discomfiture of the enemies of his country. He is the same merry companionable drinker of grog and brown stout, as profuse of his chink, while it lasts, (for he was never any thing of a financier) and as grotesque in all his actions and propensities as he was when in the zenith of his affluence.

Of this I had an instance on the occasion alluded to. A crowd of people, collected in the centre of the street, rendered it impossible for me to pass, so that fixed to the spot where I stood, without any power of extricating myself from the circumjacent mob, I became a spectator of an unexpected scene. A number of sailors, with flowing cans of beer in their hands, were most vociferous in calling for a coach, until a jarvey and a jarvey-man (it is a great impropriety of speech to confound the terms,) was found to answer this pressing demand. The party was too numerous to be stowed away in one. The first, which may serve as a specimen of the rest, was thus freighted: — Three ladies and three gentlemen-tars graced the inside seats, while several juvenile branches of the party occupied the centre, alias, the intermediate space between the knees of the seated ladies and gentlemen. Two buxom damsels, from the vicinity of Limehouse, aloft in state upon the dickey, sat profusely ornamented with wedding favors, and two lusty coal-heavers, whom Rotherhithe called her own, lay extended at full length upon the roof.

The bridegroom, a rough sturdy veteran, took the helm, where he gave his orders to the coachman as despotically as if he had been a captain on the quarter-deck of a first-rate, "Haul in your starboard brace,"—"Wear the bark,"—"Mind you come not near, or we shall be on our beam-ends,"—"Keep a good look-out." Indeed, with whatever stability the vehicle might have been constructed, it had now, either from old age or ill-usage, become so infirm in all its members, as to require much skill to turn it (surcharged as it was upon this occasion) without incurring a fracture, which would have ended Jack's revels for that day. What, however, with the orders of the terrene pilot, and the adroit obedience of the charioteer, stimulated by the approving smiles of the ladies on his right and left, the jarvey was "put about," without having spilled any of its contents, and drove off at full speed, followed by a loud cheer from some hundred voices, a mark of approbation not unnoticed by the helmsman, who immediately hove to, and ordered mine host of the "Jolly Tar" to produce a butt of Truman and Hanbury's best ale, to put a tap at each end, and allow all his cheering friends to drink at discretion; in which joyous occupation I left them, to embark on board a steamer for the Nore.

By the delay I met with, in my way to the water, I had nearly lost my passage, for I did not, like Mr. Belcour, attempt "to brush away any obstructors with a rattan," thinking it more than probable "the sturdy rogues would take it in dudgeon," and return me the compliment with usurious in-

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terest. On my arrival at the stairs, whence I was to take my departure, I found a various group of aquatic adventurers eager for a transit to the packet; and, after the usual squabble between passengers and boatman, as to exorbitancy of price, which ended of course to the advantage of the latter, I got into a wherry, which the avarice of its owner had so overloaded as to endanger his own proper person as well as those of his passengers, and it soon became one of a raft of boats similarly freighted. In a moment the vociferations of the watermen, anxious to discharge their cargoes in hopes of procuring others; the screams of ladies, affrighted and quite certain of being drowned; at least, and perhaps not less apprehensive of not being able to get on-board before the vessel got under weigh, combined to produce a scene admirable to all true lovers of the sublime, as according to Napoleon, "*entre le sublime et le ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*" Most of my readers have, without doubt, seen drawings of a trip in "a Margate Hoy;"—"A packet taking a lurch;"—"The Midshipman's Birth;" but, though they have seen all these and more, I promise them a signal treat, should Cruickshank sketch "the boarding a steamer."

Safely on board, however, we arrived, in spite of all the "moving accidents of flood or tide," and soon found leisure to admire the ornaments of our boat. We gazed with admiration on the prow, where was a highly-finished figure of Venus, who seemed, as at her birth, to spring from the water that surrounded her; on either side we admired the carved zephyrs, with cheeks like cherubims in country churches, and in a broad streak, which graced the ship, our mythological propensities were gratified by her intrigue with Mars; Neptune presenting her son Eryx for congratulation after a successful pugilistic combat; Paris offering the golden apple to the divinity of Paphos, in preference to Pallas and Juno, for which he received the hand of the most beautiful woman in the world, and other remarkable and novel incidents of her history, which completed this well-executed zone, to the great comfort of the cockney classics. In the centre of the stern, moreover, was represented an altar of Venus, covered with roses, myrtle, and apples; with swans, doves, and sparrows hovering in the air, and on one quarter was a figure of Cupid in relievo, and on the other a similar one of Adonis. Under the altar this motto.

"Omnia vincit amor et, nos cedamus amori."

The Venus of London,

And, as a gentleman near me observed, she was a "Venus indeed."

Six other steam-vessels got under weigh with us, which being joined by several yachts, formed a flotilla not inferior in appearance to that of an Italian regatta, or even of the squadron of the Doge of Venice himself, on a voyage to marry the Adriatic. Our band, with that pleasing effect which music has always on the water, played "Rule Britannia" as we passed through the numerous tiers of ships that lined each side of the river, which form a forest no where else to be matched. Greenwich Hospital is an object that could not be passed unnoticed. It is one of those which is never seen without awakening sentiments of no ordinary character. When I recollected that this was a favourite resort of Queen Elizabeth, and my fancy recalled to mind the gallant Raleigh spreading his gay mantle on the beach, for her to tread on as she disembarked, perhaps at the very stairs which now lay before me—or reviewed the circumstances that placed that prince upon the throne of England, by whom it was appropriated to its present purpose, and now contemplated the veterans of the Nile and Trafalgar spending the residue of a life, devoted to the service of their country, in ease and affluence, at the expence of that best and most excellent of masters, John Bull. My heart warmed with affection for the worthy old gentleman, who so amply provided this splendid asylum for his superannuated and disabled servants.

Clear of the impediments of the river, several sets of quadrilles were formed; and, as I always wish to make the best of any situation I may chance to be placed in, I became one of a party, dancing to the music of La gaza ladra. Opposite to me stood a short swarthy disciple of Crispin, who first saw the light some sixty summers since, and like January in Pope's or Chaucer's tale, contrived to procure a young and beautiful girl for his partner, presenting in their united figures the charming contrast of spring and winter. In truth, the gallant knight of the awl and bristle was not undeserving the prize, for he

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danced as merrily through the chaine Anglaise as heart could desire, with his new-shod feet, which were not of the circumscribed dimensions which ordinarily fall to the lot of mortals. He beat time with unerring precision, much in the fashion of a performer on the big drum, and ever and anon, with a grace peculiar, snapped his middle finger and thumb, an admirable substitute for the castanets; nor did he scruple to express his disapprobation of Rossini's music, his favourite air being "Money in both pockets;" which, I understand, he practised with such success at his working bench in the City, that he has now retired to one of the outlets of London, to exhibit his proficiency to his less talented, or less fortunate neighbours, who, burning with envy, as is common with this many-headed monster, harping on this innocent though ostentatious propensity, have dubbed him "the purse-proud cobler."

In one of the side couples was a young Frenchman, who, by the buoyancy of his entre-chats in the cavalier seul, attracted general attention. The fascinating smile and self-sufficient air with which he led his partner through the demie queue de chat, convinced me of the design Monsieur had already formed on the tender sensibilities of his fair partner. In his countenance was an unequivocal expression of confidence that the charming object of his regards would, before long, fall into his arms, like Psyche in Matthew's representation of the French ballet-master, overcome by the united powers of love and music. Whether his anticipations were ever realized I am sorry it is not in my power to relate. As an honest historian, however, I think it right to state, that were I to judge by the style of the lady's dancing, I am fully persuaded she was likely enough to have made a "faux pas."

Immerged as we were in the business of a quadrille, we were not entirely so taken up with capering, that when it was announced a full stop was put to our evolutions by

A SUMMONS TO DINNER,

which was so promptly obeyed by the party who were for the most part of that class who are described as "fruges consumere nati," that though I had the precaution to provide myself with a dinner-ticket, when I got into the cabin I could not find even standing-room, a misfortune which did not befal me when I went to see Irving. Whether this unseemly appetite was attributable to the keenness of the sea-air, the exercise of dancing, or the natural constitutions of my shipmates, (they were determined that I should not have an opportunity of calling them my messmates,) I will not take upon me to decide. Of this, however, I am certain, that a person less travelled than the Peripatetic would probably have lost his dinner, but in this dilemma I had recourse to the clerk of the kitchen, a portly broadfaced personage, whose waist was distended to unconscionable dimensions by the force of good eating, and copious libations of malt liquor. For he assured me, that he never used the deleterious distillations of foreign parts, convinced they did not tend to a wholesome digestion of English roast-beef and plum-pudding, however salutary they might prove to consumers of frogs and fricasees, at the same time casting a most contemptuous glance upon a French assistant, employed in compiling some such bonne bouche, and who was as complete a contrast to the cook, as Pistol was to Falstaff. I had to no purpose exhausted all the arguments my ingenuity could invent, to induce this trusty guardian of the pantry to share with me the good things he had reserved for his own use, and was about to retire in despair, when, to my inexpressible astonishment, the little meagre Frenchman began to dance about like one possessed, accompanying himself with a volubility of song commensurate with the rapidity of his steps. The suddenness of the action, the gesticulations of the performer, and the novelty of the thing, altogether, quite confounded me; when, however, I recovered from my surprise, I noticed that every verse concluded with this chorus, "TOUJOURS FAIS BOIRE, *Monsieur le Cusinier*," which I apprehended was an extempore explosion of his own composition, and so suited to the occasion that I took the hint, by proposing a pot of ale, which was no sooner poured upon the crater of the cook's stomach, (which he easily accomplished at a single draught) than the whole man was changed.

He began to express his regret for my disappointment at the general table, but told me if I could content myself in his cabin he would undertake to provide

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me a substitute; and, indeed, he was as good as his word, for a better dinner I never partook of; after which I returned to the great cabin to take my wine, where I found a great proportion of the company taking ample revenge on the bottle for the deficiencies of their dinner. The arch glances and smothered laugh of the waiter, induced me to take my seat near the party which evidently afforded him such amusement. It consisted of several city apprentices, who had escaped from the slavery of the counter to make a holiday. A sailor after a cruise—a dog after being emancipated from a week's confinement in his kennel—a pickpocket just liberated from a treadmill;—monkey escaped from his keeper and chattering among his fellows, in his native woods, can give but a faint idea of the freaks of these gentry on a day's pleasure. The presiding genius of the group was an attorney's clerk, whose commands, and the entire conversation of the party, were heard in all parts of the ship.

Champagne would have been the order of the day, but the waiter, an arch fellow, who knew his men, gave them Bucellas, which the limb of law swore was Lafitte's best vintage, for he had drunk it frequently at the *caffé de mille colonnes*, at Paris; dilated most eloquently upon the excellence of French wines, French manners, the fascinations of the women, and intimated pretty roundly the conquest he might have made, had it not been for his ignorance of the language. In the midst of this harangue the waiter presented the bill, (these fellows think short accounts make long friends) when, to the dismay and utter discomfiture of the president, the wine was named Bucellas, and charged seven shillings. "This, waiter?" said the clerk, looking as wisely as an owl peeping through an ivy-bush, "this surely is a misnomer." The waiter looked round to notice if all his auditors were of the same opinion; an interchange of looks convinced him to the contrary, and he persisted in the correctness of the item. A general laugh followed, and the president was extinguished. In talking, singing, and drinking, this party contributed to the hilarity of the meeting, until the young gentlemen fell off into their evening siesta. And, by the same time, the second bottle had so operated on myself, that perhaps my description of the remainder would be more spirited than true.

THE PERIPATETIC.

THE SAINTS DISCOMFITED.

THE most detestable of all humbugs, that of hypocritical piety and saintship, is now, thank God, on the highway to be utterly demolished. Collyer —— we dare scarcely befowl our pages with his name—Fletcher has behaved so flagrantly, that even his own party are ashamed of his shameless prevarications, and his blasphemous appeals to the Deity, to witness the uprightness of his conduct—his impudent and daring appeal to God, before his congregation, that he was innocent as a child unborn, of the very guilt he had himself expressly confessed to. The third of our precious saints, is the Rev. Docter Quarry, of Cork, a clergyman, we are grieved to say, of the church of England, who, as chairman of a Bible Society meeting, last week, refused—pointedly refused to allow manifest lies to be contradicted—simply, because it militated against his saintly party. This same holy rector, Dr. Quarry, we ourselves have actually heard put, from the chair of a similar spouting assembly, a resolution, "That a vote of thanks be given to Almighty God, for his gracious support of the Irish Evangelical Society,"—and after taking a show of hands on the resolution, declared it was carried!!! Good, pious, and holy men, God save the mark! These fellows are all the while either hunting after fame like Dr. Chalmers; or to get their sins pardoned (cheaply, like the Earl of Roden; or to come in for the loaves and fishes like Burder, Waugh, Owen, Ward, Carey, Collins, (the Glasgow Bibliopole); and all the secretaries, treasurers, &c. of the humbug societies, for ostensibly spreading christianity, but in reality for most sinister and dark jobbery. We have a test in reserve for them, which will bring to light the Achan in the camp, and expose the pious pickings of these devils, saints, as they ought clearly to be called.

W. G. S.

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ON MR. CAMPBELL'S FORTHCOMING POEM, REULLURA.

(From a Correspondent.)

TILL now, dear Bull, I frankly own
I never could endure a
Poem, that had a name so hard
As Campbell's Reullura.

But now my thoughts are alter'd quite,
And Mr. Colburn's sure a
Lay cannot fail to please the town,
Whose name is Reullura.

I'm told the bookseller has got
Odontists ten, to cure a
Jaw-breaking feeling, which one gets
In saying Reullura.

But while his readers gnash their teeth,
Tom quietly will pour a
Ballad of fifty stanzas long,
Whose theme is Reullura.

This pretty word means "Pretty Star,"—
So Campbell doth assure a
Few folks who read the Chronicle,
About sweet Reullura.

But if the word means what he says,
I never knew so poor a
Substitute for a pretty name,
As this of Reullura.

One really must procure a bump
Upon the *mater dura*,
The *organ of pronouncioness*,
For naming Reullura.

A name so hard was never heard,
From Gallowgate to Jura;
As that sweet name which Tom has got,
To christen Reullura.

But soon as the New Monthly's out,
I hope you will secure a
Copy to set the town in fits,
About our Reullura.

I hope 'tis like the Ritter Bann:
And if it is, I'm sure a
Finer humbug was never known,
Unless 'tis Reullura.

Sir Walter Scott will look but blue,
And on the phiz of Moore, a
Most jealous tinge will come, when he
Peruses Reullura.

Rogers will look as he were dead,
And cold as *aqua pura*,
Southey will scratch his laurelled head,
Through spite, at Reullura.

But now my rhymes and page are out,
I'll end with Taralara,
One huzza for the Ritter Bann,
And ten for Reullura!

Blue-Posts, Sept. 29th.

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MIDNIGHT POTATION.

Dedicated to NATHAN DRAKE, *M. D.*

SIR,—I have taken the liberty of dedicating the following short essay to you, as a small tribute of gratitude and respect for your amiable Noon-tide Leisure, which has suggested to me the idea of composing it. You will perceive that I have merely altered a word here and there, but in general have stuck to the spirit of your opening chapter. I am, Sir,

With much esteem,
Your humble servant,
JOHN TOMKINS.

* There is no part of a summer's night, in town or country, more delightful, perhaps, to the contemplative man, than are its midnight potations, provided the fervency which usually attends spirituous liquors be sufficiently attempered by the grateful contrast of cold spring-water and odoriferous lemon-juice. All nature, indeed, seems at this sultry season sunk in lassitude, and an universal stillness reigns around, deep as may be expected to wait upon the noon of night. It is then we fly to rum and water and lemons, whose comparative serenity, whilst it breathes a delicious lassitude through every nerve, singularly disposes the mind not only to the full indulgence in the glorious bowl, which vies in shape and magnificence with the orb of day; but to the indulgence of those hours and associations of thought, which spring from, and luxuriate in the realms of fancy and meditation.

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* As Dr. DRAKE'S NOONTIDE LEISURE is not as much read as it deserves, we beg leave to subjoin the opening of his work in a note, that our correspondent's full obligation may be duly appreciated.—EDITOR.

"THERE is no part of a SUMMER'S DAY in the country more delightful, perhaps, to the contemplative man, than are its NOONTIDE HOURS, provided the fervency which usually attends upon them, be sufficiently attempered by the grateful contrast of protecting shade. All nature, indeed, seems at this sultry season sunk in lassitude and repose, and a universal stillness reigns around, even deep as that which waits upon the noon of night. It is then we fly to woods, to waters, and to caves, whose comparative coolness, whilst it breathes a delicious balm through every nerve, singularly disposes the mind, not only to the full enjoyment of the scenery itself which secludes us from the blaze of day, but to the indulgence of those trains and associations of thought which spring from, and luxuriate in, the realms of fancy and meditation.

"Mindful, therefore, of the soothing influence which we owe to the sheltered solitude of a *Summer's Noon*, it may prove no unpleasing task, nor one altogether void of moral instruction, should we enter somewhat minutely into a detail of the pleasures, feelings, and reflections, which a retreat of this kind is calculated to supply; more especially as relating to the impressions resulting from its *scenery*, from its tendency to dispose the mind to *musing* and *reverie*, to the enthusiasm of *poetry*, the charms of *philosophy*, and the consolations of an enlightened *piety*.

"In no circumstances, indeed, can we be placed where, from the power of contrast, the sensations springing from the gloom, the depth, and breezy coolness of aged woods and forests, are more coveted or more fully enjoyed than when the beams of a vertical sun are raging in the world around us. It is then, that, in the beautiful language of Virgil, we are ready to express our eager wishes, and exclaim,

O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!
Georg. lib. ii. v. 488.
Hide me, some God, where Hæmus' vales extend,
And boundless shade and solitude defend!
SOTHEBY.

a passage which Thomson, who studied the Roman poet with the happiest taste and emulation, adopting a wider canvass, has expanded into a picture which seems, whilst we behold it, to breathe the very freshness of the living landscape. He is describing the hottest hours of noon:

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Mindful, therefore, of the soothing influence which we owe to the agreeable suavity of a punch-bowl, it may prove no unpleasing task, nor one altogether void of moral instruction, should we enter somewhat minutely into a detail of the pleasures, feelings, and reflections, which a composition of this kind is calculated to supply; more especially as relating to the impression resulting from getting muzzy thereupon, the tendency of which is to dispose the mind to musing and reverie, to the enthusiasm of poetry, the charms of philosophy, and the consolations of an enlightened piety. [*Hear! Hear!*]

In no circumstances, indeed, can we be placed clear from the power of contrast; the sensations springing from the breadth, the depth, and breezy coolness of aged rum and water, are more coveted or more fully enjoyed, than when the thirst of an unmoistened gullet are raging in the world within us. It is then, that, in the beautiful language of Virgil, we are ready to express our eager wishes, and exclaim,

O quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi.
Sistat, et ingenti RUMMORUM protegat umbra.
GEORG. lib. ii. v. 488.

Would that I were by some cool fountain laid,
All underneath a punch-bowl's murmuring shade.
SOTHEBY.

A passage which Thomson, who studied the Roman poet with the happiest taste and emulation, adopting a wider canvass, has expanded into a picture which seems, whilst we behold it, to breathe the very odour of the bowl. He is describing the most active part of the night.

Thrice happy he! who, on the steaming side
Of a rum-antic bowl, with ladle crown'd,
Over a whole collected club presides;
Welcome, ye limes! ye lumps of sugar, hail!
Ye waters cool! ye venerable rums!
Delicious is your tipple to my soul.
As to the hunted hart, the sallying spring,
Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbaged brink.
SUMMER.

If any thing were wanted to paint it in yet stronger terms, the intense gratification which, with other adjuncts of the same kind, potations strong and deep as this affords, when nature pants, as it were, beneath the pangs of thirst, no where can it be better drawn, than from a sketch presented to us by Mr. Gisborne, who, in describing a peasant-boy watching, unsheltered, his master's kine, during the fervor of summer-noon, represents him overcome by the sultriness of the hour, as falling asleep and dreaming of what is directly opposed to the throbbing heat which burns within his bosom. It is a delineation full of merit, and illustrated in a manner which touches some of the finest feelings of the heart.

Thrice happy he; who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected "gloom" reclines.—
Welcome, ye shades; ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Summer.

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Panting, bare-headed, and with out-stretch'd arm,
He sleeps; and dreams of brandy's amber flood,
Of rum, Jamaica, whiskey's diamond tide,
Gin, juniper freshness, and cool ale at eve;
So, when in slumber, the poor exile seeks
A pause from woe, delusive fancy's hand
Presents each object of his fond desire.
He reads the joyful summons to return;
Beholds the bark prepared, the swelling sail;
Hears the impatient seamen murmur; grasps
The pendent rope exulting; climbs the deck;
Skims o'er the wave, and hails his native shore.
Walks in a Forest; Noon.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.

OMNIBUS, &c. We are now approaching the confines of light, after struggling through the Cimerian gloom which the warm rays of the sun cast over our literature in the hot weather. We may say with the devil, ugly customer as he is—

O sun, we tell thee that we hate thy beams, and we feel now as if we were about to emerge into the twinkling of the literary day, which

Shoots far into the bosom of dim night,
A glimmering dawn.

London too is beginning to show some faint symptoms of returning life, of which Covent Garden affords the earliest pulsation. Meanwhile we must flounder on as well as we can through the unsteady footing afforded us, with head, hands, wings, or feet, swimming, sailing, wading, creeping, or flying—any thing in fact to being alive.

We perceive that we are in a great vein for quoting Milton, and shall, therefore, pull up without farther ceremony, and occupy the few pages of our Magazine left to us by writing not the blank verse of an old poet, but the remarks of ourselves, who are merely modern prosers. We shall wipe off our debts to our correspondents, who have thickened upon us this month, beyond all wish or expectation. And, as we have alluded to Covent Garden above; upon honour we did not do it to bring in our observation, like the fellow who told jokes. "Talking of a gun," we shall first say a few words to a most esteemed correspondent, (whose town address we have unfortunately mislaid), concerning articles

"If any thing were wanting to paint in yet stronger terms the intense gratification which with other adjuncts of a similar kind, umbrage dark and deep as this affords, when Nature pants as it were beneath the dazzling deluge, no where can it be better drawn than from a sketch presented to us by Mr. Gisborne,* who, in describing a peasant-boy watching unsheltered his master's herd during the fervor of a summer's noon, represents him, overcome by the sultriness of the hour, as falling asleep and dreaming of what is directly opposed to the throbbing heat which burns within his bosom. It is a delineation full of merit, and illustrated in a manner which touches some of the finest feelings of the heart.

Panting, bare-headed, and with outstretch'd arms
He sleeps; and dreams of winter's frosty gale,
Of sunless thickets, rills with breezy course,
Morn's dewy freshness, and cool rest at eve.
So when in slumber the poor exile seeks
A pause from woe, delusive fancy's hand
Presents each object of his fond desire.
He reads the joyful summons to return;
Beholds the bark prepar'd, the swelling sail;
Hears the impatient seamen murmur; grasps
The pendent rope exulting; climbs the deck,
Skims o'er the wave, and hails his native shore.
Gisborne's Walks in a Forest; Noon.

* We beg pardon, but we must enquire of the Dr. whether a peasant-boy can be said to be *watching* his master's herd while he is *asleep*? Is it not rather inclined to a bull? If so, we like it better for the name's sake.

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about theatrical matters. We accept his offer with due limitations. We willingly leave it to Benbow and Company, to wage war with the private characters of the gentlemen and ladies of the theatres, which, God knows, in too many instances, are open enough to queer remarks; but we agree with our friend, that some vehicle should exist in which something like truth should be told concerning their *public* merits or demerits; at present, there is none. Those who know the *inside* of newspapers, are well aware that there is not one of them in which the editor, or proprietor, or the reporters, for even *they* have some small shred of patronage in this domain, are not bound to some particular house, or some particular actor. To take an instance, the whole controversy concerning the talent or want of talent of Kean may be seen with half an eye to have been got up on both sides without the slightest reference being had to the principles of sound criticism of any kind. Party—part political, absurd as that may seem to be; and part local, gave the tone to the whole.

In magazines it is much the same. Those of Edinburgh being out of the way, sensibly enough refrain from mingling much in theatrical details, but even they do their occasional puffs upon the players—generally fifty-fifth raters, who happen to come among them. It is most delightful to see the occasional critiques in one of the papers of the modern Athens; we forget its name; written by Jemmy Ballantyne, which beat every thing ever heard of out of the field. *Here*, every magazine, without exception, is under controul. The managers and actors mix so much in that class of society from which the magazines are drawn, for indeed the theatrical folk are generally much decenter, and always much richer, men—that impartiality cannot be expected; to say nothing of corrupt pecuniary influence. The London, for instance, is the same thing as in the pay of the English Opera. We, therefore, who are quite out of the theatrical world, and are perfectly indifferent about the great people who meddle in such affairs, will open our columns to our correspondent, or to any body else, who will, for the first time, do the public the justice of writing the truth on this subject, without humbug or mystification.

LOUISA's love-verses have been received. They will hardly do for us. We have no doubt that their fair author will find a place for them in the Lady's or Ackerman's. What have we to do with

> Come to me, thou much-loved youth,
> Come, the hour of bliss is nigh,
> Come, in honour, love, and truth,
> Come, or else thy bride must sigh, &c.

We can only say that she is a very *cunning* young lady. Does it never strike writers of love-verses that an excellent mechanical test of the poetry would be to try if it will read as well backward as forward, as the above.

> Come, or else thy bride must sigh,
> Come, in honour, love, and truth,
> Come, the hour of bliss is nigh.
> Come to me, thou much-loved youth.

And if the experiment succeeds, ought they not to suspect that their verses are not ballasted with good-sense, else they would not be so easily overset?

P. N. is not only ignorant but impertinent; and if we discover, as we in all probability shall do, his real name, we shall show him that we know how to tickle a malefactor who beards us in our den.

The BILLINGSGATE MELODIES do not shine in wit. There is a little power of fear displayed in the introductory prose, but the MS. Magazine of Merchant Taylors should consist of better things than such stuff as

> "I'll in," says Betty Bowers,
> "I'll in and take some gin;
> For I expect some showers
> From Donkey's horrid din.
> For Donkey
> He did bray
> All on his way
> To Billingsgate.
> The lion's jaws she entered—— &c"

Young gentlemen ought to be better employed. He who writes about donkeys, should reflect for a while whether he is himself not copiate in some respect with the objects of his muse.

From some expressions, however, in the letter signed "Peter Salmon," we should have no objection to hear again from "the large red brick building deep in one of the narrow streets of the city, bounded on one side by Thames-street and the brewery of the Borough champion, and on the other by plodding Eastcheap."

We must again repeat, that we do not intend to fill our pages with reviews, and, therefore, decline the very clever one on Dr. Mac Culloch's excellent

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Tour through the Highlands of Scotland; this we do with reluctance. We decline also the trashy puff on Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller; This we do with the greatest pleasure.

"A RUM ONE" must pardon us when we tell him that he is "a milk and water one."

CHRISTOPHER will see he has been attended to. R. F. in our next. We have no objection to a CARTHUSIAN'S promised translations, only let them not be too lengthy.

We shall conclude this article with a spirited song by a friend, who stands us on this occasion instead of a herald.

To our trusty, and well-beloved Friend, the Editor of the John Bull Magazine.—These come greeting. It giveth me much satisfaction, my hearty and loving subject, for so to you (under favour) do I owe my revivification—must I call you; it giveth me much satisfaction, that I have at last found, in the land of Cockaigne, a champion able and willing to throw down the glove in my behalf, to maintain and practice my ancient rights, to proclaim unto the death my indisputable sovereignty. A canting spirit on the one side, and an affected one on the other, odious and horrible as the pestilential birds of fable, have too long been permitted to flap their noxious wings in the face of jolly wisdom; insomuch that the plump, cheerful dame, was hardly able to sit in her arm-chair, and scarcely dared to grin her delight at the farce of life, enacted about her. Hypocrisy, with her army of self-taught preachers, almost "poor-souled" her to her grave; whilst finical and fashionable abstinence nearly brought the old soul to death's door, without giving her a struggle for her mortality. But the day of regeneration is arrived, and the shout of "up, up and be doing," hath gone abroad from the south even unto the north, and the east and the west winds shall do my bidding. My "regular pewter quart" shall take its glorious stand again, and the "brown jug" shall "foam" its spirit forth in the high places, and at the jovial feast board. My monarchy shall again flourish in the year of ante-cant twenty-four.

JOHN BARLEYCORN,
Commonly called *Sir* John Barleycorn.

Burton Ale-house, 1 o'clock, p. m.

1.

EDITOR of John Bull,
Friend of the bottle,
Shout with glad voice and full,
Cite each wet throttle.
Come away, worst and best,
Hark to the summons;
Come from east, come from west,
There's no "*short commons!*"

2.

Come from the deep "*shades,*"
And "*cellar*" so steaky;
The topers, and flash-blades,
Are at Cock-a-Leeky;
Come every *shag-coat,*
And true heart that wears one,
Come every gay note,
And clear pipe that cheers one.

3.

Quit dull cheer—shirk small beer,
Cut wine and water,
Come and bring deftly here,
Magnums to slaughter,
Leave undrunken the tea,
The "*made wine*" untasted,
At "*commerce*"—*rearté,*"
Let old maids be basted.

4.

Rush as the camels rush,
For drink in Sahara,
Come as the waters gush
Adown Niagara;
Faster come, faster come,
Come and be mellow,
"Corinthian"—"kiddy-rum"
"Tutor" and "Fellow!

5.

In the roll—in the roll—
Gay are our musters,
High is the wassail-bowl,
Pipes are in clusters.
Warm or cool—now fill full
Pass chaunt, or story—
Editor of John Bull,
Now for our glory!

Meanwhile we pledge their healths in brimmers full,
And sip ourselves, the

EDITOR OF BULL.

With this song, in the prayer of which we coincide, we have done, first chaunting a bellman's verse:
Begging all reading people to remember,
That we shall come before them in November,

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RHYMING POSTSCRIPT.

One Percival has in the press a History of Italy,
And Dibdin has some Comic Tales—I hope they're written wittily:
Our old friend Vandoncourt will give us all his Spanish Letters,
And Horace Walpole's *friends* the trash he has written to his betters.

The Travels, too, of General the Baron Minatoli
Will soon be out—I hope they won't, like other folks, prove his folly.
Then Patterson upon the Spleen, and Mills upon old chivalry,
And Foster's Manuscripts from Locke, and other learned drivelry,

And Southey's Hist'ry of the Indies, (I don't mean the Laureat)
Which Bob won't give the Quarterly, and Gifford leave to worry at,—
Are in the press—along with an original Nosology;
And old Monsieur Lamarck's New Illustrations of Conchology.

A quack, called Gilmore—and Mr. Bowditch's Madeira,
And Surgeon Babbrooke gives us, in his tome upon the Ear, a
Most famous way of curing folk, whose hearing has departed;
And for the sake of all deaf men, we trust it has made a mint o' tin.

A. Wilson promises some tales we know not grave or merry,
And Sir R. Hoare will give a book all about Heytesbury,
Mr. Powlet is engag'd in writing Letters on the Trinity,
And this one book is all that comes beneath the head "Divinity."

Then Cochrane tells us how he liv'd for two years in Columbia,
A Hermit comes from Italy—and next we are struck dumb by a
New volume of Miss Seward's Letters, which, we think, will never sell at all;
Der Freischutz comes the next in order—but we cannot tell at all.

How one can ever get a rhyme for Morini's Monumenta,
Or Wentworth's Australasia, unless we could invent a
New set of words that one might use on difficult occasions.
We hear that Dr. Eastmead has made Sundry Observations

On a Hymen's dew—and some Outinian on the Drama,
In publishing Remarks which will be quite enough to damn a
Man's reputation evermore for sense: and Astley Cooper
Is soon to have his Lectures out; we hear some barrel hooper

Will write some trash about the Wines of Germany and France,
And a new book on Duel, which is printing, will advance
Our knowledge on that charming art, which few can practice twice.
And we're to have some Fire-side Scenes—I hope they will be nice.

And Mr. Galt has Rothelan, a Story, in the press,
And some one else has Naval Sketches printing—I confess
The title pleases me much more than Lambert's Genus Pinus,
A word which comes most luckily for me to rhyme with thine.

Some verses of the grove, like Southey's Thalaba, require a verse-mouth to read them
—otherwise they might be taken for a hobbling sort of prose. But even if they were, good
readers, you need not break your hearts about it,—Need you?

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THE

JOHN BULL

Magazine.

VOL. 1. NOVEMBER, 1824. No. 5.

FURTHER SPECIMENS OF THE NEW JOE MILLER.

OUR last set of specimens had their due effect. In every sense of the word they *sold* well; and that being the case, we should be rather absurd if we did not continue them. As we have not now the necessity of writing a prospectus, or preface, we shall double our dose, and solace our readers with four-and-twenty jests instead of twelve.

1. BASIL MONTAGU.

Every body knows that Basil Montagu, the lawyer, is a son of the late Earl of Sandwich. Jekyl observed him one day hastening out of court, and asked him where he was going?—"Only to *get* a *Sandwich*," was the reply. "Aye," said Jekyl, "*turn-about is fair-play*."

2. PICCADILLY.

George Colman driving lately homewards through Hyde Park corner, observed an apple-stall just by it. "I see," says he, "they have made Piccadilly like a Roman supper. It begins with *Eggs*,* and ends with *apples*."

3. PUN JUDICIAL.

The Roman supper suggested another pun to old Sir John Sylvester. A thief, who was convicted before him, was proved to have commenced his career of vice by egg-stealing, from which he proceeded to other acts of depravity. "Yes," said Sir John, "*ab ovo usque ad mala*."

4. TWO KINDS OF TENDER.

Mr. Garrow was once cross-examining an old woman, who was witness in a property cause. He wished to elicit from her that his client had made a fair tender to the opposite party, which had been refused, but was not able to get it out of her; on which Mr. Jekyl wrote, on a slip of paper, and threw across to Garrow, these neat lines:—

Garrow forbear—this tough old jade,
Will never prove a *tender* maid [made.]

5. Y. Y. Y.

The first article of the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, No. 92, ends with the following sentence:—

"Heaven preserve our country! when its children are taught to strip themselves naked, that their enemies may obtain their clothing, and to throw themselves into the flames, that they may avoid the pinching influence of the northern blast; and when they are, moreover, taught that this alone is knowledge, light, and *wisdom*."

[Signed] "Y. Y. Y."

"A very appropriate signature," said John Murray, when he read it, "and quite in keeping with the last word, for where should wisdom come from but the *wise*?" [*y's.*]

6. BIBLICAL COMMENT.

In the 109th Psalm, the 18th verse, are these words:—"He clothed himself with cursing as with a garment."—

* The gunsmith at the head of Piccadilly.

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"Pray, sir," said a lady to the Irish chief-justice Bushe, "what is the meaning of that expression?"—"Evidently, madam," replied his lordship, "that the person alluded to had a habit of swearing."

7. OFFENCE AND DEFENCE.

Adolphus was once examining an officer, who had been assaulted in the dusk of evening by three or four ruffians, whom he was prosecuting. The lawyer wished to shew that the light was too obscure to permit him to identify his assailants properly. The officer still swore point-blank, and said, "that he could not be mistaken in their faces."—"What, sir," said Adolphus, "do you pretend to say that you had leisure, in such a scuffle, minutely to examine their faces?"—"Mr. Adolphus," replied the witness, "if you had studied the art of *defence* as much as you practice the art of *offence*, you would know that when a man is engaged in such a contest, the face is the part he ought to look at."

8. DIFFERENCE OF CONJUGAL TREATMENT.

Old Hunter had a great aversion to bald-headed women, and used to declare, that if he, after marriage, discovered that the lady, whom he had married, had deceived him by false locks, he would part with her. "No," said Baillie, in his broad accent, "I wad rather advise ye to *adhere* [add hair] to her."

9. MISS BAILLIE.

When Talma was in London, one of Miss Joanna Baillie's plays was performed. The old lady sat in full dress in the boxes, to witness the soporiferous effects of her tragedy. Talma did not know who the author was, and enquired. He was told that it was that wise looking dame in the boxes. Her name? Baillie. "*Bien nommée*," replied Talma, "for she has made us all *bailler*." [yawn.]

10. PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

One of Shelley's most unintelligible poems is called 'Prometheus *Unbound*.' "Very properly," said Luttrel, "for it is a volume which, I am sure, will never be seen out of boards."

11. THE BALLS OF THE MORNING POST.

Question,—

Why does the office of the Morning Post
Those gilded bubbles as an ensign boast?

Answer,—by SAM. ROGERS.

An emblem of itself is thereby seen,
Tawdry without, and empty all within.

12.

When the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh was forming its rules, one of its members enquired who should be their London Bookseller? "It's no a quastion to be askit," said Andrew Combe, "it maun be the mon in *Hol*born, *Bump*-us, in respect to the doctrine."

13.

Tom Moore's 'Irish Melodies' were first composed by Sir John Stevenson, a lord-lieutenant's knight in Ireland, but afterwards the composition was transferred to Bishop, on which Horace Smith observed, "that though the change of a *knight* for a *Bishop* might be good play on a chess-board, he doubted if it would conduce to the interest of the musical *exchequer*."

14.

Counsellor Isaac Bethel, of Dublin, the gentleman who lately made himself a little conspicuous by saying, in an Irish court, on seeing Mr. Canning leave it just before he got up to speak, "that the right honourable gentleman had done wrong in going away at that period, when he was about to hear a favourable specimen of Irish eloquence," like a great many other great men, happened occasionally to get a little into debt. While in a predicament of this kind, he happened to be met by a creditor, whom he in vain had endeavoured to avoid. Bethel was mounted, and the unpleasant friend advanced, who, however, was not anxious to open his communication at once. In order, therefore, to glide into the conversation gradually, he began to praise Bethel's poney. "It is very pretty, indeed," said he, "but rather a queer colour."—"What colour *is* it?"—"Why," said Bethel, "they tell me it is sorrel, but I think it rather near a *dun*. Good morning, sir." And so he rode off.

15.

Old General Oglethorpe had once been taken prisoner by the French and confined very closely. His sufferings, on this occasion, formed for him a standing story, in which he introduced one strange assertion. "Our food," he would say, "was poor enough; it was

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nothing but *pomatum*."—"Why, sir," would be often exclaimed, "*pomatum!* the thing's impossible;" which the old general would cut short by saying "possible or impossible, I say it is a fact, and I do not understand being contradicted." Of course, this put an end to the discussion.

But, on one occasion, a friend ventured to ask him if it were common pomatum, and how it was made? "Why," said the general, "sometimes, when we would be in luck, of bread and water, but commonly of horse-beans."—"Oh, sir," replied his friend, "that is *panada*."—"Aye, aye," cried the general, "you say right—panada, panada—curse my stupid head—it was panada I meant all the time."

16. LORD SHIP.

Lord Lowther, at the commencement of the anti-jacobin war, made government the magnificent present of a seventy-four, fully-rigged, equipped, and manned at his own expense. This was one of the chief reasons which obtained for him the continuation of his honours in the line of his cousin. The choice of title was, as usual, left himself, and he was divided in mind as to which portion of his estates he should take it from. He consulted Kemble on the occasion, who told him, "that indeed it was little matter what name he chose, because," added the tragedian, "if you be made a peer at all, you will be perpetually addressed by the name to which you owe your honours, for every body will call you lord-*ship*."

17. MILITARY CREED.

When the 89th regiment had taken up their ground, prior to the battle of the Falls of Niagara, part of the light-company, who had been in advance in the former part of the day, were dressing their dinners in a house hard by, the good woman of which happened to be of the evangelical persuasion, and was much scandalised by the profane swearing that accompanies most of the operations of that respectable corps. She found it necessary to rebuke them for their sinful discourse, and told them, at the same time, that, as soldiers going into action, profanity was more inexcusable than at any other time, "for," argued she, "suppose your head was to be carried off by a cannon-shot, where would you go, do you think?"—"O," replied one of the lads "make yourself aisy about that, ma'am, when a soldier's head is carried off in action he's in heaven before ever the devil knows that he's dead."

18.

An officer of the 100th regiment having overdrawn on the paymaster, was refused further supplies; but, having by him a bill drawn twenty days *after sight*, he had retained it until the twenty days were elapsed, when, coming to the paymaster, and throwing a scrap of dirty paper, which had been soiled and chafed in his pocket for three weeks, he said, with great complacency, "There 'tis, I don't care a d——n for you; there's a bill for twice the sum I owe you, and its out of sight too."

19. CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Captain Gordon, —th regiment, on his homeward-bound voyage from India, had rather a stormy passage; and, observing that an old gander, in the coop, always made a great noise before a gale, at last hit upon an expedient to have the remainder of the voyage calm and smooth. "That gander," said Duncan, (for he was a Celt) "always cackles and brings on a gloom, now if *she* would just kill her there would be no storm at all."

20.

A noble peer, who shall be nameless, had a matrimonial dispute with his lady, who exercised her talons on him so effectually, as to leave visible marks on his physiognomy. His lordship complained of it the next morning to Commissioner Johnson, telling him, that if he had not interposed the curtain between his face and his lady's fingers, he would have fared worse. "That was good generalship, on your part," said the commissioner, "to retreat between the *curtain*, when you were worsted at the *ten-naïlles*" [ten nails.]

21. PERILS OF MAN.

When Hogg had announced his "*Perils of Man*" for publication, Mr. Miller, the bookseller, remarked, "that he had often heard of man throwing *pearls* to *hogs*, but never, till now, of a Hogg being about to throw *perils* before men."

N. B. He must have a Scotch mouth who would wish adequately to repeat this pun.

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22. PILLARS IN FRONT OF CARLTON PALACE.

As you turn down your footsteps through Waterloo-place,
The pillars of Carlton's famed palace you face,
Their order's Ionic, their row very fine,
As like straight grenadiers they stand forth in a line;
But just venture to ask them "Pray what brings you there,
"My good pillars?"—They'd answer—"Can't say, we declare."

23. FERDINAND THE SEVENTH.

Tom Moore was dining, a few days ago, at the Duke of Sussex's, in Kensington Palace, when the conversation turned on Ferdinand the Seventh, and his obstinacy in continuing in his old course of action, in spite of all the ill-consequences which had hitherto attended it. "I wish," said the duke, "Ferdinand was better inclined to *advice*."—"Why, really, please your royal highness," replied Moore, "I do not know what *vice* he has to *add*."

24.

George Goule, the well-known blacksmith of Glammis, was, like other greater men, a little subject to the contests of his wife, who generally exerted her power over him by assuming airs of prescience. Whenever any thing went wrong with *him*, the lady would say, "Aye, Geordie, that a' comes o' no takin' my counsell. I tell't it to ye afore." George grumbled sadly under this discipline, but had nothing to say against her. At last, however, a mare, sent to be shod by him late at night, was stabled in the smithy, and, in the morning, George went, as usual, to his work. He speedily returned in despair. "O, Kate, Kate," said he, "a' clean over wi' me noo. The curst beastie o' a mare has eat up my anvil, and I'm just disht for life."—"Ay, Geordie," replied Kate, in her usual tone, "ye wad put her in the smithy. This a' comes o' no takin' my counsel. I tell't it ye afore."—"The deevil ye did Kate," said the husband. "Why then, my woman, ye tell't a fie, for the anvil is no eaten ava."

Thus endeth the second dozen, which is also the third dozen:
Next month, unless you vote the thing a bore,
Good readers you shall have two dozen more.

GEOFFRY GROWLER TO JOHN BULL ON HIS SINS.

Being Considerations of Lord Byron's Chapter—Tim Tickler's Letter—The Humbugs of the Age—Dr. Kitchiner—Lord Dillon—William Farren—And an Enquiry concerning the Nature of the Cockneys.—To which is appended, a New Ballad on Magazines, to the old Tune of "When this old Cap was new."

I HAVE somewhat to say unto thee, John—were it not that I judge thee to be a good fellow, with a tolerable allowance of sense, spirit, and, above all, impudence, I should not waste any time or trouble upon thee: but, liking thy physiognomy, I would gladly lend a finger to remove any little disfigurement, any tiney freckle, which, however insignificant, might still impair its beauty. Although I laughed outright at Tim Tickler's twaddling, fudge-like remonstrance, there is one reason why the chapter of that unhappy specimen of earthly corruption, Lord Byron, should not have been printed, I mean for her sake who had the misfortune to be his wife. Now, John, if you are a married man (if you are not, be so good as to imagine yourself one for a few moments) how do you think Lady Byron must feel, if she knows this abominable record lies open, for the vulgar mirth of all the pot-boys, and milk-maids in London, who can read, and (laud be to Lancaster) all can? I say, John, what do you imagine may be her sensations upon learning, that the sacred secrets of her marriage-bed have become the common jest, and herself the common topic of conversation among all the giglers in this huge metropolis, the very footmen in her own family sniggering under her nose as they wait upon her? I'll tell you what, John, in my humble opinion she ought to have had

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you poisoned before the appearance of your next number, and even still look to yourself, John, and take care who sweetens your coffee; this is my reason for objecting to the publication of the chapter.

Tim Tickler is enough to make a raving methodist feel himself outdone, or the devil die of a nausea, when he talks of trampling and tearing the bare breast, and bruised heart of Lord Byron—as for the trampling, (that is, the publishing) did not the *noble* lord write the thing for the public? and if your tramp had been half as heavy as his own, we should have had all the foul accumulation, which years had gathered in his heart, swelling up under our nostrils, from the pressure of your hoofs; we should then have had all his blackness poured out at once, not doled out to us mercifully in doses; as for the bruises of his heart, who knows where he got them? did he know it himself? unless, indeed, they were inflicted by those insupportable misfortunes, rank, wealth, and beauty; and, finally, as for the bare breast, why Tim is certainly growing old and oblivious, or he could not have forgotten, that his lordship bared it himself long ago, in his best tragedy manner, for the inspection of all comers and goers; and God knows, no one was particularly gratified by the insight. I suppose now they will call this trampling upon the dead! but no, John, it is not the *man* upon whom I tread, but his sins, and I would I could crush them out from remembrance.

I think, John, you have "assumed a position," as Buonaparte used to say, very like that of Ishmael in the wilderness; your hand is against every man. With all my heart, hand and foot too if you will, it will make more sport; play at foot-ball with the humbugs, there is no better fun going; kick them hard, John; your toe is a lusty one, and should have fair play, but you are hard, I must say, upon Kitchiner; and then to rate him at sixty! Truly, John, I have known him since I was a crack, and can swear, if necessary, that he is on the right side of fifty. Believe me it is a serious thing this depressing middle-aged men into elderly gentlemen to *them*, John; it is certainly no joke. I wish that you had spared Kitchiner, humbug though he be, for he had his lick some time ago from Blackwood, and rough enough it was, to have fretted all the skin from his bones; it did for his works I am sure, and laid them as bare as my Lord Byron's bosom; but the doctor, I perceive, has contrived to give his Cerberus a sop, and induced his critic to oil his tongue before the operation of any succeeding licking to be performed upon the gastronomic, astronomic, optical, musical, medical, quack of the day.

Another growl at you, John, and then I believe I have done with you for the present; your rhyming reviewer, in your first, has accused Lord Dillon of writing a "bundle of havers" in the shape of a novel called "Clorinda," in one volume; such an assertion, John, proves that the reviewer had not read the book which he favors with such a sweeping condemnation, and this circumstance, in my opinion, savours somewhat strongly of humbug! what say you? Lord Dillon's book is called Rosaline de Vere, is in two volumes, and though his general opinions are not exactly those as by law established, or which I would wish to see pass current, yet, in spite of the wise heads which shake in holy horror at innovation, there are some good things to be found in them. I do not recollect that he defends the immolation of Indian women, but I know the man, and take my word for it, John, if he does, it is not only because he believes the sacrifice voluntary on the part of the victim, but also from a feeling of the most intense and painful tenderness. His notion of the mystic union of man and wife is too solemn, and too dignified, and perhaps he is led to greater lengths than he would otherwise go, by his rooted abhorrence of second marriages, which are in his eyes little less than any of the seven deadly sins; but suppose he has done still worse, why should the reviewer make free with his visage, John? for the sake of the rhyme, I suppose, for if he knows any thing about it at all, he must be aware, that it is one of the handsomest in the peerage; aye, and one of the finest too. I am not sorry for the neat little tickling you have bestowed upon Farren's crabbed translations of Shakespeare, and his fathering the monstrous conceits of his own noddle upon honest Will; but, the Opium Eater's drubbing I enjoy! Foh! how sick that fellow has made me; I used to take opium myself, but he completely cured me of the fancy. I have never been able, even to endure the smell of it, since reading his narcotic dose of a book.

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I thought I had done with you, for the present, but there is something else I wish to ask, as the subject seems to come particularly within your province; pray, John, (for you ought to be able to answer), what is the meaning of cockney? what sort of animal really is it, or what qualities or circumstances may entitle a man to be complimented with this pleasant distinction? Does it mean living within the sound of Bow-bell (as afore-time) and turning the English w into a German one, or affecting continentalities, adopting whiggism, in a small way, admiring Hampstead church, and the "primeval meadows of Kilburn," (as Charles Ollier calls them); not living in Athens, or belonging to the London, Monthly, or any other worshipful Society composing a magazine? I prithee, John, resolve me, is it any one of these seven deadly sins, or all of them together, which may damn an inhabitant, even of Grosvenor-square, into cockneyism for ever? a consummation not unlikely to happen, as I have known no trifling number of these look, with a kindly eye, upon the beauties of Cockneyshire; and prefer to drive to Hampstead or Kilburn before that everlasting horror, the Tyburn cart-like movement of the ring! Truly, for my own part, I am inclined to think, these sort of places must have been the country, before that overgrown Lambert of a city, London, walked out of town to visit them.

You said, you admitted no reviews—pray except this, which is only of periodicals, and which I found written in the cover of an old number of the Gentleman's Magazine:

TIME'S ALTERATION.

1

When this old book was new,
'Tis now some ninety year,
Reviewing wights were few,
And books were scarce and dear;
And critic'sing elves
Had little then to do,
People read for themselves
When this old book was new.

2

Bluestockings then were deemed
A very extraordinary wear,
And many dearies, who seemed
To sport them, did'n't much care;
So the thing belong'd to the men
Who solemnly scann'd, not a few,
A scratch from a female pen,
When this old book was new.

3

Old Urban led the way,
St. John's gate in the van,
He was, as a lady might say,
A nice old gentleman;
His sheets were dull and dry,
Neither wit nor taste they knew;
We drowsily close each eye
Over this old book when new.

4.

Some grave contributor
Would write from York or Kent,
With a learn'd inscription for
Mr. Urban to say what it meant,
Antique looking words like B.o.m B.u.m.
Which none of the county knew,
There was no such thing as a hum,
In this old book when new.

5.

Then there was the Lady's, thick
With squabbles all over its pages,
And moralities making us sick
Of Omar, and Hamet, and sages.
With novels the sheets were cramm'd,
Not embowell'd then in review;
With rhymes that deserv'd to be d——d,
Even when this old book was new.

6.

Then there was another, which, great
In scandal, made virtue its pet,
And expos'd each tête-à-tête
Of th' intriguing alphabet;
It puts me in mind of the Dutch,
Who, to make their sons evil eschew,
Shew them comical sights—O! such
Were not, when this old book was new.

7.

But, lord, what a change since then,
I scarce can believe my own eyes,
For new manners there must be new men,
As some old big-wig cries;
Your mags. are your only reading,
For so full of learning they grew,
You'd think they all were bleeding,
Now this old book isn't new!

8.

There's old King Kit at the head,
Long life to the jolly old buck,
For his modesty, troth, the less said,—
But there's wit, fun, and plenty of pluck,
Many bitter bold things too he says,
Though he now and then puffs off some few,
Do n't Kit, for we value your praise
Much more when more scarce and more new.

9.

Then stalks the Monthly, my eye,
Does it stand on its right end or not?
I never behold it but cry
"What a tail our old pussey has got,"

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So solemn, so stupid an air
Of wisdom its pages embue;
Poor Colburn, he does not know where
He stands, now his book is n't new.

10.

Tam and Col are two puts, let 'em go,
We have other game elsewhere,
And there goes the London, and oh!
A little the worse for wear;
With still the same subjects on hand,
Still boring us with the same crew,
Why Mags. were not worse plann'd
When this old book was new.

11.

We're tired of Bill Hazlitt's gall,
We're weary of musical swipes,
We're sick of Ned Herbert the small,
His bottled small-beer gives us gripes;
And yet they've some clever scribes,
To give the devil his due,
They should give higher bribes,
And the public something new.

12.

And next is Sir Knight with his tail,
A pack of young puppies unbroke,
Who think that when wit shall fail
Sheer pertness as good as a joke.
At his dinner I cannot but laugh,
'Tis a poor imitation, t'wont do,
Kit's *sportes* are better by half,
His impudence has something new.

13.

The Quarterly, pompous and grave,
Like an owl in a bush, blinking dull,
Can pounce when despair makes it brave,
And crack a pretender's thick skull.
Old Gifford's the king of the gang,
His cookery beats Kitchiner's blue;
To make curries of ouran-outang,
'Tis a relishing dish and quite new.

14.

The Edinburgh, splenetic, rash,
First clawing, then purring, alack!
What a sorrowful sight is a man
Grown old, a political hack.
Though last, not the least, Sir John Bull,
An impudent dog, but true blue,
You, his hands, give a long and strong pull,
That his Mag. may grow old though now new.

15.

But, lord, what a farce are Reviews,
For you know as well as I, John,
That howe'er they poor devils abuse,
They will still, lad, go gabbling on.
No, we care not a farthing, and so
For no favour we'll truckle or sue,
They all to the devil may go,
Though that, I believe, is not new.

*** We have given Geoffry's epistle, song and all, as he sent it to us, being determined stand-up fighters, and never afraid of looking a *facer* straight in the face. First, then, as to Lady Byron. We are sure that her ladyship need not be seriously hurt by any assertions of her profligate lord; and we know no better way of silencing unfounded and eager calumny, than by actually shewing what the thing really was which had been so much talked about. Her ladyship's character is quite above imputation, and need not be afraid of the sneering of pot-boys or the sniggering of servants. Let our correspondent look at the conversations of Lord B., extracts of which are published in the Attic Miscellany, and then say whether we, who have access when we please to the Memoirs of his Life, have been severe or not in our selection. What would Geoffry think of the following *bijoux*, and Lord and Lady B.'s opinion as to the publication of his memoirs?

LORD BYRON'S MEMOIRS.

"*I am quite indifferent about the world knowing all they contain.* There are very few licentious adventures of my own, or scandalous adventures that will affect others, in the book. It is taken up from my earliest recollections, almost from childhood—very incoherent, written in a very loose and familiar style. There are few parts that may not, and none that will not, be read by women.' Another time he said, 'A very full account of my marriage and separation is contained in my memoirs. *After they were completed, I wrote to Lady Byron, proposing to send them for her inspection, that any mis-statement or inaccuracy (if any such existed, which I was not aware of) might be pointed out and corrected.* In her answer she declined the offer, without assigning any reason, but desiring, not on her own account, but on that of her daughter, that they might never appear, and finishing with a threat. *My reply was the severest thing I ever wrote, and contained two quotations, one from Shakespeare, the other from Dante. I told her that she knew all, I had written was incontrovertible truth, and that she did not wish to sanction the truth. I ended by saying that she might depend on their being published.* [*How gentlemanlike a peer!*] It was not till after this correspondence that I made Moore the depository of the MS.'"

HIS MARRIAGE.

"The first time of my seeing Miss Milbanke was at Lady ———'s. It was a *fatal* day; and I remember that in going

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up stairs I stumbled, and remarked to Moore, who accompanied me, that it was a bad omen. *I ought to have taken the warning.* On entering the room I observed a young lady, more simply dressed than the rest, sitting alone upon a sofa. I took her for a humble companion, and asked Moore if I was right in my conjecture. 'She is a great heiress,' said he in a whisper, that became lower as he proceeded, 'you had better marry her, and repair the old place at Newstead.'

"There was something *piquant*, and what we term pretty, in Miss Milbanke; her features were small and feminine, though not regular. She had the fairest skin imaginable. Her figure was perfect for her height, and there was a simplicity and retired modesty about her, which were very characteristic, and formed a striking contrast to the cold artificial formality and studied stiffness of what is called fashion. She interested me exceedingly. It is unnecessary to detail the progress of our acquaintance: I became daily more attached to her, and it ended in my making her a proposal that was rejected. Her refusal was couched in terms that could not offend me. I was besides persuaded, that in declining my offer she was governed by the influence of her mother, and was the more confirmed in this opinion, by her reviving the correspondence herself twelve months after. The tenour of the letter was, that although she could not love me, she desired my friendship. Friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies. It is love full fledged, and waiting for a fine day to fly.

"It had been predicted by Mrs. Williams, that *21 was to be a dangerous age to me. The fortune-telling witch was right. It was destined to prove so.* I shall never forget it. Lady Byron (*Burn* he pronounced it) was the only unconcerned person present.—Lady Noel, her mother, cried. I trembled like a leaf; made the wrong responses, and after the ceremony called her Miss Milbanke. There is a singular history attached to the ring. The very day the match was concluded, a ring of my mother's, that had been lost, was dug up by the gardener at Newstead. I thought it had been sent on purpose for the wedding; but my mother's marriage had not been a fortunate one, and this ring was doomed to be the seal of an unhappier union still.

"After the ordeal was over, we set off for a country-seat of Sir Ralph's, and I was surprised at the arrangements for the journey; and somewhat out of humour to find a lady's maid stuck between me and my bride. It was rather too early to assume the husband, and I was forced to submit, but with a very bad grace. Put yourself in my situation, and tell me whether I had not some reason to be in the sulks."

HIS DEPARTURE FROM LADY BYRON.

"*Our honey-moon was not all sunshine.* It had its clouds; and *Hobhouse has some letters which would serve to explain the rise and fall in the barometer*; but it was never down at zero. You tell me the world says I married Miss Milbanke for her fortune, because she was a great heiress. All I have ever received, or am likely to receive, was 10,000*l.* My own income at this period was small, and somewhat bespoke. Newstead was a very unprofitable estate, and brought me in a bare 1500*l.* a-year. The Lancashire property was hampered with a law-suit, which has cost me 14,000*l.* and is not yet finished. We had a house in town, gave dinner-parties, had separate carriages, and launched into every sort of extravagance. This could not last long. My wife's 10,000*l.* soon melted away. I was beset by duns, and at length an execution was levied, and the bailiffs put in possession of the very beds we had to sleep upon. This was no very agreeable state of affairs, no very pleasant scene for Lady Byron to witness: and it was agreed, she should pay her father a visit till the storm had blown over, and some arrangements been made with my creditors. You may suppose on what terms we parted, from the style of a letter she wrote me on the road. *You will think it begun ridiculously enough:* 'Dear Duck,' &c. Imagine my astonishment to receive immediately on her arrival, a few lines from her father, of a very unlike, and very unaffectionate nature, beginning, "Sir," and ending with saying, that his daughter should never see me again. In my reply, I disclaimed his authority as a parent over my wife; and told him, I was convinced the sentiments expressed were his, not her's. Another post, however, brought me a confirmation, under her own hand and seal, of her father's sentence. I afterwards learned from Fletcher, my valet, whose wife was at that time *femme de chambre* to Lady Byron, that after her definitive resolution was taken, and the fatal letter consigned to the post-office, she sent to withdraw it, and was in hysterics of joy that it was not too late. It seems, however, that they did not last long, or that she was afterwards over-persuaded to forward it. There can be no doubt that the influence of her enemies prevailed over her affection for me. You ask me if no cause was assigned for this sudden resolution? if I formed no conjecture about the cause? *I will tell you, I have prejudices about women, I do not like to see them eat.* Rousseau makes Julie an *epicure*, but that is not at all according to my taste. I do not like to be interrupted when I am writing. Lady Byron did not attend to these whims of mine. One evening, short-

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ly before our parting, I was standing before the fire, ruminating upon the embarrassments of my affairs and other annoyances, when Lady Byron came up to me and said, 'Byron, am I in your way?' *to which I replied*, '*Damnably*.'"

Pretty lights and shadows of domestic life! We shall not print the still worse *morceau* on Lady Caroline Lamb. Her friends should decidedly horse-whip the retailer of that conversation. For the sake of manhood we hope it is not genuine.

Secondly, as to Kitchiner, he is a humbug, *sans phrase*, be he sixteen or sixty. He *looks* the latter.

Thirdly, as to Lord Dillon, the name of his novel was wrongly copied by the transcriber; and the reviewer, who wrote from memory, adopted it without troubling his head whether it was Clorinda or Rosalinda. As for his looks, not being able just now to lay hands on our reviewer, we cannot say whether he called them "ugly," for rhymes sake or not; nor does it matter a farthing.

Lastly, As to Cockneyism, the best answer we can make is to request our correspondent himself to write us an article on the question which he proposes. We doubt not but that he is sufficient to resolve it satisfactorily.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Inscribed to James Mill, Esq.

Εὐγενεσ.

WHO shall dare to touch the grand corner-stone of this science? Which, like the earth, is "established upon the waters," and this, according to the theory of Dr. Macculloch, and the practice of Cotiway castle, is the surest foundation of any. "Demand," says the Economist, "*creates* supply;" and the Economist, is right. Do not we eat when we are hungry, drink when we are dry, put up our umbrellas when it rains, put on our spencers when it snows, go to bed when we are sleepy, make love when we have nothing to do, and die when we can live no longer? Not the least doubt of it. The position is every jot as plain and as true as Katerfelto's celebrated lecture upon lightning and thunder, the best, by the way, that the world ever heard upon the subject.

"Laties and gentelmans," said the philosopher of cats and cards, the best philosophy again, as those virgins whose love is only heavenward invariably pass through it in their progress thither.

"Laties and gentelmans," said the philosopher, "I vill tell you vat is de dunder, and I vill tell you vat is de lightnin; and, Laties and Gentelmans, I vill tell you vat not is de dunder, and I vill tell you vat not is de lightnin." Here was the *pro* and the *con*, the *quid* and the *nec quicquis*, as palpable as if the proposition had been enunciated by the Stagirite himself.

"Then came the demonstration, Laties and Gentelmans, de dunder is de dunder; and de lightnin is—de lightnin; and, Laties and Gentelmans, de dunder is not—de lightnin; and de lightnin is not—de dunder. Therefore, laties and gentelmans," said the sage, with an air of triumph, "I have told you, in de first place, vat positively is de dunder, and vat positively is de lightnin; and, laties and gentelmans, I have told you, in de second place, negatively vat not is de dunder, and negatively vat not is de lightnin. So, laties and gentelmans, as de oder filosofere do say in de oder vatere, I do say in dis vatere *Quod erat demonstrandum*, laties and gentelmans."

Glorious philosopher! Bacon and Mills and Crokers, Bentham and Borthwick Gilchrist, all the sophists of the east, and all the sophists of the west, bow to Katerfelto at last.

What is all this about? Tell you. Write it in your tables, ye *lords* of the creation! Ye, *queens* of those lords, let your albums be albums no more, blacken them with it in every page! Scratch it upon your quizzing glasses, ye *interesting ones!* that it may be for ever before your eyes. Let every thing that has a point, no matter how blunt, keep scratching at it; and let it be engraved upon every table that has a surface. Let it ride upon the winds, and roar in the waters. Let angels read it by the light of heaven, and (vide Macculloch's Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland,) needlefish by it in the candles in the deep. Blow out bellows, and let the universe be filled with it. DEMAND CREATES SUPPLY. Westminster Hall creates its

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own clients; the Old Bailey creates its thieves, the very pair of old breeches, for the very filching of which the lucky dog is sent to be a freeholder and M. P. in New South Wales, are created by Moses, the jew, with his black canvass bag. Here, however, that curse of all philosophy, yclept a "double-handed shot," comes smack through the running rigging of as trim a vessel as ever spread her rays on a sea of ink. Well might the physical saint-makers, Michael Angelo, and all the other humbugs, whoever scratched a lime-stone, or dipped a hog's bristle in grease in furtherance of the fine arts, of priestcraft and the holy inquisition, clap a pair of horns on the Jewish lawgiver for—

(Law-giver is not the word; again, for Moses *got* the tables before he gave them. Therefore, pitch the whole fathers of the church, with Poole and Matthew Henry about their necks, make Moses the law *getter* in all time coming, and say Katerfelto bade you; or, if you do not like himself, say his cat; a far more orthodox-looking article than is to be found in the pulpit of many a church. For "for", was the word we stopped at.

Never were the horns of a dilemma more apparent than in this same Moses the jew. They are these: Is Moses a jew because he wears a beard; or does he wear a beard because he is a jew?

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

Queen's Square, Monday.

TALES FOR THE SAINTS.

No. I.—The Miraculous Conversion.

MOST respected and beloved Sir, (says Mr. Clough, rising up to address the Rev. Bengo Collyer, when presiding at the last meeting of the Saints, in Orange-street) I crave the indulgence of this respectable assembly, while I unfold to view the good things vouchsafed by benevolence, in leading back sinners from their evil ways. I have, Sir, so many stories of this kind to tell, that I scarcely know which to begin with. But, as I see on the bench before me, amongst the ranks of our brethren, stiffe worthy members of the military profession, I shall select, from the long list in my note-book, the wonderful conversion of a soldier.

"Not long ago, in the —— regiment, then quartered in Dublin, there happened to be a man who was remarkable both for his bodily strength and military prowess. To his allegiance to his earthly prince he was true, but from the service of him that is above he was an apostate. Oh! Sir, how shall I describe him?—how shall I recite the sad tale! Oh! how it would melt his now regenerate soul, were he here to listen to me, while I reminded him of his misdeeds, of his vileness, of his blasphemy.—Sir, he seldom uttered a sentence without an oath, and his oaths were of the most frightful description. Blush not, my dear friends in the red coats, that a brother should be so wicked; he then resembled you in nothing but in the livery he wore; but he is now reclaimed and walks "clothed in the armour of light."

This man, Sir, on one particular occasion, having uttered some horrible imprecations, was rebuked by a most religious fellow-soldier, who asked him whether he was not afraid of being struck dumb, for thus abusing the excellent gift of speech. But so obdurate was he, that, waxing wroth, he had the hardihood even to repeat his assertion with many more oaths. In two nights after this, he happened to be on duty as sentinel, when the officer on going round to visit the out-posts came to the place where he had been stationed, and receiving no answer to the usual challenge, thought that he must have deserted; but, on coming nearer, he found him lying on the ground, covered with a cold sweat. He appeared quite insensible, was stupid as if horror-struck.—He was at once raised up and taken to the guard-house, but could give no account of what had occurred, except by signs.—It was at length discovered, that as he paced back and forward at his post, a huge animal, of the shape of a goat, approaching him from behind, put its fore-feet on his shoulders, pressed him to the earth, and kept him there unable to speak or move. The goat had vanished —who it was I need not say, my brethren—but its influence remained heavy on the body and soul of the soldier, so he lay in the state in which he was found.

Sir, his companions but laughed at and derided him, so hard of heart were they; his officers declared him an im-

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pastor, and only pretended to be dumb. At last he was sent to the hospital. But, oh! how shall I tell the sad tale of his sufferings—his oppressions—and his wrongs—he bore them all with the meekness of a lamb—and, thanks to his unshaken fortitude, he now has his discharge in his pocket in spite of the gainsayers.

Some of the wicked ones said he ought to be flogged, until he spoke and confessed himself a cheat; others that he ought to be bled—more blistered, and so on—these latter cruelties were put in practice one after another with vile ingenuity. He was bled, and bled again, in order to force him, through fear of death, to confess; but, though reduced to the last stage of misery, and even when the cruel steel was again bared to spill his precious blood, to use the language of the profane stage, "He smiled at the drawn dagger, and defied its *point*," for he was yet strong and shrunk not.

In the same room with our poor brother was another fellow-sufferer, who, like William Huntingdon, of blessed memory, may write himself S. S.—meaning "Sinner saved," a title far more glorious than any that mere man can confer. This excellent man, having already received the light himself, undertook the task of infusing it into the soul of his poor benighted brother, who could neither hear nor speak, and had never learned to read or write. But, oh! how delightful it is to recount the miraculous success of his undertaking. Sir, in one short week he could write, on a slate, most graceful, well-shaped letters. He did not, it is true, practice to write with a quill in sand, as Joseph Lancaster advises for beginners—no—but on a slate, hard as had been his own unregenerate heart. In a fortnight he could read a hymn; in a month, a gospel; and so great was his progress, that even the gainsayers stood reproved, and confessed it most miraculous.

A most worthy man, a very pious young officer, happened, about this time, to visit the hospital, and seeing our poor brother pale and emaciated,—many parts of his body being, as it were, scared as with a hot iron, and others bleeding with wounds; in a word, seeing him treated like a malefactor, he promised to speak in his behalf, and possibly procure his discharge. During the whole course of his trial he never shewed the least symptom of hearing, until the word discharge was pronounced:—but that blessed sound operated on him like a charm; it opened the ossarments of his ears, for he testified his thanks by a smile,—but as yet he spake not.

That was reserved until the discharge was granted; at the very sight of it he danced with joy, and sung, and spoke,—he prayed; but swore not. Oh! Sir, here was a conversion and a miracle. He intended to address you this evening—but is engaged in another good work.—He is joined with that great reformer John Hale, of whom we all have heard so much.—John Hale, Sir, until lately, was a baker of bread, and ministered to the wants of the body—but he lost that humble calling, and has turned to a better trade—he now provides for the wants of the spirit, being a worker in the vineyard. As the great Wesley of old was sent to reclaim the colliers, those two disciples are about to go forth amongst the soldiers. John Hale shall address them with speeches and tracts, our new brother will show them the scars on his arms, and the swellings on his feet, caused by weakness and bleeding; and if these cannot move them to follow his bright example, from his pocket drawing forth his *discharge*, he will

"Shoulder his stick, and tell how it was won."

Henceforth, Sir, you shall see no more of our fellow-creatures clothed in the wages of sin; I mean those red coats. I crave pardon of our worthy brethren in red before me, but I know that, before long, they will cease to follow, in the ranks of the destroyer, preferring to lead, like good shepherds, the flocks of the righteous. Sir, they are about to turn over to our ranks, and, instead of being arrayed in gorgeous red, they will be clothed in sober black. Instead of goading the sides of brute animals with spur and lash, they will tear open the seared consciences of the worldling and the gainsayer, and show them lare and bleeding. This is their proper calling,—in this they will follow our example—by this they will thrive and prosper; fraud and violence shall disappear, and the whole community be divided into two great classes—the flocks and the shepherds.—So having spoken, Mr. Clough sat down amidst thunders of applause. The soldiers present were especially vociferous in their approbation,

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and it was evident that more than one among them pondered in his mind the possibility of getting up a similar miracle.

When the applause had subsided, Corporal Claney, an Irishman, with a particular fine specimen of a high Tipperary accent, claimed the attention of the auditory; but, in imitation of Scheherazade, the queen of story-tellers, we shall defer to the next number the corporal's tale.

HINTS TO COCKNEY BACHELORS.

Most men wish to pass for wits, a very excusable species of dissimulation, or, at least, to be considered agreeable companions. I think, therefore, I shall render such gentlemen, and the elegant coteries they frequent, an essential service by giving them the following hints, which, if properly attended to, cannot fail to produce the desired effect. There are several single gentlemen in the public offices to whom they will be particularly useful, and, indeed, now that wearing military uniforms is exploded in fashionable life, I think the military may read them with much profit and edification.

I.

Never arrive at the place to which you are invited at the time appointed, by which means you may pass for a man of business, or a man of pleasure, as occasion may require. Should the lady or gentleman of the house make any observation on this, you must observe, with great good-humour, that from your frequent inattention to punctuality in your appointments, you are called by your friends—"the late Mr. A." N. B. Take care not to aspire to it cockuically; stay, lest some rival should hint that you should, therefore, be *cut*.

II.

When you are seated at dinner, examine if there be any ham at table, which you must call for, and, having tasted, praise immoderately, affecting to be a wonderful connoisseur in hog's flesh. Your hostess, anxious to convince her guests what an excellent housewife she is, will not fail to ask you the best method of saving her bacon, to which you will reply, "To waste her poultry."

III.

Should there be a Frenchman in company (in failure of him, any foreigner will answer your purpose,) when he is helped to ham, which you can easily contrive to have done by giving proper directions to the servant, ask him, in a voice to be heard by every one present, if he will not take something with it—*to* which he will certainly answer (for these fellows are exquisite gourmets,) "Sare, I would like a little chicane (chicken);" upon which you *will*, of course, look archly at the company, and say, "Ay, Sir, I think you do look like a tricking fellow."

IV.

As you took care to arrive late, it is to be taken for granted that the lady of the house placed you in the seat nearest herself. When, therefore, the fish is removed, you must insist on exchanging places with her (now that her *official* duty is over) to spare her the trouble of carving, adding, that such is bon-ton, as you saw it when you last dined at Sir Humphrey Guzzle's party in Finsbury-square.

V.

If you happen to visit in any Gothic family, where it may fall to your lot to say grace, when the cloth is removed, first ask if a clergyman be present, and on being answered there is not, say, with a significant nod, "thank God!" Or, leaning forward with a graceful inclination of the head, place each hand upon a decanter of wine, and say, "For what we are going to receive, may the Lord make us truely thankful." Then, as you pass round the wine, observe, that you think coasters a very inapplicable term for the decanter-stands, and that *jolly*-boats, in your opinion, would be much more suited to their avocations.

VI.

When the dessert is laid, some impertinent will take an opportunity of paying court to his entertainers, by praising the excellence of the fruit, or their tasteful arrangement; at which you are to look round the table inquiringly, and say, with an ineffable smile of self-complacency—"I," laying a particular emphasis on the word I—"I never saw a table less *deserted*."—Your rival, who had begun to poach upon your free-warren, imagining that "more is meant than

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meets the ear," will be quite confounded and not venture a remark; you will, therefore, extinguish a formidable rival in your efforts to be the star of the company.

VII.

If the children are introduced during the dessert, the chances of which are ten to one in your favour, take the youngest boy on your knee, and place your glass of wine within his reach; a bait he will be sure to take, by drinking part of its contents; then turning to mamma, say, "This young gentleman is born for the church—he has already commenced his labours in the vineyard."

VIII.

Be sure not to retire from the gentlemen till cards are introduced among the ladies. Should one of your companions, in order to spare his friend's wine, which is common enough with a certain class of toad-eaters, make a proposition to join the ladies, ask him how long is it since he entered into orders? by which interrogation you may fairly calculate upon silencing his impertinences for that evening. When you have entered the drawing-room, walk about, and coming to the largest group engaged at a round game (the name of which you must previously make yourself acquainted with,) enquire what they are playing at; and when you are told it is Commerce, Speculation, or Loo, say, that, "If you were to judge by their numbers, you would have concluded it was Vingt un."

IX.

Should there be dancing, take care to invite for your partner the young lady whose papa gives the most frequent dinner-parties, and whom you must endeavour to entertain with several anecdotes, while the side-couples caper through the pantalon; for example, relate that anecdote on your journey to Paris, for you must pretend to be a great traveller; by repeating Horace Smith's excellent and quite new jokes, you will make your lady laugh, particularly if you are any thing of a good-looking fellow, or understand perfectly the figure of the Lancers, no mean accomplishment in these days of quadrilling; upon which some genius, envious of your happiness, will enquire what it was you said to make the young lady laugh so immoderately, to which you will reply carelessly, that you were talking nonsense (which, by-the-bye, will be true.)

X.

You will then request to be introduced to papa, a man probably in official station, of which he will not be a little vain; but, to make you think as highly of him as possible, he will dilate most eloquently on the inconvenience of serving public-offices, and tell you, that he is every day beset with petitioners, whom he is obliged to drive from his house by force. You may then very well address him in these words: "My dear Sir, never *drive* these people away, it will procure you a bad name."—"What then, Sir," he will ask, "must I do?"—"Why, Sir, wait till they go away of their own accord."

By a due attention to these simple hints you will very soon acquire the reputation of a clever fellow, and your company, in consequence, be courted by all your acquaintance. But, as it will be necessary to keep up this character by further exertion on your part, I will, if I find that I have not been throwing pearls before swine, give you, at some future period, such additional instruction as shall answer your most sanguine expectations. In the mean time, I am, gentlemen,

Your well-wisher,

JEREMY SPRUCE.

Monument Coffee-house,
Oct. 29, 1824.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOHN BULL MAGAZINE.

DEAR JOHN,

THERE are ten thousand minor imps of quackery, and inferior generations of humbugs, who are too insignificant to meet the slash of your broad-sword, but are yet very well adapted for the prick of my stiletto. Against these, with your leave, I proclaim war—there's my gage—and as I maintain it manfully and stoutly, so help me God. But no more rhodomontade. Through the means of a series of letters, I propose to ridicule absurdities, carp at ignorance, satirize vanity, and expose humbug, &c. &c. &c. I intend to laugh, weep, cry, neglect, blame, and criticize just as my humour urges me, and without any settled intention. I have

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sent you my first letter, which, if you like, I suppose you will insert in your Magazine, and then you shall have another next month. If you disapprove of it, it must go the way of all flesh, and then you can light your —— no, that's stale, you can send it down to your cook, to pin on the roast-beef next Sunday; that will do, John, a good English idea.

Yours, &c.

JEREMY BLINKINSOP.

No. I.—Letters from Jeremy Blinkinsop to Timothy Fortescue, Esq.

DEAR TIM,

I know you hate humbug and love venison, so I take an opportunity of gratifying both your appetites at once, by a fine fat haunch from our chase, and four Numbers of John Bull—the Magazine I mean, not the paper, for you get that, if I recollect, at the library. Inimitable John! But you shall read, and judge for yourself. He gave us a fine bowl of "Bishop" last month, which put some queer *crotchets* into my head. I don't mean to say that I practised a *cadenza* into the kennel—no, no, Bishop's not the stuff for that—poor maudlin wine and water, cooked up with spices and trumpery; it will do for old women and Dr. Kitchener, but not for such out-and-outers as you and I. By the bye, a lad from Cambridge writes me, that they were all laid up there last term from "lushing Bishop," and have now recurred to "milk-punch," and "blue-ruin." Sensible fellows, by the Lord Harry! But I am perambulating about my subject, instead of meeting it face to face. Well then, I was telling about John Bull, and "The Humbugs of the Age," and I think I said, for I had rather overlook than look over a letter, that these papers had set me pericranium out upon a search after humbugs. Heaven knows it had not far to go! I walked half an hour—I read half an hour—and I thought—no, hang it, I did not think half an hour, but I found my pocket-book, or, as the canting phrase has it, my "album," brim-full, "trabaccante," as the Italians say, crammed up to the very throat. You understand me, Tim; for I am not given to waste my breath unnecessarily, considering that one puff too much may eventually leave me with one puff too little. Well then, I mean to say, that I would turn my memoranda to some account; so I'll scrawl you a *billy-dux* once a month, with all necessary information respecting my improvements and discoveries in the said art. Besides, you like a little chit-chat gossip, though you are such a rum-looking old fellow. I think the devil meant you for a methodist parson, only he found that you wanted no helping hand of his to bring you to the gridiron, and so, kind, generous soul! he left you to work a coach, instead of a church. A-propos! this brings me to the first page of my memorandum.

D'ye know Jack Sleath? He's a master of the new school they are building in St. Paul's church-yard, which place, by the bye, he obtained by managing to humbug a parcel of joulter-headed citizens, the electors, who were mightily taken by his fine face and person; for, to do him justice, he possesses these qualities above, or at least equal to, any man I ever saw. Then he is a D. D., which being interpreted, means—no, no, it does not mean a *dirty dog*, for

"Brutus is an honourable man."

Well, well, never mind; it means just whatever you please, dear Tim. Moreover, he is one of the committee, who sit in council at the county fire-office once a week, with Barber Beaumont at their head; the man who was a miniature painter, and married Vickery, the barber's daughter; you remember, I dare say. I see you nod your head, and therefore continue my narrative by informing you, that Jack performs this duty every Friday, instead of brandishing the ferula and minding his school, and for which he receives per week one guinea. Besides this, he has distilled a new edition of Gibbon out of the old; that is to say, he has manufactured a reprint, and calls himself "the editor;" the more appropriate title would be, "corrector of the press." This, with a few children's school-books, which he has also reprinted, are the whole amount of deserts by which he has obtained the

* Mr. B. will perceive that we have suppressed his postscript. It is not at all impossible that we may meet him some of these evenings at his evening haunts. But we in general prefer Charlotte-street.

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sounding list of titles which grace his title-pages; but which, to those who *know* the man, serve for much the same purpose as the post and lantern you see glimmering up an obscure alley of the city, to arrest the steps of young or old debauchees. Now I wish you to know, that "this same learned Theban" has been for the last six years meditating an edition of Homer, but which has not as yet made its appearance in public. *Heaven forbid* that it ever should! However, I like to anticipate, so you shall have its history. In the outset, our noble Dr. with all that modesty and diffidence which is said to attend genius (but which, *entre-nous*, is all a hum) summoned to his assistance a fellow-labourer at his vineyard. This worthy coadjutor was nothing more or less than a naturalized Jew. I regret that his name has slipped my memory, but, I have often seen the man; however, he happened to be a man of talent, which the doctor happened *not* to be;

> "And so between them both, they lick'd the platter clean."

Their plan, I understand, was this, the pedagogue was to transcribe Heyne's text, and abridge his notes, and the redoubtable enemy of all grunters, was to write the dissertations, original annotations, and all matters which required any nous. But, alas! dissentions will creep into the best-constituted republics—the doctor and the Jew could not pull together, a rupture ensued, and the descendant of Levi pocketed his MSS. and turned his back for ever upon Homer and the schoolmaster. What produced these jars I cannot precisely say, as I was not in the council-chamber when *they* went to legger-heads. Some say, and with their opinion I am most inclined to subscribe, that the doctor would not consent to let his assistant's name appear on the title-page; he wanted to sport the Jew's wit for his own, which he thought himself entitled to, by being the head of the confederacy, and that more potent persuasion,

> "Do, and we go snacks."

Others say, that the doctor wished to have an emblematical title-page, which was to represent the old Greek scattering pearls before swine. The Jew thought this an attack upon his unhappy tribe; but the more probable supposition is, that the doctor's modesty had typified himself amongst the grunters. I have also heard it stated, that our "prince of pedants," who is a renowned "cat-gut scraper," offended his compeer by tuning up the old song,

> "I got a bit of pork,
> And I stuck it on a fork," &c. &c.

But be that as it may, the partnership was dissolved, and the world had to mourn for a time this ever-to-be-memorable edition.

> "All that's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest;
> All that's sweet was made
> But to be lost when sweetest."

"Fade!"—"Lost!"—Oh! no, the doctor's works can never fade! and, as to "lost," why I don't see how that can be, for I am sure it would be no *loss*, if they were obliterated for ever. But, unfortunately, that is not the case; the edition of Homer only slumbers awhile to blaze forth again more brightly. It is now going on at full speed, under the superintendance, guidance, correction, assistance, and God knows what, of a quondam pupil of the *all-learned* editor, who would act a more friendly part to his old master, for whom he professes such a profound veneration, if he advised him to mind his school, leave Homer alone, and, as Pope says,

> "Sink into himself, and be a fool."

I would tell you some *rum* stories about this "lord of the sounding lash," but my boy Sam says, it is not fair to tell tales out of school. I would tell you how he once mangled an exquisite passage from the "Pleasures of Memory," mistaking it for the composition of one of his own pupils. I would tell you how, like

> "Classic Hallam," much renown'd for Greek.

He denounced the thunders of his vengeance upon some lines from the "Poetæ Gnomini," which an unfortunate urchin had boldly filched from thence, and palmed off upon his master as his own—how he altered those said lines, and

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* Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's Taste, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein; it was not discovered that these lines were Pindar's, till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity."—*English Bards, &c.*

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how many blunders he committed in those said alterations. I would tell you how these verses, with Sleath's exquisite corrections, were afterwards submitted to Dr. Maltby's perusal — how Dr. Maltby detected the blunders, and how he sung a choral dirge over the poor pedant, accompanying it with appropriate action, which dirge, I dare say, Tim, you recollect.

"Hic, hæc, hoc,
Lay him on the block;
Qui, quæ, quod,
Bring me the rod;
Noun, pronoun," &c. &c.

But you must be quite sick of this "bluest of blue-bottles," and I have said enough to show his *capacity* for editing Homer. If it were not for his insignificance, I would get John Bull to inroll him amongst the "Humbugs of the Age." But that would please the thing too much,

"Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?"

Not John, I trust; I take him to be a slow hound of better scent.

I have just a little corner of my paper left, what shall I say?—Oh! here's a tit-bit for you, an epigram, which I dare say you have not heard, as it is not in print. The author's name I do not know, but it was written upon one Mr. Sheepshanks, who is, or was, tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge, and who, *in* his infinite sagacity, mispelt the word satyr.

"The satyrs of Rome were satyrs of note,
They'd the head of a man, and the legs of a goat;
But the satyrs of Jesus all satyrs surpass,
They've the shanks of a sheep, and the head of an ass."

How do you like it? A tolerable specimen, is it not? I have some more of the sort by me, which I shall probably transmit you from time to time.

Yours, &c.

JEREMY BLINKINSOP.

HOME HARVEST.

"And Tom and Dick, and Bill and Joe,
And Humphrey with his flail,
And Tom kissed Betty ——————."

Glee of Dame Durdon.

I WILL not swear but that I may be sometimes very much abused at merry meetings—especially homely ones; but I am entirely postive that, at such, there would be no fun at all without me. The good-natured gibe, the innocent jest, would fail to drop glibly from the unmoistened lips; there would be no "excellent music," no "flashes of merriment" ripping up the "ravelled sleeve of care," no personifications of "laughter holding both his sides," nothing that cures sorrow and kills grief, if Sir John Barleycorn did not hold his place at the feast-board, the worshipped tutelary saint of the holiday. It would, indeed, be a *dry*-saw-dust kind of make-believe without me.

It is not one of the least important improvements of our times, that I am again becoming popular and of exceeding estimation in the houses of the great. Under one of my aliases, or alii, if I may make for myself a plural, that of "Old October," I am again petted in the steward's room, and sent round in chrystal at the table of "my lord." This is indeed as it should be, and the revolution thus effected in my favor is of more vital importance to the common-weal of Britain, than as if all our boroughs were made pure, all our senators disinterested, all our lawyers honest, our poor-laws free from hardship, and our game-code free from objection. There is not a man that takes me by the hand but contributes his mite to the wealth of the nation, and the best commentary that a monarch can make upon his address to his parliament, when he pledges himself to support the trade and commerce of his country, is to grant me a presentation, and to imbibe my arguments, be they never so potent.

But it is, at the unsophisticated board of our "country's pride"—a "bold" and happy "peasantry," that I am, perhaps, in my "tip-top" glory, and even there, at no other time, so glorious, as at that jubilee of accomplished hopes, and ardent labours, the "merry harvest-home." It is then that I embrace, overpower, almost kill my enthusiastic votaries with kindness—it is then that I am the be-all and the end-all there—it is then that I move around without a parallel—then

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that I become Sir Oracle, and dazzling with my clearness my enraptured votaries, it is then that I almost, may often quite, induce them to *double* in idea the delights by which they are captivated and caught.

It was but a moon since—I believe they connect in idea these meetings with moons—that I, to use a plain but serviceable phrase, "played first fiddle" at a jolly harvest-home. It was held in a regular olden-style mansion, and what is as good, with the olden-style customs too. There was the master—"the founder of the feast," as goes the *cue* ballad of the celebration; and there was the "mistress," and there were their family, the "young farmer" being at the head of them, and the "bettermost" people of the parish. And thither too came "the halt and lame," who once could shake a foot, and sport a toe—and the blithe and active who would do so now—and thither flocked the bailiff, not he of writs and bonds, but he of ricks and herds—and the shepherd and the dairymen, and their wives and their children, all came, even down to the little carter-boys and the pig-keepers—all came,

"For it was the peasant's holiday,
And made for to be merry."

I was deemed of too much importance to become common during the demolition of veal-pies and rounds of beef, my younger brother, *Mr. Single X*, being more thought of just at that period: so I made myself useful in the metamorphosis of "a carver," and laid the foundations of my train by feeding the bumpkins with something more substantial than flattery—secure in the knowledge, as was Nelson when he broke the line at the Nile, that *my time would come.*

Need I now describe the feats of arms and appetite here displayed? Need I dilate of hopes no longer deferred, of expectations realized, of the manœuverings of the knife and fork, and they were the sabre and the pike, and the baron of beef, the enemy to be annihilated; in short, dare I attempt the transfer of the whole lively, eager, scene, its clatter, and its clamours; the Αιαι' δ' αλαγη of its exertions, to this record? My friends, I dare not, the thing is impossible; I must leave it to your imaginations, with this special piece of gratuitous admonition. You that have heard and seen harvest-home merriments, go and see and hear them as oft as they occur again; and ye that have not, embrace the first opportunity of doing so, and dwell in ignorance no longer.

But the "keen demands of appetite" are allayed—the beef has yielded, the plum-puddings *are not.* The brown oaken clean-rubbed table is cleared of the broken-down salt-cellars and the wounded platters; the fragments are gathered up, and polished horns and clear drinking-cups are arranged around, like the satellites and tributary stars round one bright and glorious planet, whilst I in the midst, showing my crowned head above a portly throne, reign omnipotent, and in the hearts of my people, fearing no rebellion against my decrees, no treason against my authority. He of Plantagenet may boast his peculiarities, but it is I that "have no brother, am like no brother;" I only that am "myself alone."

Then soon came also the evidences of my potency—the pleasant proofs of my winning ways; I mean the cheerful tale, and the hearty chaunt, and sly kissings, and squeezings of hands, and outpourings of honest protestations. Then came top the health of the "squire" and "madam," and the rest of the "noble family," till at last, grown emboldened by the kind participation we lent to their merriment, they called upon the second son of our host, who was to be the future manager of the estate, for a song, after wishing him "good crops, and fair seasons."—This young gentleman, for so he is every inch of him, had seen and mingled in good society, and till recently had been educated with little idea to an agricultural life; but he was a sportsman, and one that could drink his wine with Sir Harry, and his ale once or twice a year with his father's labourers, and so he had the tact to suit his musical discourse to the temperament of his company, whilst its quality tickled their predilections.—This is it.

Come, fill high your glasses! There should not be one
That would shrink from his post till our revels be done;
In the morn over stubble and heather we'll roam,
But to-night, my companions, this, this is our home.
Then fill the bright pewter, and crown the clean horn,
And we'll quaff to the health of old John Barleycorn.

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I shall ne'er look about me at barn, and at mow,
But confess they are filled by the drops from your brow,
Nor see, rich in plenty, the smiles of my land,
But own, next to God, they were raised by your hand,
And I ever would heal the fatigues of your horn,
At eve with a bumper of John Barleycorn.

Oh! the proud in their palace may revel in wealth,
But ours, merry men, are the riches of health;
And whilst pomp scarce can hide the frail form and pale cheek,
Our faces are glowing with Nature's own streak.
And the viands of foplings we ever must scorn,
When contrasted with those of hale John Barleycorn.

Then huzzah, brother farmers, we'll fill the cup yet,
'Tis a home-harvest trophy we dare not forget.
And as in the field we confess but one rule,
Here, here, altogether we'll pull a strong pull;
Huzza, fellow-labourers, we've housed the rich corn,
We'll now worship, we'll tipple, Sir John Barleycorn.

I flowed my delights—I overwhelmed the young squire, and the rest, with my gratitude, until I so insinuated myself into their good graces, that I really began to tremble lest the repeated and incessant drains upon my treasury, which in the shape of a portly barrel ornamented one corner of the kitchen, would not exhaust the ways and means of my four or five hours empire. *Reels*, however, in which the performers soon became *naturally*, and spite of themselves, perfect, and other merry dances, acted as interludes between the comedy of *enough* and the farce of *too much*, and I ultimately retired, conqueror of all, to our landlord's parlour, and drank a gigantic rummer of excellent punch to the next merry meeting, fortified and strengthened in my assurances, that not even at so desperate, yet so glorious an engagement, as an home-harvest, can friend or foe defeat or deny the omnipotence and majesty of

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

October 5th, 1824.

SOBER SONNETS FOR SLEEK SINNERS;

Or, Rhymes from the Holy Land.

BY SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN, BART.

(*No. II.*)

"Spectatum Admissi risum teneatis."

I.

Man, man is born to trouble! that's the cry
With milk-and-water, good intentioned folks,
People who take delight to mystify,
In sombre habits, all our cheerful jokes;
And faith I think it is not all my eye—
And Betty Martin—for by "*Faggs*" new *fly*
I've just had one of these same *misery pokes*.
"A basket, zur, from Lunnun!" roars our Joe,
The usual *Mikemas* goose, I dare say, zur,
Which Mister Publisher of Pat-Nos-Row
Returns in lieu of *patriges* and *fir!*"*
I burst the basket; patience; what a go!
No birds! but "Travellers tales!" which are I fegs,
Not the plump goose, but only *goose's eggs!*

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* A bright figure of Joe's, to describe a *hare*—take a lesson, sons of slang.

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II.

I am not in the "*Fancy*," and not born
To all the genteel manners of their day,
But yet, like them, I well could learn to scorn
A whipper-snapper, pestering, popinjay,
Who comes—"tattered" a bit, and somewhat "torn,"
To rail at "pluck" from his Americay,*
But don't be angry, Mr. Thomas Cribb,
Geoffrey is not the man that you must "fib,"
He that has wrote with ardour and with glee,
Of "bang up" coachman that for daff would call,
Of "mountebanks," and "rips," and "shicery,"
Would never eat his words, and own such fall;
Tis not Wash. Irving throws this "*Paris*" apple,†
But Irving Edward, of fam'd Hatton chapel.

III.

Why is it, Mr. Crayon, that you seem
So very fierce 'gainst Drury's little chief?
And join the silly cry to hunt him down?
Upon my life—I say it with some grief,
There is athwart your fame, an ugly "*beam*,"
That should have spar'd the "*mote*" upon his crown.
I fear, my Geoffrey, that your gizzard burns
With spite, nurs'd up against the buskin'd swain,
Because, forsooth, he told your trans. at kernes;
They know as much of *nous* as some in Spain;
But really, Mr. Irving, you should screen
You indiscretion better—for you know
With many clever folks he's still the go,
And is, what name nor nature make you—*keen*.

PROPERTY OF SLAVES.

We had an old acquaintance once—peace be to his ashes—who had a habit of cutting a disquisition short, when he thought too many words had been spent upon it, by crying, "Facts, sir, give me facts; one fact is worth a bushel of arguments." And if the commodity so called for did not come at the call, he would say, let us change the subject, for nothing must come from nothing. Pray what do you think of the weather?

Now we, in the same way, have a vast predilection for facts; and, in no case do we remember that the goodly rule of giving them on all occasions, has been so much neglected as during the whole progress of the West India controversy, and that through all its ramifications. Yet a plain man, in a question turning exclusively on matters of fact, might expect every now and then at least a sample of them. Reasonable, however, as the expectation would be, it is disappointed. We are treated in their stead with loud declamations on the *abstract* sin, shame, and wickedness of slavery; with deductions, drawn *a priori*, on what the infamous conduct of slaveholders *must* be, without at all deigning to enquire what it *is:* and with demands for interference with property *assumed* to be necessary, without affording us the slightest proof as to the validity of the assumption.

There is, we candidly admit, at once one reason why we should be reluctant to embark in this question; which is merely that it has been so often brought before the public, as to lose what must be the first look-out for a periodical—its piquancy; but that drawback being admitted, there is no other, whatever, to hinder us from giving our opinions. We

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* Spare me, *ye poets*. In Cockaigne my rhyme is perfectly legitimate.

† "Paris apple." Not King Charles' Paris, but Mount *Ida's* Paris. I pen this note for the benefit of my "back-slum companions."

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have cautiously abstained from mixing ourselves up with any of the political parties of the country, and, in all probability, shall so continue; but *this* is not a party question. The topics insisted upon by Whig and Tory have nothing in common with the management of the West Indies. Reform in Parliament will not be furthered or impeded by negro insurrection. Roman Catholic Emancipation, in its anticipated blessings or dangers, will find no parallel in the forced manumission of Jamaica peasantry. The holy alliance will be totally undisturbed or unsupported by the affluence or beggary of West India proprietors. A man, we think, may give his opinion on this point without ever having heard that such animals as Whig, Tory, or Radical existed.

We must confess, that it is not unnatural to expect to meet this question considered in a variety of quarters. Let those who complain, for instance, that it fills the columns of the John Bull too much, recollect the unceasing exertions made by those who have, no matter how or why actuated, declared themselves the enemies of our colonists, to keep their view of the affair continually before the public eye. Let the immense and well-contrived machinery which they have at their command, be taken into accounts, and the fame, such as it is, which is sure to follow the activity of any of their agents. Will any person then feel any amazement that a reaction, resembling in some partial degree the action which called it forth, has taken place? It is in vain to tell us of the purity of the motives, the piety of the lives, the christianity of the doctrines of the prime movers in this anti-West-Indian campaign. The planters know, that if their designs be carried into execution, spoliation is the lot they must expect, preceded, in all probability, by an attempt, and no trifling attempt, at their extermination. Is it then wonderful, we repeat, that they too, in turn, should call the attention of the British public to their case as often as they possibly can? Nobody likes to be robbed and murdered, even though the thing be done in the manner of the beggarman of Gil Blas, in the name of God, or by persons of the most exemplary character, and the most amiable manners.

We, however, do not now mean to enter into a consideration of the whole controversy. *That* would be too wide for our narrow limits, and, besides, we have already professed a disinclination to argue, and an intention to bring merely a few facts, from time to time, under notice, principally in answer to ill-founded assertion. What, in truth, put us upon writing this paper at all, was our chancing to look over that amazing and classical magazine, Knight's Quarterly, which we are sorry to see engaged in carrying on the cause of cant, in some small degree. The paper we allude to begins in the 85th page of the first volume, and stretches to the 94th. It bears the signature of T. M. the initials of Thomas Macauley, son of the celebrated Zachary, and we may perceive in it strong outbreakings of his paternal spirit. There are few cleverer young men in England than this gentleman. His classical articles, his spirited songs, his learned, brilliant, and deeply-pondered papers on Italian literature, to omit others which are equally worthy of commendation, amply entitle him to this praise. Yet here, in this paper, he sinks into what John Bull, with such malicious alliteration, denominated him, a "*sucking saint.*" The old, odious twaddle of the Missionary meetings stares us in the face. The stock stories of Hodge and Huggins—absolutely the only cases cited—are still as steadfastly relied on, as if Mr. Hodge had not been punished for his enormities, such as they were; and as if a total upset had not been long since given to the thousand and one calumnies vented against Mr. Huggins.

These are the arguments, now for the facts. Let us, as Southey says, in his letter about Lord Byron, "blow off the froth." According to Mr. Thomas Macauley, the slave in the West Indies must labour without remuneration—he can acquire no property of any description—he can be sold at the pleasure of his owner—he cannot appeal to any court of law—and he works under the lash, "driven forward like a horse," all of which are recapitulated, with much indignant energy and spiteful eloquence, in the 86th page of Knight's first volume. THEY ARE ALL UNTRUE.

We shall not, for the present, meddle with the three last grievances—but we can lay our hands immediately on a document which will speak for itself, in answer to Mr. Macauley's two first on the list, viz. that a slave must work without remuneration—and that he cannot acquire property of any description. That they *do* acquire property in Kingston, and the other great, or comparatively

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great, maritime towns, is obvious to every visitor; but, lest it be said that such are not fair specimens, we shall just extract, from Doctor Stobo's statistics of the Virgin Islands, the following paper, letting it speak for itself. We beg only to presume that every article here valued is set down at the lowest possible rate, as all acquainted with the West Indies will perceive.

Visible Property possessed by Slaves in the Virgin Islands.

		£	s.
38	Horses, at £7 10s. sterling each	285	0
938	Horned Cattle, at £5	4690	0
2125	Goats, 10s.	1062	10
1208	Pigs, 10s.	604	0
33120	Poultry, 1s. 6d.	2484	0
23	Boats, £5	115	0
	Fish Pots and Fishing Tackle	123	10
	Property in Buildings, chiefly in Town	700	0
	Furniture and Utensils, at 15s. per head	4968	0
		£15,082	0

"In the above statement, I have not estimated the disposable portion of esculents and fruits, and cotton raised by slaves, they *cultivate, on* their own account, about *1675* acres of land, which is estimated to yield annually £3 10s. sterling, per acre, in total £5862 10s. The number of slaves, who cultivate ground for their own benefit, being 2933, and each negro is averaged to cultivate 2 rood 11 perches, which is estimated to yield annually £1 19s. 10d. they possess stock to the value of £9125, which are estimated to yield annually £1369, or to each for their labour, arising from stock and crop, £2 9s. 2d. annually on their own account.

"After supporting themselves, the surplus they dispose of at market, which amounts to a very considerable sum. The industrious all possess, in cash, considerable sums. I am fully satisfied that they are in possession of capital, arising from sale of stock and crop, to fully the amount of *£5000* sterling.

"It would be very desireable to have similar returns from the other colonies."

Here is a small group, the visible property of the slaves, who, according to Mr. Thomas Macauley, can acquire no property, and receive no remuneration for their services, amounts, at an undervaluation, to 15,000*l*. It is probably worth double the sum. We understand that Mr. Zachary Macauley is connected with the East Indies; will he take the trouble of computing the property of the same number of Hindoo *free*-labourers, working not under the lash, receiving remuneration for their toils, and permitted to acquire property? Or, without doubling the Cape of Good Hope, will Mr. Thomas Macaulay favour us, in the next Quarterly Magazine, with the average property of the equivalent class in England, the peasantry which peoples our workhouses? Will any of his Irish friends give him *data* to construct a paper on the visible property of the free-labourers of Munster; free, we say, beyond all doubt, being not only secure from the overseers' lash, but actually freeholders to a man, raw materials for making members of parliament, constituent parts of the British constitution? To what an expanse would the astonished optics of Pat open, if it could be proved to him that a whole province of his tribe was worth half what is here set down as the property of the oppressed slaves of the Virgin Islands, who can hold no property according to Mr. Thomas Macauley.

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LEAVES FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE CONSTANTINE MULROONEY, ESQ.

THIS young gentleman, whose untimely fate has been the cause of such poignant sorrow to his friends and numerous circle of acquaintance, who looked forward to the time when he should shine forth in all the splendour of matured genius, was a native of the emerald isle. He was born at Ballynoggin, in the county of Galway, on the 7th Jan. 1803. His parents were of high descent, tracing their pedigree even from royalty itself, but, for the last few centuries, they had been left nothing but their blood and men's opinions,

"To shew that they were gentlemen."

In fact, they had, for many generations, rented a small farm of about thirty acres, and between that and a still-pot, the art of using which to the best advantage was hereditary in the family, they managed to make out a tolerable sort of subsistence.

Constantine was the eldest of five children; and, as the heir and representative of the family, it was determined to bring him up to one of the learned professions. He received the rudiments of an excellent education in a celebrated hedge-academy, of which an ecclesiastic, of the name of father Heffernan, was at that time rector. He was afterwards put under the charge of master Timothy Delany, who kept a seminary in a barn, some five miles distant. When his education was completed, he was sent to London to his maternal uncle, Mr. Felix O'Whooloughan, who was an eminent schoolmaster and attorney, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury-square.

While in London, he got acquainted with some great literary characters, who wrote descriptive essays upon fires and lego-medical reports of coroners' inquests, for the public press. He even was occasionally employed in that way himself, but that style he found beneath his dignity, and of late years he wrote chiefly in Taylor and Hessey's magazine, and was a valuable contributor of the great apostle of the fancy, Mr. Pierce Egan.

His character was mild, calm, philosophic, and contemplative. His genius was great, but not under control: his aspirations were grand, and all his plans were on the most extended scale; for, Barry Cornwall says of his friend Shelley, in the Edinburgh Review, he was a great hand at grasping after impossibilities. The specimen which is at present submitted to the public, seems to have been part of a chapter of a stupendous work, on which, as Mr. Southey on his history, he was to rest his future fame. It was a historical account of the taverns and pot-houses of the metropolis; but, alas! he never lived to finish this his *opus magnum*. From the sketchy way in which the following are written, it would appear that these were only notes, and not digested into any form capable of meeting the public eye.

"Fleet-street, as far as regards taverns, is most certainly classic ground—every turn we take some object presents itself, which forces on our memory the second Augustine age of English literature. Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and though last, not least, their Biographer and cronie, Bozzy, are brought before us in all the vigour and life of reality. The Mitre, where he often dined, and where Hogarth met his party to H B H (eta, beta, pie.) The Cheshire cheese, where the board at which he often presided is still shown, hollowed by the action of his elbows (at least so says old Harry, a venerable waiter in a brown wig). The Cock, where he spent his evenings, and Bolt-court where he lived. Byron has said, that the air of the forum breathes Cicero; surely we may say, that the air of Fleet-street breathes the great lexographer. But to business.

The Mitre, as its name imports, is a good, honest, jolly, tory, high-church tavern, gives excellent steaks, chops, joints, and port, and takes in a copy of Blackwood's Magazine, which being afterwards bound in parts of two numbers each, remains on a shelf patent to the lieges. When the templars led the taste and fashion of the town, this coffee-house of the templars was the fashionable coffee-house; but, since fashion, like freedom, has migrated "farther west," it has become no more the resort of dandies; but it still retains all that is valuable, good cheer and merry fellows; it's a cheap house, and that's an object, to me at least.

The Cheshire Cheese, Old Wine Court. —It is universally acknowledged that men, and bodies of men, whose whole

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faculties have been unremittingly turned to one object, during the whole of their lives, acquire uncommon powers of performing that object well. Hence the unerring aim of the American woodman, the steady foot and eye of the Chamois hunter of the Alps, and the precision with which the South American nooses the furious buffalo. The same principle is exemplified in this house during nearly a century; beef-steaks and mutton-chops have been the staple culinary manufacture of this tavern, and of these subjects (as Hazlitt has said of the Stot in political economy) the cheshire is king. This is also a cheap house; a man escapes after a chop, cheese, a sallad, a pint of porter, a dram, and a glass of punch, for about three shillings of the lawful money of the realm.

The Cock, near Temple-bar. Rabbits (Welch) poached eggs, and bottled stout, are the glory of this house. This gives the true feeling of the tavern; which has without variation, or shadow of change, for centuries beheld the nightly revels of all manner of men, from the royster of Queen Bess's days, the beaw and mohawk of the days of Queen Anne, to the exquisite or dandy ruffian of the present day. Every thing bespeaks it—the long narrow passage leading to it, the massive chimney-pieces of the sixteenth century, surmounted by carved wainscot. Chimnies made in a barbarous age, long ere Count Rumford was dreamt of, and when people could conceive no possible mode of making a house comfortably warm, than by putting enough of coals on the fire. In summer these chimnies are shut up, but in winter they blaze like a burning fiery furnace, and answer the double purpose of heating the room, and preparing the caseous delicacies for which the house is celebrated. This house possesses at present, and long may it continue to possess them, two excellent things, a handsome bar-maid,* who whisks about with an air half-modest half-coquette, with a smart but blushing answer for every one who addresses her, and the largest tumblers to be found in any house but one, in this division of the metropolis. The Cock takes in no newspaper, it having been founded before the first newspaper was published in England, that is, before the days of Queen Elizabeth.

"The Rainbow spans with bright arch the opposite side of the way from the Cock, and is a feather plucked from its tail, by the ex-head-waiter of that establishment, supported too by a strong dissenting party of its customers. Like its parent, it deals in Welch rabbits and poached eggs, to the amount of 200 per night; and it also takes no newspaper, wisely considering that a tavern was intended to feed the body and not the mind. Like it, it possesses the bottled stout, big tumblers, pretty bar-maid, (though not so pretty to my taste) and is, in fact, the Cock modernized."

JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES.

"In those days seven women shall lay hold on one man, saying, we will eat our own bread, and, wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach."

Though, since the death of Brothers and Joanna Southcote, and the dotage of the guide-spinning Dr. Slop, of May-Fair, who not only made oath, and said, that Joanna was to give birth to Shiloh, but prepared the forceps and the green-bag, had subscribed sevenpence-half-penny towards the purchase of the sacred cradle and a dozen of napkins for the incomprehensible progeny, there has been rather a dearth of prophecy; yet the loss has been more than made up by an unprecedented quaptity of fulfilment. That learned convert from the catholic faith, who left the service of 'The Times' newspaper in scorn, because they had the assurance to quarrel with him for denouncing the bad acting of a Thespian who was not upon the boards at all, and who has since "gone to and fro the earth," seeking what he might put to rights, has been fortunate enough to find out the whole interpretation of the Apocalyps. He maintains, that the great theatre of the events therein displayed, is nothing more than England; that the great city, "the mother of all abominations," (he is not a native) is London; that the seven vials—he says, the true reading is 'viols'—are the instruments of seven fiddlers, who once threatened to kick him out of the pit at Drury-lane, because his hissing drowned that of the serpent; that he meets

* Tempora mutantur.

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with the angels every night in Fleet-street; that the unclean spirits are rum and gin, and Irish whiskey, (he drinks brandy himself, and wine when he gets it;) and, that the witness, who crieth in the streets, without any man regarding his testimony, is himself. Furthermore, he says, that the seven heads are seven aldermen, whose names he affects to keep secret; and that the ten horns can easily be found in the corporation. He further insists, that Robert, Lord Waithman, is death upon the pale horse; and, that the party who follow his lordship, are by him more dreaded than hell. Such a mass of valuable interpretation, hatched and brooded over as it is, yet to be for one year longer, cannot fail to astonish and convince a world so very prone to wonder and believe, as that in which we live; and there is no doubt, but the effigies of a man, who has advocated so many marvellous things within the city of London, will be set up in Guildhall to keep the giants in order.

When a great man does great things, it is very natural for small men to do small things; and thus the words, at the top of this article, which had long puzzled the world; as the more that civilization and experience extended, the more did both legislatures and saints set their faces against such a commodity of wives as seven; while the ladies, in one voice, declared, that, if they should garret it for life, they would never put the question to a man, far less lay hold of him; and that such of them as were asked and answered, declared, in one voice, that after the ceremony was clenched, they would not wear their *own* apparel, but claim, as their mothers had done, that part of their husbands which is so sweetly symbolical of two united into one; but now met with a perfect solution, in the rage which at present exist for the establishment of joint-stock companies. The seven women are seven monied persons, Jews, Quakers, or others of the city of London; they take hold of an Actuary, who takes away the reproach, both of their establishing a monopoly against the public, and of their doing the dirty work of the concern with their own hands; and, it is just from the hope of its affording them abundance of bread to eat, and apparel to wear, that they enter into the speculation.

It is to be regretted, that a system which has been so decidedly foretold, and which possesses so many advantages in itself, should be opposed by the ignorant prejudices of individuals. In our opinion there is nothing better than a joint-stock company. Though Professor Malthus, Mr. Place, and all the other philosophers of checks have overlooked it, the increase of brains has obviously a much lower ratio to the increase of population, than has the increase of food. To see this one has only to open one's eyes, and one will find fifty men (especially within Temple Bar) who dine abundantly, for one man who can speak sense. Now, if the wits of one be found inadequate for any enterprise, the only alternative is, to club the wits of another. This is accomplished by joint-stock companies; and it could not be accomplished in any other way.

Philanthropists and lovers of improvement will, therefore, rejoice at the number that are established, and in progress, and men who have fertile heads (in any place but the *os frontis*) will drudge at the invention of more. Mrs. Fry's grand pawn-broking company will, for instance, be an excellent thing for all parties. It will be very beneficial to the public; because, when folks go from bad to worse, they are said to go "out of the Fry-ing pan into the fire," while this will be coming out of the fire and going into the Fry-ing pan, returning from worse to bad, which is a retreat in so far. As for Mrs. Fry again, and the other "Tossers of the Pan," they will save all the fat. At present, they get very little interest for their money, unless they hazard the whole of it, or bring themselves within the chastisement of those usury-laws so much detested by Jeremy Bentham, Serjeant Onslow, and the whole remnant of the twelve tribes of Israel; whereas, under the new system, they can get handsome profits without hazarding the loss of a penny.

It would be impossible to do justice to all the projected companies; and, so, the better way will be to give the hint of a few more. First, then, it would save a great deal of time and trouble if all loyal addresses to the king were furnished by a joint-stock company; they could be had much cheaper, and they would introduce so perfect a uniformity of loyalty, as could not fail to make England the wonder and the envy of all nations. Secondly, if there were a matrimonial joint-stock company, the deuce is in it if there would be any elopements or actions for *crim. con.* or

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any old families dying out for the want of heirs. Thirdly, a joint-stock company for the holding of whig and radical meetings, and the making and reporting of speeches for the same, would not only save a great deal of time, which is at present wasted, but prevent the recurrence of such another affair as that at Manchester, in 1819. Fourthly, a joint-stock shaving company, where half-a-dozen rich ladies should pin the napkin, and half-a-dozen more froath the soap, and some of the cleanly and clever-handed gentlemen brandish the razors, would *shave the lieges much closer* than the twopenny shops, which, at present disfigure the streets. Lastly, if a joint-stock humbugging company were properly established, it would prevent thousands of individuals from making themselves ridiculous.

A VISIT TO NETHERHALL.

Scenes of early life awaken so many recollections, and are associated with so many delightful sensations, that we always behold with pleasure those objects which, like the beacon to the mariner, serve to revive the memory of past enjoyment. To a man of a metaphysical and contemplative turn of thought, perhaps, these reminiscences afford the *highest* degree of intellectual pleasure. The imaginative powers displayed in poetry, and the embodying these creations of genius by the hand of the artist, as well as a contemplation of the beauties of nature, will unquestionably afford a high feeling of satisfaction to a mind so constituted: but, highly as these sensations are to be appreciated, they fall very short, in my opinion, of the impression made upon the heart and mind of him who, in manhood, traces the localities of his juvenile amusements.

I was led to these reflections by a visit I lately paid to the "Academic Shade" where I received the foundation of whatever virtue or literature I possess; things were, indeed, changed since my time; my contemporaries had dispersed over the face of the inhabitable globe, encountering various vicissitudes of fortune, engaged in almost every occupation, and filling situations in every profession, trade, and gradation of society. They were gone and "left not a trace behind." The tree, which bore in staring characters the catalogue of their names, was no longer to be found, or if still distinguishable, those characters had so grown with its growth as to be no longer legible.

The play ground still retained its pristine appearance. The school-room, where fifty lines of Homer paid the forfeit of delinquency, continued a prominent object. The great bell which, like the curfew, regulated the duration of our scholastic imprisonment, still held its unerring exactitude of command. The awful code of discipline, stuck upon the wall to warn sinners against transgression, but which was always thought to be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," reminded me of the many pranks I played off with impunity; for though the principle of Lycurgus was not formally adopted, yet it was detection that always constituted the offence. When I review the space that has intervened since that period of innocent recreation and improvement, what a waste presents itself; not, indeed, a blank, but as chequered as a chess-board with vicissitudes "*Creta an carbone notandi.*"

My old friend and preceptor gave me a kindly and hospitable reception. It happened to be a day of recreation; an invitation having been received a few days previously "*to spend the day*" with farmer Coulson. Every countenance beamed with pleasure, every eye glistened with delight. Every face (at a season of life when the feelings are pourtrayed in the unsophisticated language of nature) shewed the innate feelings of happiness and anticipated enjoyment that was expected from this excursion.

The post-chaises were now wheeled into the fore court, the postboys greeted, horses admired, the master's indulgence lauded, and all anxious to give him the morning salutation with peculiar emphasis and energy on this joyous occasion. This was the foreground, (all joy, happiness, and satisfaction;) but in the back-ground of the picture a physiognomist might have read "the week's disasters in the morning faces" of those who composed it. A query, "If all these young gentlemen were to be of the projected party?" an answer in the affirmative, however, set all things to rights. A loud cheer testified the satisfaction

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with which this part of the audience received the welcome intelligence. All being now distributed through the different post-chaises, the cavalcade began to move along; the arrangement and conduct of which was under the direction of one of the masters, Dr. S. who, mounted on a sorrel pony, with a huge oaken stick in his hand, was tacking through the carriages, like Commodore Trunion on his voyage to get married.

Our route through Waltham and Nasingbury was truly picturesque and beautiful. The road, as we approached the latter place, is situated on the edge of a hill, which comes to the level of the adjacent plain by a gentle descent. The view, at all times beautiful, was rendered peculiarly interesting by our presence; for as we winded our course in a serpentine circuit round the girdle of the hill, the post-chaises became visible at irregular intervals, and the boys who descended from them were scattered over the face of the hill that intervened between the road and plain, which, with the romantic church, the rural village, and highly cultivated country, formed one of the most beautiful and enchanting landscapes the imagination can well picture. Leaving this charming scene, we passed through a still beautiful though solitary district. Not a house or human fact, exclusive of our own party, to be met with. We soon approached a defile, on one side of which is an almost perpendicular hill, and at its base a small amphitheatre bounded by lofty trees, in the midst of which was constructed a tasteful and elegant building. In any other situation it might, however, have passed unnoticed; but so situated, it was like the snow-drop in the wilderness, beautiful in its native solitude, but worthless if transplanted into the vernal regions of the cultivated parterre.

Scarcely had we emerged from this charming spot, before the smoke of the farmer's kitchen intimated both our arrival at Netherhall, and the preparations being made for our reception. Farmer C. the proprietor of the land adjacent to Netherhall, was a most excellent specimen of the modern English yeoman, though, perhaps, he had, from a constant contemplation of the beautiful ruins of the castle, transfused a slight tinge of the antique into his own character. Hospitality, in the true old English acceptation of the word, was his ruling passion; his motto—the burthen of all his jovial ditties; and though he had as much of the good Samaritan in his composition as a modern sinner could well possess, yet the word charity was not to be found in his vocabulary. He looked upon every child of Adam as his brother, and, therefore, entitled to his assistance, as far as his means could allow him to dispense it. To form an idea of his person, figure to yourself a tall, well-proportioned, good-humoured looking man, his years somewhat above fifty: such an individual as at some period of your life you have seen on a Sunday evening sitting with a pipe in his mouth, on the bench which usually extends on either side of the village ale-house. You will never see honest C. again so seated—he is gone to rest with his fathers, and peace be to his manes.

Alighted from the post-chaises, the hearty welcome over, we were taken to a long room, with tables set out with eatables meant for a luncheon, or as it would be termed in high life, a "*dejune a la fourchette*;" but eating and *drinking* are vulgar habits, worn indiscriminately by all his majesty's liege subjects. For my own part, I have always esteemed, as a first-rate genius, the Grecian mentioned by Hierocles, who, under curing to annihilate this odious practice, would have taught his horse to live without food, but, to his inexpressible mortification, found that he died when he had nearly accomplished his purpose; but, in this enlightened age, however, this age of invention and improvement, I assert (and I think I can see as far as my neighbours) that this desirable object will be accomplished through the medium of galvanism, gas, or steam, and extinguish the fame of Mrs. Rundles "Art of Cookery," consign to the tomb of all the Capulets the "Almanac des Gourmands," raise Cambaceres from the dead, and send Sir William Curtis with sorrow to his grave.

I will not, therefore, dwell on such a subject; but as every good writer ought to do, hurry my reader into the midst of business. Here, then, was an ass riding a donkey, and an ass being rode by three rank and file juvenile equestrians; there a youthful aspirant for the laurels of the brave, engaged in single combat with a gander; and not far off a wicked and unmannerly sow, perceiving the learned Dr. S. in a reflecting attitude, curtailed as to his skirts, and bedaubed, as to his externals, with mud and dirt, by an unlucky roll in the kennel, occasioned by the neglect of his equestrian education,

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having mistaken him for a scarecrow, advanced to pay her respects "*all Ecossoise*," at the same time articulating a sound, which the vizier in the Arabian Nights, who understood the language of birds, would have interpreted "*Long life to the Duke of Argyle.*" This salutation, however, was by no means acceptable to the learned Dr., who immediately put himself in a posture of defence, and, in consequence, a fierce and obstinate contest ensued; victory was for a long time doubtful, but at length declared in favour of the Doctor, though the palm of gracefulness was awarded to his antagonist; *him*, in the rencontre which decided the affair, the cow making a lunge, and at the same time kicking up her rearward extremities, and raising her tail perpendicular to her back (a position which must be allowed to be an excellent imitation of that of the left hand, practised by performers in the fencing art) would inevitably have destroyed the Doctor upon the spot, had not he, in the manner of a Spanish gladiator at a bull-fight, most adroitly slipped aside, and laid such a lusty stripe of his baton on the cow's loins as to make her scamper ingloriously from the field of action. Some apprehensions were entertained, particularly by the ladies, for the safety of the Doctor; but we, who knew the courage and prowess of the man, left him to fight his own battle, and never did a conqueror at the Olympic games receive the palm of victory with more pleasure than his learned Doctorship did the meed of praise and gratulation which was now showered upon him from all sides.

We were shortly after invited to dinner, which I should have passed unnoticed, but that our repast was the feast of reason and the flow of soul. You may be sure that we all played a very conspicuous part at the knife and fork—*all*, I must say, with the exception of our worthy Coryphæus. The Doctor ate little or nothing, but looked unutterable things. His appetite, I mean his stomach appetite, was gone, and he feasted at the optics. This *denouement* was brought about by the 'juxta position,' as he himself said, of a young lady, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, whose brilliant black eyes, ruby lips, and rosy cheeks made such a deep incision in his heart, as to mount all his amatory propensities on the back of Pegasus, who has been since seen frequently flying with *billet-doux* to the battlements of Netherhall. Having determined to commence operations in poetry, no sooner was the cloth removed than he fired off the following charade directly at the young lady's heart. After having been for a quarter of an hour in profound meditation, he uttered, in a tone of solemn and melting pathos, and a look as amorous as Malvolio's in Twelfth Night:

My first to ruin often leads,
My next's the scene of warlike deeds,
My whole the name of yonder fair,
Of Sylphic form and graceful air;
Whose humble slave I boast to be,
Would she but deign to pity me.

"La! sir," said Miss Betsy, as soon as she comprehended the gist of this enigma, "are you making riddles on me?"—"It is but fair play, my dear," replied the gallant preceptor, "for your eyes have made a *riddle* of my heart."

This sally, which, of course, produced its laugh, added to the impromptu charade, a species of verse much admired by ladies, made evidently a strong impression on Miss Betsy's heart, already predisposed in his favour by the vast intrepidity which he, like a second Guy of Warwick, had displayed in the combat with the cow. Determined to follow up his success, he immediately, while the dessert was yet blushing on the table, volunteered to sing a song of his own composition. He said it was extempore—to my knowledge he had made it three years before—but that was no matter. It was not the first time a dissembling pick had been played off, nay, even within the august walls of St. Stephen's. Clearing his throat, he quavered forth the following stanzas:

Ah, who can love control,
Which, seated in the soul,
Its victim rules with *domineering* sway?
None can its force withstand,
All yield at its command,
And own this truth—to love is to obey.

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2.

By love's almighty power,
An emperor, like a flower,
Is made to droop, to languish, and decay;
But if the fair he gain,
As flowers after rain
Throw off their wet, *he throws* his cares away.

3.

Oh, who can e'er reveal
The pangs that lovers *feel*,
When they *suspect* their charmer is untrue?
Like to the raging sea,
They find that jealousy
Stirs up the passions at the maddening *view*.

4.

No human voice can tell
What joys his bosom swell,
Who feels his ardent *fiery* kiss returned,
By her who *trembling glows*,
Half conscious of the woes
She *had inflicted* while with love he *burn'd*.

5.

Oh, when shall love decay,
When shall it fade away?
Say, shall it *fly* when death calls us away?
No, it exists in heaven,
From whence it first was giv'n,
And there it shall exist in everlasting day.

These lines astonished those who knew the doctor, only from the circumstance of his having so rivetted his mind on the acquirement of a fellowship, that Greek, Latin, and the Mathematics, were the whole study of his life hitherto, but he now appeared to be in pursuit of a fellowship of another description. He did not fail to be rallied on this point, but he replied still in poetic numbers.

What's a table, richly spread,
Without a woman at its head.

When, however, surprise had passed off, *Jibe*, a cockney scholar, who thought nothing great, good, or well-bred beyond the limits of Temple Bar on the one side, or Houndsditch on the other, and who had an invincible antipathy to the doctor's poetry, because it was not the growth of Fetter-lane, or Change Alley, began to criticise these verses, by objecting, *in limine*, to the use of the word *domineering*, observing, that it was not a bepithet by any means applicable to the passion of love; the bands, said he, may indeed bind, but never gall, which is certainly implied in that ere term. With scowling look, the poet replied, that he meant to allude to the bands of Hymen, the god of matrimony. Hymen, O Hymenæ, as Catullus sings—and, as the husband was canonically Lord, (Dominus,) and master the epithet, domineering—a dominando—was most pertinent.

The applause the doctor received on this keen encounter of the wits, gave him courage to attack the cockney in turn; he said, "that, however Jibe might endeavour to depreciate him, it should be judged by the company if he could not write better poetry than Mr. Jibe himself. Jibe coloured excessively, and denied the soft impeachment of verse-making. "No, no, sir," said the persevering pedagogue, "that wont do, you know that it was you who wrote the translation of the French song in last Sunday's Examiner."—"And if I did," said Jibe, "I leave it to the company that it is more jaunty than any thing you could do." We expressed a desire to hear this Meliboean contention, and accordingly, Jibe, after a little hemming and crying, "Pon honour, quite absurd," began his translation, first repeating the French, according to the dialect of Covent Garden. We listened all attention

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Faisons l'amour, faisons la guerre,
Ces deux metiers sont pleins dattraits;
La guerre au monde est un peu chere,
L'amour en rembourse les frais,
Que l'ennemi que la bruyere
Soient tour à tour serrés de pres;
Eh! mes amis peut on mieux faire,
Quand on a depeuplé la terre,
Que de la repeupler après?

The cockney's translation was then read, with inimitable emphasis and effect.

Let us make love—let us make war,
This is our motto, boys, these are our courses;
War may appear to cost people dear,
But love reimburses, but love reimburses.

The foe, and the fair, let them see what we are,
For the good of the nation, the good of the nation;
What possible debtor can pay his debts better
Than depopulation with re-population.

When this translation had been duly commented upon by the judges, the Dr. arose, and, with due emphasis, and good discretion, produced his attempt as follows:—

1.

Let us make love—let us make war,
Two trades so great in story;
The cost of war is greater far
Than any sense of glory.

2.

But love, that binds in pure delight
All sexes and all stations,
Clears off the debt, and makes it light,
Through all her bright relations.

3.

A debt unpaid has never stain'd
Her honour, or her station,
Depopulation's loss we've gain'd,
By love's re-population.

We were pondering in deep muse in order to decide between these rival bards, and the decision, probably, would have been that of the impartial critic in Gay's Pastoral,

An oaken staff he merits for his pains.

when a loud tumult on the green, before the door, disturbed our peaceful meditations. The crack boy of the school had got engaged in fistic combat with the prime swell of the village youths, and the searcher of the ring was in requisition. We went out to quiet the fray, which, as it broke up, our critical synod shall here break off my paper. Whether I shall resume it again, remains in the bosom of

THE PERIPATETIC.

A CRITICAL INQUIRY AS TO WHO IS THE EDITOR AND WRITER OF THE JOHN BULL NEWSPAPER.

IN the John Bull newspaper, of Sunday, October 17th, 1824, (there is nothing like being accurate in the dates of important transactions) you will find these words:—

"While we are speaking of ourselves we feel called upon, for many reasons, (without offering any opinion of the publication,) to state that no person concerned in this paper has any connection whatever with a monthly magazine which has assumed our title."

All which is as true as gospel; but it may be recollected that we had, three months ago, said the same thing in mellifluous verse, which, in all probability, our readers altogether forget. On which account we beg leave to

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remind them that the venerable ancient, Timothy Tickler, Esq. of Blackwood's Magazine, had thought proper to inform us that—

Who you are I don't know, Mr. T'other John Bull;

In reply to which we told the elder that—

NOUGHT IN COMMON WITH JOHN HAVE I GOT, Mr. T.
SAVE THE NAME, and that's open to him, you, or me.
'Twas a glorious old name, ere the three were begotten,
And glorious 'twill be when the three blades are rotten.
J. B. M. No. 2, p. 78.

And having done this, we submit that it was rather tardy in John Bull to deny us.

This, however, is a matter of the very smallest importance. But the notice in the paper has suggested to us, as a fitting and fair object of speculation, to consider who it is that has thus, in the face of day, cut us—in other words, who is the author of the John Bull?

There is nobody who sits down to write a dissertation on the authorship of Junius, who does not begin it with some fine and high spoken sentences on the importance of the inquiry; the propriety of satisfying a laudable curiosity; the impenetrable mystery in which the secret was kept, until the very moment when the present author, sitting down, developed it with piercing acumen, and held up the writer to the blaze of day. Having, from the starting-post, professed ourselves enemies, point-blank, of humbug in every shape, and this pompous exordium being only a specimen of that venerable commodity, in a different appearance, we shall not at all imitate these enquirers. Humbug we say it is, for instead of being actuated by any of these above-mentioned propensities, the authors are only intent on displaying their own abilities, in sifting evidence, with the very sensible under-plot, however, of raising the wind at the expence of a bookseller.

Nor shall we imitate these aforesaid personages in the mode of evidence which they generally bring, which is something as follows:

Taylor, the bookseller, says that Junius must have been Sir Philip Francis, because they both made strait lines so " for quotations, instead of the usual circumbendibus employed by the rest of the world, so " ".

Dr. Busby proves him to be De Lolme, because Junius is a pure idiomatic writer of English; and De Lolme, being a foreigner, has filled his English style with solecisms.

Mr. Almon sets up Hugh Boyd, because the said Boyd, being drunk, said that he was the man.

Mrs. Princess Olivia Serres Wilmot de Cumberland proves it to be her grandfather, Dr. Wilmot, because she thinks fit to say so.

Mr. Stephens thinks it was Horne Tooke, because Tooke wrote against Junius, and had an implacable hatred towards him.

Charles Butler and others declare it to be Lord George Sackville, because Lord George Sackville spoke to one Swinny in the park.

Several bestow it on Edmund Burke, because he used to say *utinam fecissem*.

Others on Lord Chesterfield, because, being an impotent dandy, who could write about shirt-ruffles, and the impropriety of scratching one's head, he was qualified to compose vigorous epistles.

Others, again, on one Greatorex, an Irish lawyer, because, after having been an ass during his life, he ordered "*stat nominis umbra*" to appear on his gravestone after he was dead.

Lastly, and finally, Œdipus Oroonoko starts Suett, the comedian, which we think the most sensible of all; and, when we next go by Oroonoko's shop, we shall chew a quid of pigtail with him, in token of approbation.

We perceive that we have forgotten the laurel-crowned LL.D. who puts Junius in hell, having his features abolished for ever with an iron-binding,* exhibiting to the spectator the appearance of a pot-headed Peripatetic, which certainly is a most ingenious idea of that eminent writer of hexamiters.

Leaving, therefore, this method of investigation, we shall conduct our enquiry as to who is the Bull, in our own way, first disposing of those to whom public favour has hitherto attributed the authorship. Lest we should

* Masked had the libeller lived, and now a vizor of iron
Rivetted round his head, had abolished his features for ever.—*Vision of Judgment.*

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offend the *amour propre* of any of these gentlemen, by not giving him his due precedence, we put them in alphabetical order, viz.

Croker, John Wilson, M.P.
Hooke, Theodore
Luttrell, Christian, name to us unknown
Smith, James
Twiss, Horace, M.P.

These five are, we believe, all who have appeared as candidates for the situation in point, and we shall most conscientiously reject them all.

1. Mr. Secretary Croker denied the John Bull, by implication at least, in Parliament, and it would be a breach of privilege to suspect him after that disavowal.

2. Mr. Theodore Hooke has been too much persecuted by the Government, and occupied by his own affairs, in one way or another, to be able to mind those of others; and we believe nobody *will* accuse Bull of keeping clear from the concerns of the remainder of mankind.

3. Mr. Ampthill Park Luttrell is too much of a dandy to be so stiff a representative of the pugnacious parts of our natural character. He may be able to write very pretty advice to Julia; but, to use a polite phrase, which *he* will understand, to write John Bull is not in his breeches.

4. That it is not James Smith is demonstrable, from the fact that James has never been known to tell any of the John Bull jokes before-hand, nor to sing any of the John Bull songs after publication, things which afford complete evidence, that *he* had nothing to do with it. Besides, there is never any mention of Mrs. Fubbs, of Crutched-friars, nor Mr. Dobbs, of Houndsditch, in its columns, and James cannot write without introducing these heroes.

5. There remains Horace Twiss.—What would we not give, that the laws of modern decorum allowed us to repeat the Hibernian epigram on his monarch; for it would be the fittest answer to his letter denying the authorship of John Bull! Did he never hear the epigram George Colman made when he read his denial.

They say I'm John Bull, exclaims Twiss.
Nay, alas,
You mistake, my dear Horace, they call you Jack-ass.

Putting these five, therefore, out of the question, who is John Bull? We have shewn who he is not.

We know, if we liked, that we could hand down any person we wished to immortal fame, by just mentioning what we know on the subject. But, gentle reader, before we have told you who it is, we beg leave to ask you a question.

A thousand, if you please, will be the reply, if you are a polite reader, as we are bound to suppose you.

Well then, the question is, can you keep a secret?

Of course.

And so can we.

But come, we own that is putting you off rather cavalierly, after having raised your expectations so considerably, and we shall therefore not baulk you any longer. We shall mention the name without any concealment, circumlocution, periphrastic, round about, or circumbendibus, without beating about the bush, and about the bush, and never touching the bush; but plainly, simply, honestly, squarely, flatly, precisely, exactly—

THE ACTUAL JOHN BULL IS —— ——;

is not that a well-known character? You cannot take up any book of anecdote, particularly piquant, and exact anecdote, such as Captain Medwin's book on Lord Byron, without finding him, or her, (for —— —— is of all ages and sexes,) playing a most conspicuous part.

Having thus disburthened ourselves of our secret, we shall reserve the disquisition on the evidence, external and internal, which has led us to this conclusion, so satisfactory and so luminous, until next month. In the mean time, gentle readers, we request that you will not make any ill use of the confidence we have so unreservedly placed in you.

ON ENGLISH MANNERS.

If one, accustomed to the unchanging habits of some of those secluded districts of the world, in which the grandson not only follows the steps, but wears the garments of his grandfather, and where changes of costume are marked out by space and not by time, he would be apt to say of English manners, what Pope

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said of women, that they have "no character at all." A people, from the highest to the lowest, influenced by the vicissitudes of trade, moved where it invites, or from whence it drives, and raised and lowered in their relative importance by the chances which it turns up, can have no permanent character upon which to build any thing like a system. They are like their climate or their sky, in a state of constant change, so that that which would be a faithful portrait of any one set of persons to-day, ceases to have likeness to-morrow.

As Englishmen are they upon whom those vicissitudes operate first and most directly; it is among them that there is a total want of every thing like national manners, at least of manners which might not with just as much truth be predicted of an Englishman at Naples or Astrachan, as of an Englishman in London. We have no doubt our nobility, our fine gentlemen, our clergy and our literati, but they merge in the general oblivion of character; the first being distinguished only by his armorial bearing; the second, by a sort of constitutional ennui, which lets one know that he is out of his element; the third, by a head gear a little more unseemly than that of other men; and the fourth, by no characteristic distinction. All is business among the men of England—gain is their god, and his worship is all their glory. No doubt they write and reason, and dispute and harangue, as eloquently as the men of any other nation; but they do that as a matter of business, and not for the abstract furtherance of art or science, or the theoretic discovery of truth. The most profound philosopher of the English schools, or the most eloquent speakers at the English bar, or in the English senate, differ in subject, but not in object, from the most successful breeder of cattle, or the most skilful constructor of steam-engines. We do not say that this is faulty; we only say that it exists, and that existing, it takes away all those little traits and peculiar distinctions, without which it is impossible to find or to describe manners. A less busy and bustling and changing society, may be compared to one of the old-fashioned engines, which were put in motion and regulated by a horse turning a wheel here, and a boy drawing a string there, while that of England resembles one moved and regulated by a single power. The one is, if you will, like an ancient galley, with its benches of rowers, all of them in sight, and moving it heavily along by hard labour, at their respective oars; while the other dashes away like a steam-boat, in which you hear the rush of the water, and see the rapidity of the motion, but you can discern no separate impulse.

The very cause, however, which takes away from Englishmen every thing which a foreigner would call character, tends to stamp upon Englishwomen a character, not only different from that which the sex have in other countries, but more particularly and decidedly feminine.

It is pretty generally admitted that the English ladies are among the most desirable shafts in the quiver of Cupid; but they remain in that quiver, or are satisfied with being that only in the games of the owner. They meet not with men in their worldly pursuits, and combat not with them in their intrigues, as they do in some other countries. It is impossible to live near them, and not admire them; but still their wars against the other sex are waged only against the heart; and a mistress, in England, is quite pleased at being drawn in the same vehicle with her paramour, without ever attempting to snatch the reins and the whip, for the purpose of directing that vehicle herself. The sexes come not, as it were, upon each other's ground. The men have their business, their politics, and their parties; and the women have their eloquence, their love, and their maternal affection: or if (as is very likely to be the case) the lady be, after all, the real governor, the gentleman always has the credit of it; which, for all public and political purposes, answers just as well.

The separation of the sexes in their youth, which the habits of a commercial people renders necessary, has no doubt the first and principal effect in forming this peculiar character of the English ladies; but it is also assisted by political circumstances. The more absolute and tyrannical that any government is, the more certain is it that females will be the real depositories of power. Despots rule by their passions, and where this is the case, the stronger passion is the sovereign despot; and hence woman, whether at large or in the harem, rules, as a matter of course.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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THE

JOHN BULL

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MY BIRTH-DAY.

"Oh, 'tis a day, a day of mirth and jollity!
The like was never seen before, from high to low."

MODERN SONG.

"THE gloomy month of November!" I do not like the assertion, the reflection, the what you will—it is an exaggeration born of those who live in garrets, and who see the sweet sun but o'Sundays. There is no such thing as gloom in bonny Old England, where her children can, for the most part, live as they ought to live, and die jovial fellows. They, I mean, who pay the best tribute to the old dame's glories, by enjoying the fruits, and the corn and oil, which, with a hearty good-will, she pours upon them from her horn of plenty. Gloom! there is not such a word in the whole chapter of our history; it was banished the state when the Barebones were driven out, and men took the manufacture of "home-brewed" seriously into action. Gloom! there is not enough in the whole country to make a jacobin, or keep alive emigration; the "clank of the canakin," like fires in an African forest, scares away the monster; whilst, at the same time, as do the countryman's beaten kettles and saucepans entice the bees into a swarm—it congregates together the mimics of dull care, and all those that are the antipodes to the blue-devils. But I am exuberant—and no wonder—it is the season of my re-invigoration, the repletion of my life and spirit. I have been laid like the vampire, if I may compare things of evil with things of good report—in the beams my life-blood and am enriched with omnipotence for another year. I have, Antæus like, kissed my mother-earth again, and again am invincible. October, "old October," has commenced my rites, has opened the celebration of my birth-day. Children and fathers, ye that are the sacrificers to my altar, the proselytes to the sweet flowing eloquence of Britain's nectar, will you have a Parthian glance at the rationally happy anniversary—the holiday which not even in a coronation, or triumph, has a parallel.

Well, then, there came to my making the hale and the hearty of all ranks and divisions in life—every order of society. The Doric basement, and the Corinthian capital, each had its representative, and with all of them it was the labour of love to pleasure me. First came, clothed in their best, and crowned with a wreath of barley, they that are the country's pride, a bold peasantry; those who, whether they toil beneath a bright sun in the bounteous corn-fields, or in the misty city, do yet furnish forth their evening banquet by the sweat of their brows. These bore homely banners before them, symbolically decorative of their several employments; whilst the regular "pewter quart," glittering like a glow-worm when she lights the fairies o' Midsummer nights to their fantastic and tiny revelries, and reflecting the shunshine of my portly countenance, was elevated, like the host of Scotland before the jolly clans that now attended my muster-cry, as the badge and ensign of their numerous levies. There was no affectation, no sycophancy in the salu-

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tation with which they greeted me; but they bent as men who feel they have done their duty to their employers, but who have yet an act of gratitude to perform to their heartiest benefactor. This was their birth-day gratulation—

Our country claims her people's praise,
His people's love our King,
And these the patriot still shall raise,
When we are withering;
But yet there is a duty still
To thee, which now we pay,
For thy warm smiles our pewters fill,
Thy spirit wets our clay.

CHORUS.—Then round about thy throne we go,
And catch thy bounties as they flow;
And the last pledge from which we part
Shall be thy regular pewter quart.

We do not envy others power,
Nor sigh for others gain;
A quiet heart, amidst life's shower,
'Tis better to obtain;
We'll give the great man all his wealth,
The proud man all his might,
Content to quaff old England's health
With hearty friends at night.

CHORUS.—And thus, then, pacing round thy throne,
We prove ourselves, indeed, thine own;
And such the creed thou would'st impart
Each time we fill the pewter quart.

Then live for ever—master—friend,
For ever shine on us,
To thee, midst toil, we lowly bend,
In pleasure serve thee thus—
We feel not labour, pain despise,
And scorn at tasks to grieve,
Assured by hope, that never dies,
We'll meet with thee at eve.

CHORUS.—Then our glad chorus loud we'll swell
To thee, who hast no parallel,
And on our tombs, when we must part,
Let there be hung thy pewter quart.

To this issue of a line noble souls succeeded, the centre of my army of patriots, the shafts as it were of the state's pillar; they who depending upon those beneath them, for much of their own success, themselves supply that which is above the flourishes of the community, with comforts and authority. I mean, *they came* who labour all the live-long day, distributing their merchandize and their commodities, from behind heterogeneously filled counters, and crammed warehouses; they who barter the produce brought over the deep waters from far countries; for, in this case, not vile, but honest lucre—men who labour hard in their callings from Monday to Saturday, in order to sport their bottle of black-strap, and their *one-horse-chay*, o' Sundays and holidays; in short, they without whom the world could not live, and who would themselves break stones for Mr. M'Adam, or manufacture gas for the impulsion of cricket-balls, without the patronage of the world. Well, *they* gave me a stave too, short and lively, like little Knight the actor-man, and a great deal more to the purpose than Robert Elliston's new *four-horse power* Tale of Enchantment. Suppose we give it, by way of affording plain prose a minute's breathing-time.

Oh! thou art the chief for bewitching us,
Whether in warehouse or shop,
Of all the dear sweets that flow into us
Thine is the true cheering drop—

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Quacks they may prate of their piracies—
Dons they may talk of champaigne,
But thine, when it passes our *ivories*,
Physics at once all our pain.
Da Capo.

Then hail to thee, King of life's pleasures,
Hail to thy old frosty pow,
We never shall lose all our treasures
Whilst thus we can hug thee as now;
May thy smiles for ever be beaming,
For ever o'er sorrow prevail,
And long may thy bright eye be gleaming
From out of our barrel of ale.
Da Capo.

Last, but not least, came the great and the rich, and the noble—the flourishes of the capital, the elegant Corinthian finish to a noble erection. I am not talking of those of the aristocracy who wear out their monotonous lives in drawing-rooms and club-houses, who leave home, "sweet home," for the frivolities of France, its dancers and its coffee, and the hearty hospitalities of the "water-walled bulwark," to court the dissipations of the cities of the Adriatic—I am not talking of such who fear to face the north-wind, or the kiss of the morning; but of them who love the wild halloo, and the hounds' melody, for whom hill and dale have charms, even though the bared oaks and the stripped hedges are blossoming with snow, not vegetation, and the winter-king sits enthroned on his palaces of ice upon the hill-top, and the deep valley, chaining into submission all nature by the power of his sceptre. Of them who deem exercise an effort of wisdom, and the enjoyment of life an application of prudence; of them who love the dog and the gun, and who feel "a new ardour to their souls conveyed" amidst the enthusiastic sallies of sporting companionship. Of them who can make a hearty breakfast, and a gap in the cold sirloin, 'ere the sun is two hours old, and who can be thankful to a good-natured benapt at noon for a luncheon of home-baked bread, and home-brewed ale, who can say a kind thing to the farmer's wife, and a complimentary one to his daughter, and who can afterwards wash down his bread and cheese with "old October," that once again rivals that nectar of our forefathers. Such were they, that came like "worthy gentlemen" to John Barleycorn's birth-day. The hunting-horn and the fowling-piece were slung over their shoulders, and the fox-brush and the pheasant's plumage gracefully crested in their caps. They were clothed in various uniforms—sober green—and gay scarlet—and modest drab, and upon their banners were the several emblems of their field-sports curiously emblasoned. I confess to you, to you who love to live, and let live, that I was more happy in thus bringing together, in one bond of union, the several members of my ministry, than was even Menenius Agrippa when he allayed the fury of a Roman democracy by his celebrated fable—and I was determined, as I listed their concluding lay, to bind them still closer to my government by growing stronger each succeeding anniversary.

Though there's life at the west-end, yet still we forget it,
When fled from its smoke, and from Parliament hours,
For never were hearts, if the fashion would let them,
More form'd to be jovial and light than ours.
Then may the sun still shine
Upon thee and thine,
Though on others, old boy, the rain-cloud lowers,
And thy corn and the vine
Shall still be the sign
We will rally about in smiles, or in showers.

There is not in Albion, though glories surround it,
The richest and fairest in all the wide earth,
So noble, so honour'd, so cheerful a spirit
As thee, hearty chieftain—the god of our mirth!

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To thee all shall raise
An off'ring of praise,
Great pattern of strength; mighty foe unto dearth,
And the glitt'ring rays
Of Albion's best days
Shall ne'er fade 'neath thy sceptre—great model of worth!

Then to-day, as again, thou art rob'd in thy glories,
Bold peasants, brave yeomen, and lords of the land,
And churchmen, the Pope's-men, old Whigs and old Tories,
Come again to enrol themselves 'neath thy command;
Nor party, nor sect,
Nor pride, nor neglect,
Shall defile thy bright spots where thy dear temples stand,
But united and free,
And happy with thee,
Immortal in fame shall be Barleycorn's band.

For obvious reasons, and as I hold it to be a sin most grievous and ungallant ever to "kiss and tell," the conclusion of the happy holiday, whose commencement I have chronicled, I must leave to the surmises of my admiring readers. Those who have had the wisdom to enrol themselves as members of the college of good living, will need no ghost to arise from its sarcophagus to dole out, in hollow notes and slow, the concluding history of a "free and easy" banquet, and those who prefer buttered toast and "rot-gut" tea to mutton-chops and ale o' mornings, and weak wine and water to bottled porter or "twelve bushels to the hogshead" at dinner, do not deserve to be flattered by the blazon of any illuminations.

The Public's Friend,
JOHN BARLEYCORN.
1*st Nov.—from my mash-tub*—1824.

VISIT TO A COLONY OF MANIACS AT GHEEL, NEAR BRUSSELS.

THERE is no fiction in the following account, though the title of it may lead to such a supposition. The facts are no less genuine than singular, and rest upon the basis of ocular testimony and authentic record. It is not the first time, however, that this remarkable village has been made the theme of inaccurate and fanciful narrative. M. Jouy, for example, in 'The Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin,' gives a very flattering, but false, picture of this interesting establishment. He tells us, that four-fifths of the inhabitants of Gheel are maniacs, in the strongest sense of the term, and yet they are permitted to enjoy, without inconvenience, the same liberty as the other villagers; that in the middle ages, a magistrate of Anvers, named Pontécoulant, feeling for the situation of the poor maniacs, crowded together in a small hospital, caused them to be carried to Gheel, and distributed among the inhabitants, to whom an adequate sum was paid for their board. The selection of this village, he informs us, was not made by chance; for, being situated in the midst of an extensive plain, which every where surrounds it, the superintendence is easy, and two or three men are sufficient to shepherd the whole flock of maniacs, who, at the sound of a bell, return to their several homes to dinner. Wholesome food, pure air, regular exercise, and all the appearance of liberty, are found to be successful in curing the greater part of them within twelve months.

Thus M. Jouy has thought proper to embellish, or rather to falsify, the real state of the circumstances. The era which he had transferred to the middle ages, bears the recent date of 1803, when M. Pontécoulant, the prefect of Dyle, of which Brussels is the capital, caused, as the Hermit has said, the maniacs to be sent to Gheel. The document published by Pontécoulant on this occasion is now before us, from which we learn, that, from the confined and unhealthy situation of the hospital at Brussels, the poor patients—who were afflicted with the most dreadful of all distempers, were rendered incurable. Having heard that he could have the patients better accommodated at Gheel, he sent a physician to ascertain the state

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of the village, and, on his recommendation, proceeded to arrange with the inhabitants to further his humane views. The first correct account which was published is contained in M. Herbouille's 'Statistical Account of the District,' who tells us, that "This strange traffic has been, time out of mind, the only resource of the inhabitants of Gheel, and no accident from it was ever known to have taken place."

Dr. Andrée, who published a work on 'Charitable Establishments,' in 1808, is still more credulous respecting the misrepresentations of Gheel than any previous writer. He gravely tells us, he was informed that madness is as endemic at Gheel as goitres are in Switzerland, adding, with great *naïveté*, that the weather was so bad when he passed through the country, that he could not examine into the foundation of the opinion. The most correct account which we have hitherto met with is that by M. Esquirol, and we shall liberally avail ourselves of his information.

We had not proceeded far into the village, when we recognised the poor fellow mentioned by M. Esquirol, who supposed himself to be the prince of performers on the violin. He immediately recognised us as strangers, and politely introduced himself and his violin to our notice. He was about the age of fifty, of dark complexion, and had a singular, though indescribable, look of keen anxiety, mixed with an air of exultation, arising at times to haughtiness or contempt for all around him. He had been a violin-player in Brussels for many years, and it was probably, though we could not learn, jealousy, or vanity, respecting some rival performer, which had deranged his intellects. Besides the superiority of his performances on the violin, which was his ruling theme, he believed himself to be of noble birth, to be immensely rich, and to be destined to arrive at the highest honours and dignities in the state. These notions presented themselves to his mind in the most disorderly combinations, but always with most surprising spirit and vivacity—a circumstance which rendered him always happy. He enjoyed the greatest possible liberty, and was even steady enough, we were told, to sing in chorus at the church on festival days; though this was not peculiar to him, as several of the other patients also assist. He sometimes goes to the neighbouring hamlets, and performs at the peasants' balls and dancing parties. At our request, he performed several airs and pieces of very difficult and intricate music, without a single mistake, or missing a single note, though he was sometimes out in the time. While he was playing, he continued to talk very incoherently, in a loud voice, and then it was he played too rapidly. It is worthy of remark, that though he fancied himself to be immensely rich, yet he took, without hesitation, the money which we offered him for his music.

We presented our letters of introduction to the good old rector of St. Amanzius, who was highly delighted to show us all the curiosities of his church, and to tell us all the legends connected with it. If we might judge from its architecture, the edifice appeared to belong to the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It is but small, compared with the magnificent structures which were usually erected at that period. On each side of the grand altar are two groups of figures, as large as life; in one of which is a statue of St. Nymphna the Martyr; and in another two maniacs in chains, for whose recovery the saint is in the act of praying. To this saint the colony of Gheel appears to owe its origin. Here bones were miraculously discovered so long ago as the seventh century; and, as was usual in those times, they were resorted to for the cure of all sorts of diseases. Whether it was by accident, or policy, we know not, but it was soon discovered and reported, that St. Nymphna's bones had a peculiar influence in the cure of maniacal affections; or, in the language of the times, were possessed of the power of driving away evil spirits from those whom they tormented. The fame of the cures performed at Gheel, like those at present said to be achieved by Prince Hohenlohe, was soon trumpeted through every quarter of Christendom, and the shrine of Nymphna was accordingly soon crowded with devotees. Maniacs were brought thither in great numbers, accompanied by their relatives, and it became a lucrative avocation for the villagers to accommodate the pilgrims and provide for their wants.

The saint, after the lapse of twelve centuries, still maintains her celebrity for the cure of these distressing affections of mind; but, as we might have anticipated, her credit seems to be rather on the decline; for the old rector reluc-

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tantly admitted, that though he had frequently seen cures effected by the intercession of the saint, yet these were becoming daily more rare. We were curious to learn the nature of the ceremonies which were gone through in such cases; and we obtained from our reverend Cicerone the following detail; which is likewise contained in a pamphlet sold at the church, along with the whole history, true and fabulous, of St. Nymphna and her miraculous cures.

The relatives of the patient have to attend for nine days in the church of St. Amanzius, during which, the maniac, either alone or with others in the same circumstances, is lodged near the church, under the *surveillance* of an old woman who is skilful in her vocation. A priest attends every day to celebrate the mass and read prayers, while the maniacs, assisted by boys of the village and devotees, go round the church thrice on the outside and thrice on the inside. When they arrive at the centre of the church, where the shrine of the saint is placed, they kneel and are dragged three times under the shrine, that is, each time they make the circuit of the church. If the patient be furious and unmanageable, one of the villagers, or a boy, is hired to go through the ceremonies in his stead. In the mean time, while the patient is performing his processions, his relatives in the church are assiduous in their supplications to the saint. On the ninth day grand mass is said, and the patient is exorcised; and on every repetition of the nine days it is the same. These ceremonies, however, are by no means performed by all the maniacs who are sent to Gheel; and the time is perhaps fast approaching when they will be entirely discontinued, though we should hope that this will not be the case with the interesting colony to which they have given origin.

The maniacs are distributed among the inhabitants of Gheel, with whom the relatives of the patients enter into a sort of contract. The body of the town, and more particularly the vicinity of the church, is in most request; though some patients are lodged in the neighbouring farms and hamlets. We saw very few, however, beyond the boundaries of the town. Each inhabitant may take from one to five patients; and for the poor of the commune an hospital is provided, into which eight or ten are received. The patients who are mischievous or unruly sleep apart upon straw, or on a bag of chopped straw; while those who are harmless have beds similar to their hosts, and eat at the same table. Those, of course, who are lodged in the town have better food and better beds, though they have not so good air as in the farms and hamlets. The patients, who are maintained at the expense of the hospitals of Brussels and Malines, are clothed in woollen-stuff; the others according to the fancy of their relatives.

The greater number of the patients live like the inhabitants of the country, on milk, butter, and potatoes, being allowed little bread or animal food in proportion. They are allowed to walk in the streets, or in the country, without fear, without restraint, and even without being mustered; and when they escape beyond the territories of the commune, they are pursued by the gens d'armerie, and conducted back to their homes. When any of them become unruly they are loaded with irons, both on the hands and feet, and we saw one poor fellow whose legs were much lacerated by the friction of his irons. In every house, indeed, we saw rings fixed, either near the chimney or the bed, for the purpose of securing a chain when found necessary. We learned that upwards of fifty of the male boarders were employed to the great advantage of their hosts, in agriculture and other simple labours; while the female patients are employed in sewing, and making lace, but are never put to perform domestic services. They receive for these labours a very small additional allowance of food; but this is so very small, that those who live among the peasantry often barter the whole for a flask of beer on Sundays. They are not allowed to go to the parish-church, for the purpose, perhaps, of keeping it beyond the hazard of disturbance; but many of them attend at the church of St. Amanzius, where fifty or sixty of them, and amongst others our friend the musician, assist in singing and in other parts of the service. It is rare that any of them interrupt or disturb the service, and this is imputed to the influence of St. Nymphna. It is the strict orders of the police, that none of the patients be seen out of doors after sun-set, under the penalty of a pecuniary fine; and that those who are furious or dangerous be not permitted to go out on any occasion, or under any pretence.

On inquiring into the expence of

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boarding and keeping, we learned that when the patients are sent from private families, the charge is from six to twelve hundred francs; but when sent from public charities, it is no more than two or three hundred francs per annum. The magistrates of Brussels maintain a superintendent at Gheel, whose office it is to take care that justice be done to their patients. He has an inspector under him, who examines strictly into particular cases, and these officers, with two physicians, form a commission of superintendence for the patients of both Brussels and Malines. Several of these gentlemen, to whom we were introduced, were extremely polite in giving us every information respecting their singular establishment.

The maniacs who are sent to Gheel are for the most part incurable, or are brought to try the miraculous powers of the shrine of St. Nymphna. Among the most prevalent causes of mental derangement, the usual enumeration was made to us of religious despondence and melancholy; unsuccessful and deluded ambition; disappointments in love; and domestic misfortunes—of all which, the most dreadful cases, and those the most hopeless of cure, arise from religious causes. We observed one singular-looking being with long, lank, black hair hanging down to his shoulders, his hands folded on his breast, and his sunk eye fixed on the ground: who, at times, broke out into loud ebullitions of mirth and singing. On inquiring into his history, we found that he was persuaded his future condemnation was unalterably fixed, and he was a hopeless reprobate who could not expect mercy; though his devotion was such that he praised God for his goodness in thinking him worthy to be condemned to eternal punishment. It reminded us of Tobias Swinden's wild opinion, that the sun was hell, and that its light being caused by the burning of the wicked, God was glorified in their punishment. Suicides are very rare: thirty years ago a patient cut his throat in the church, during the nine day's ceremony for his cure. The mortality among the patients is a little more than that of the other inhabitants; but the females, in particular, are subject to a diarrhœa, which often proves fatal. When their mental alienation is intermittent, it is frequently cured, when the patient can be induced, during the sane intervals, to engage in rural labours. It is a singular fact, indeed, that more cures take place in the suburbs than in the town, though in the former the patients are worse treated. These last two years the number of patients has been about 400.

M. S.

ON ENGLISH MANNERS.

[*Concluded from p.* 190.]

The Salique law in France prevented women from sitting on the throne, but it did not prevent them from making a tool of its occupant, for the accomplishment of always the most selfish, and often the most ridiculous, purposes. In a comparatively free government, on the other hand, and especially where there is any thing like a free press, the intrigues which give women the supreme power are exposed 'ere they be ripened.

Those circumstances necessarily influence the education and habits of the English lady. Trained up for enjoying the society of her own sex, she is more mild and soft in her manners than the females of any other country; and, though she be less calculated for being the companion of man in his thoughts and his schemes, she is not, upon that account, the less lovely or desirable. It has been said, that, "an Italian lady will inspire you; and a French one will amuse you; but an English one will love you." This is true; not that each has the quality alleged, and wants the other, but that each is marked by her predominant character.

The separation of the sexes in their youth, the modes of education, and the slender hopes that English ladies have from political intrigue, produce a certain censoriousness and disposition to pick holes in the character of their own sex, which is not found in such intensity any where else. This does not, of course, apply to the very highest classes of society. Among such, the national character, whatever it may be, is never found to be strongly marked. Courtiers and court nobles are, like kings and priests, of the same family all over the world; and locality in situa-

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tion, manners, or politics, has much less influence upon them than upon the other classes of society. In England, however, persons of this class have a much less distinct character than in other countries. The influence of wealth is continually raising individuals, through all the gradations of rank, up to the peerage; and the reaction, of the same cause, is as constantly bringing down the old families, and forcing them either to become the debtors of plebeian money-lenders, or put their noble hands to some sort of work. Those circumstances stamp upon the English nobility a very considerable portion of that want of character, which distinguishes the males, and of those peculiarities which distinguish the females.

As English ladies are much more educated for the society of each other, and disposed to give one another the benefit of advice, so they are much more intolerant of each other's frailties, than those of any other nation whatever. The education and habits do not necessarily lessen the tendency to become frail; but they throw an almost inseparable bar in the way of those who have once erred. This, again, makes the distinction between those who have been known to err, and those who have not been known to err, much more striking than it is any where else; and, if this does not operate in preserving the virtue of the former, it, at least, entails upon the latter a greater depth and hopelessness of misery and suffering than in any other country; and while England makes a public boast of the purity and elegance of those of her daughters who have not erred, she might, if she chose, boast equally of the numbers of the very flower of her daughters whom relentless custom has consigned to infamy and ruin, upon grounds in which there are more of tenderness than of turpitude,—more to pity, and even to admire, than to punish. It seems, however, to be the nature of all peculiarly rigid systems, whether of manners or of religion, to produce saints who are pure in proportion to the numbers of the inevitably damned, from among whom they are elected.

The vengeance of the infallible is not the only flaming sword which keeps the erring from the path that leads back to honourable life. For when the error is committed by a married lady, when she has, perhaps, after a forced marriage with a man she hated, and after years of misery and neglect, felt the return of a tenderness which the brutal conduct of her lord had extinguished, and, in an unguarded hour, (very much, haply, to the said lord's joy) eloped with another; there the law allows him to follow her still, to record her error upon the pages of every journal in the kingdom; and, by harassing the paramour with a fine, do what in it lies to get her ill-treated at the hands of him who, in the unfortunate turnings-up of chance, has become her only protector and her only friend. No conduct can be either more cruel or more absurd than this: If the husband feels any loss at all, from the departure of his wife, it is a loss which money can in no way make up; and, as that money can have no effect upon the lady, unless it be to procure ill-usage for her, it can answer no purpose but to proclaim the mean and mercenary disposition of him, at whose instance, in whose name, and for whose emolument, it is sued for and recovered.

A SAMPLE OF SIGNATURES.

Another short Extract from a long Poem.

"Philip!—Sparrow! James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more."——KING JOHN.

"Men should be what they *seem*."——SHAKESPEARE.

ONE William Shakespeare, he who whilome glanc'd
From earth to heaven with awe-enraptured eye—
And as he gaz'd, with mind and soul entranc'd,
Stole their proud splendors for his minstrelsy—
He in his magic volume hath advanc'd
Golden opinions, which should never die,
Such as should suit the most fastidious clime,
And flourish, all in all, till after time.

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This mortal—all immortal in his thought,
Demands "what's in a name"—and deems a rose
By *other title* would as soon be bought
In Covent-Garden, for the daintiest nose,
And please as well—so it were beauty fraught,
The most fastidious of our city beaux;
Though its cognomen in the world's opinion
Was plain as cabbage, and as coarse as "*inion*."

But 'tis quite different now in modern schools,
The age such homely notions won't endure;
With it the old ones were a pack of fools—
A prosy set, and humble as demure:
We work with very different sort of tools
When we've to chisel out a signature—
The famous *Richard Smith*, and old *John Brown*,
Are now no longer on the alter'd town.

Perhaps you wish examples, my friend John?
I don't mean you, good-natur'd Editor,
But John, the public, who, when put upon
The trail of curiosity, will stir
And fluster, like a Turkish don,
When flash'd upon him Grecian scimitar:
Well, dearest public, as I love thy grin,
I'll whet the whistle first, and then begin.

John, thou hast read, I know by hook or crook—
(For if thy pocket would not stand the pay,
Thou hast begg'd, borrow'd, or e'en stole the book—
Aye *stole*, for I did lose one in *that* way),
Tales of my Landlord—(which so deftly took
The town's ear, and the country's in its way)
Thou hast read these, friend John, and know the chiel
That is their Author, set this crying ill.

Old Jedediah Cleishbottom!—alack!
That ever Scott should march in masquerade,
It puts one's very feelings on the rack,
To see a giant start a pigmy trade;
A trade soon follow'd by as strange a pack
As e'er, on common sense, tried escalade—
Upon my life it is beyond a joke
When e'en Sir Walter keeps his "pig in poke."

But to be sure his other—incog. name,
This one, by which he gulls full half the world,
Is but a plain one—so our honest flame
Of passion shall on dandier cheats be hurl'd,
Thorough-bred foplings, who do fight for fame
Under the false flags they lately have unfurl'd,
There are a hundred such—some old, some new,
And (as the birds are scarce) I'll bag a few.

In magazines—fine *covers* they've indeed
To harbour *game* for sportsmen like to me,
Such as do flutter, an extensive breed,
Among their *leaves* in bowery mystery;
Yes, these afford a pretty decent feed
For this same prating peacock-dress'd new fry;
But, bring them down, and cut their comb and claws,
And roast them soundly, you shall find them daws.

There's *Barry Cornwall*—it is well enough
In your first essay, p'rhaps, to wear a mask,
But in a man notorious it is stuff,
And profitless as is an empty flask;
Proctor besides, to men quite up to snuff,
Has nothing in it which would mar a task;
When titles make the man a clever fellow,
I'll speculate in leather and prunella.

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Then *Geoffrey Crayon*—'tis a title vile
To cheat the cockneys, and to gather pence,
But helps no jot the lame dog o'er the style,
Nor gives one pennyweight of consequence.
Besides, it keeps ear-promise for awhile,
Only anon to break it to the sense;
Irving is better far—for with much talk
He only paints at best with common chalk.

The opium-eater—pshaw, we'll pass him by,
And all his dose of strange intoxication,
I'll wager odds enough he'll never cry
His nostrums more to fuddle half the nation;
Good Mr. Bull, you've work'd him mightily,
And physic'd humbug in a proper ration;
In fact, young chap, you should be dubbed D. D.
For your prescription written for *De Quincy*.

Elia's a humbug which the London crams
Adown our throats, or throws into our face,
As if we did not know those things were *Lambe's*
Which, e'en to dull companionship, adds grace:
Knight's Quarterly is full of such queer shams,
Though there they slap on at a pretty pace,
Sealey and *Blunt*, that town will never shun
Which gave their smart Etonian such a run.

Campbell and Co.—but, hark! the dinner chime,
Alarum sweet to merriment and cheer,
Bids me to tell the rest another time,
So close pro-tem., dear John, your raptur'd ear;
Hazlett, the doleful—Horace Smith, the mime,
All shall be well remember'd, never fear;
So farewell now—to wait I were a sinner,
For there's no *humbug* in a well-dress'd dinner.

November, 1824. J. S. F.

LETTERS FROM JEREMY BLINKINSOP TO TIMOTHY FORTESCUE, ESQ.

No. II.

DEAR TIM,

I AM glad you liked my last letter, and continue my correspondence in furtherance to your wishes. I dined the other day at a bachelor's party, given by our friend Bob Turner, and amongst the "choice spirits," for it was intended to be a "roaring bout," were two clergymen, the one a fox-hunter and a whip, the other a professed wit. From the one, by way of conversation, we got nothing but a tissue of slang phrases, "towel a drag," "roads run woolly;" "working a church;" and speaking of a clergyman, who had lately lost an election to a living, where he had been some time curate, he observed, "that it was very hard the poor fellow should be pushed off the box, when he had driven that road so long." The other maintained his old fame of being a wit, by a succession of smutty tales, and coarse jokes. Now, Tim, you know well enough that I am neither a saint, nor a Joseph, but with all my levity and folly, I cannot endure to see a man crack a joke with his foot in the pulpit, or descend so far from the austerity and propriety of the character he professes, as to reduce himself to a level with any coal-heaver, cobbler, or tinker, whom he may happen to meet with; and I expressed my feelings and sentiments pretty freely on the subject. And how do you think my philippics were answered? by being called a whig, a radical, a jacobin. And this is the cant of the day! these are the slanders which are thrown in the teeth of every individual who has the spirit to raise his finger against the vices of the cloth, that they are enemies to their government, and maliciously endeavour to bring discredit upon the church, which,

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say these gentlemen of the tender conscience, is the first step towards confusion—anarchy—rebellion! But this hue and cry, like that raised by the wild Indians, when on the point of rushing to the attack, has had its effect—it has either damped the spirit of those who were drawing out their batteries in defence of truth and justice, so as to deter them from the contest; or it has rendered their shock too weak to produce any lasting impression. There is a set of people, and they, perhaps, form the larger part of the community, a very good, plain, pains-taking sort of beings, but whose pockets withall weigh heavier than their heads, who have been bred up, from their early years, in a sort of superstitious veneration for the clergy, and who consider every syllable breathed against their spiritual pastors as so many pounds weight in the scale, which is hereafter to decide upon their everlasting weal or woe. Upon such persons the cant about church and state has produced, as your doctor would say, the desired effect. But the world is now, or, at least, ought to be, too old to be terrified at such bugbears. This was all very well in those good days of yore, when a happy sinner would purchase absolution and remission for a pound of farthing rushlights—when a man's conscience was troubled within him, at the sight of a sheet of *foolscap*, (for they did not use Bath-post in those days) scrawled all over with denunciations, anathemas, and the Lord knows what, yclept a "Bull." This was all very well when men walked about with their eyes shut, and ran against every post in their way with their eyes open—it was a mutual benefit to the priest and layman—the former knew it to be his policy to keep the other from prying into his secrets; and the latter, from his ignorance, reaped the advantage of an easy conscience. But "the days of chivalry are gone!"—men boast of being freed from the shackles of religious trickery—but are they?—is not the same policy still preserved among the clergy?—and is not the world just as much duped by it as it was heretofore? If not, what means all this outcry? Why is one body of the state to be exempt from that scrutiny to which all others, high and low, are subjected? If their motives, principles, and actions are as pure as they would have them appear to be, they would rather court than check inquiry—and this inquiry, so far from bringing the church into disrepute, and subverting the government, would combine and strengthen both. The priest is not now a distinct member—he is just as much a smatterer in politics as in theology—perhaps more so—he is no longer a private, but a public character. Your bishops may sit in the house of lords—and do upon occasions; and your country parson is nine times out of ten a magistrate. Whether this is right or wrong I do not intend to discuss—my reason for mentioning it was merely a tacit mode of implying, that when a man thrusts himself into notice, and quits his obscurity, he has no right to grumble at the discants which are made upon him, but must expect to receive censure for his actions if they are incorrect, as well as praise if they are praise-worthy. To wind up this long preamble, let me say then that the church, either as a body, or as individuals, have no more reason to be exempt from public remarks, than any other set of men. Suppose, my dear fellow, because John Bull ridiculed Sir H. Davy's foppery, that the chemists were to charge him with disaffection to the reigning power, and establish their imputation upon similar grounds to those used by the clergy—that he wished to throw disrepute upon chemistry—and what would be the result?—why, no one would buy drugs—and then his majesty, or the privy-council, could not have a "black dose," when they happened to be disordered—they must die—and John's paper on Sir Humphrey was evident treason. Suppose the lawyers were to pursue the same plan—suppose Brougham, upon any censure which appeared in print on any gentleman of the long-robe, were to use the following argument—"This attack, my lord, is clearly and palpably put forth for no other purpose than to aid and abet anarchy and confusion—the aim is to throw a slur over the members of the bar, in the hopes that no one will place a brief in their hands—the issue will be, that the laws will fall into disuse—every thing will be done with violence—might will overcome right—and what are we then to expect but rapine, bloodshed, violence, and chaotic confusion?"

"Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici."

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And yet what difference is there between this and the arguments used by the clergy? Why must the two ideas of a church and a state be so closely united? For no other reason than that *they* would have it so. But let them be ever so intimately connected, what evil effects can accrue to the one, by weeding out the corruptions which have overgrown the other. The closer the connection between these two powers, the greater will be the advantage resulting to the one, as the deformity of the other is diminished;—and then, in plain English, that man who unmasks the artifice by which a churchman screens his ill-deeds, is the true friend of his government, be he of what sect or party, or what rank he will. You, Tim, must see through the juggling trick which makes every thing, now-a-days, a political question—and you cannot but despise it. The church has no right to be mixed up with the government—it ought not to be made a political question—it is not one, or I should not be writing to you; for, between ourselves, I hate politics—and so I do cant and humbug, be it in church or state, and will do my best to expose it.

When I sat down to my desk, I had not the slightest idea of keeping you so long to hear my preachings and prosings; but "what is writ, is writ,"—and you must consider this as a sort of preface, a candid declaration that I have no party-views in directing an arrow, every now and then, towards the pulpit. —My bow is already bent—I may as well speed the shaft—"so here goes:—

If you put on your spectacles, and look over the advertisements of the first newspaper, or magazine, that falls in your way, you will find the following:

"Ad. Cleros. On fine 4to. writing-paper. £7 10s.

"Sexaginta Conciones (Anglicè scriptæ) nunquam antehac provulgato, lithographicè impressæ, fideliter MSS. imitantes, in usum publicum Verbi Divini Præconum accommodatæ a Presbytero Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.

"Conciones hæ lithographicæ in commodum Clericorum Sacris Ordinibus novissimè initiatorum, illorumque sacerdotium, qui affectant, adaptantur. Sis, tamen, uti possunt illi, quibus, propter occupationum, amplitudinem, sæpe auxilii hujus generis opus est. Quod ad fidem spectat orthodoxo sunto ad constructionem vero nitido et diserto."

Now, Tim, in case you may have forgotten your Latin, I will furnish you with a translation:—"Sixty Sermons (written in English) and never before published, faithfully lithographed to imitate hand-writing, adapted for the use of the ministers of the divine word, by a member of the Church of England.

"These Sermons are intended for the use of those who have been lately admitted into holy orders, or those who are educating for the church. *They may be also useful to those who, from the multiplicity of their occupations, have need of an assistance of this sort.* They are orthodox, and written in a neat and elegant style."

This I take to be a clear specimen of clerical tricking and juggling. Why was the advertisement written in Latin? —That the *profane* might not understand it. This underhand mode of proceeding savours strongly of something not right; otherwise, why not let it be public to all, who have eyes to read, or ears to hear? But no—it is treason against the state to publish a parson's humbuggery to his flock—men must be kept in ignorance of the tricks by which they are duped, if they wish to be saved. Then, my dear Tim, just observe the wording of the last clause—"useful to *those* who, from the *multiplicity* of their occupations, have need of an *assistance* of *this sort*;—all this long rigmarole means, those who can't write their own sermons, or it means nothing. For what, in the name of heaven! are a parson's occupations? —driving stage-coaches? — fox-hunting?—or cramming up smutty tales? —Pretty occupations forsooth!—and well befitting these holy men, who are so pure, that it is impiety to raise your finger against them!—I make no more comments upon it, but leave it for your consideration till you hear from me again. Yours, &c.

JEREMY BLINKINSOP.

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BACONIAN EXPERIMENTS OF MY UNCLE HARRY.

"Knowledge is power."——LORD BACON.

My Uncle Harry is so enthusiastic an admirer of the inductive logic of Lord Bacon, that he firmly believes nothing can be real or true—not even his own existence—which will not bear to be examined by the standard of the Novum Organum. This way of thinking has often made him appear, to those who do not know him, as a whimsical humourist, though nothing is farther from his character; as he is always serious, earnest, and zealous in the pursuit of truth, and would consider a joke or a piece of humour to be a prodigal waste of our brief and valuable time. With him the admiration of Bacon is not, as it is with some, a mere opinion to hang their common places on; for he spends his whole life, and an odd one it is, in illustrating the doctrine by the most singular and ingenious, though sometimes laughable, experiments. A few of these I carefully noted while the processes were in progress, and, with his permission, I leave them at your disposal.

EXPERIMENT FIRST.

"What is the cause," said my uncle, who was always cause-hunting, "what is the cause that puppies and kittens take delight in running round and round after their tails? I have observed that little thing by the chimney-corner enjoying itself in this way for the whole morning, and I am determined to find out the cause."

This occurred at breakfast, and I was accordingly prepared to expect amusement from the experiments of the day, though an unfortunate appointment prevented me from seeing the commencement of the process. On returning, I found my uncle *impransus*, as he said, which is interpreted *un-dined*, and sitting squat on the carpet with the aforesaid kitten gamboling about him. "Ευρηκα, ευρηκα, I have found it, I have found it!" he exclaimed, while his old grey eyes sparkled with pleasure; and, without waiting for my question as to what he had found, he got alertly upon his legs. But accustomed as I was to his singularities, I could, with the utmost difficulty, refrain from laughing out, when I perceived that he had constructed for himself an ample tail, which he began to pursue with great ardour till he became giddy and popped down into the squat position in which he was when I entered the study.

"It is very pleasant—only try it," said he, "I do not wonder that these animals take peculiar delight in it. I feel my head just as if I had finished my bottle of claret, or as if I had breathed a bladder full of the nectarine gas. Inductive experiment, my dear Hal," he continued, "is the very soul of truth. Had I not contrived this Galvanic tail for myself, I should have gone to my grave in ignorance of the cause why kittens and puppies pursue their tails. Take a memorandum of it, Hal, lest the important discovery may perish with us."

"The facetious Montaigne," said I, "was in doubt when he played with his cat, whether he or she was most amused." But my uncle cut me short by saying, that Montaigne knew nothing of induction, and was no authority on any point; for his wit was idle, and his common-places were all from the ancients, who were wholly ignorant of induction.

EXPERIMENT SECOND.

My uncle was as keenly ardent to make discoveries for the benefit of mankind as ever Mr. Owen of Lanark was; and, as he was a professed enemy to speculation and theory, he always appealed to experiment. One of his plans of philanthropy was founded on the great discoveries of Gall and Spurzheim, that our dispositions and propensities arise from parts of the brain pushing out the bone that covers them, till it becomes externally a bump or knob. Now, my uncle argued, that if the bumps of theft, lying, and murder, could in infancy be prevented from shooting out, all these crimes would *boná fide* be abolished. He accordingly invented an instrument on the principle of the hernial truss, and forcibly applied its two compressing knobs to the organ of murder in the aforesaid kitten. This was, indeed, at the risk of wholly destroying its mousing talents; but the sacrifice of one kitten was a trifle when balanced with the total abolition of the crime of murder! The poor kitten was kept under the torture of the murder-com-

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press for no less than two months, when my uncle, being impatient to know the result, assembled all his domestics, and several of his neighbours, to see his *ameliorated* cat refuse, with banian horror, to touch a mouse.

"I hope, my friends," he said with eagerness, "that you shall this day witness the greatest discovery which has yet resulted from the inductive logic of the great Bacon, in the changed disposition of this feline animal, whose race has, in all ages, waged implacable war upon mice. It will be the glory of the age we live in, to have found out the means of preventing for ever the crime of murder and the horrors of war, by simply applying a strong compress behind the ears of our children."

The cat was released, and a mouse was at the same time emancipated from a cage-trap. "Now mark," said my uncle, "how her nature has been changed! She does not, as you perceive, attempt to catch!—Good heavens! She is, indeed, off with it!" he exclaimed, with bitter disappointment, as the *gentle* cat made a rapid spring—seized her prey—and darted out of the room with it in her murderous jaws.

Though foiled in this, however, he continued to contrive other similar experiments, both by compressing the bumps and by fostering their growth. At one time he attempted to make a wise goose, by squeezing its brain forward; and to make a sprightly ass, by fostering the merry bump of an ass-colt. His experiment on a young cuckoo was more arduous, as he wished, by forcing the organs of tune and philoprogenitiveness into extraordinary size, to make it more musical than the nightingale, and more paternal than the pelican; but, unluckily, the experiment was foiled by the cuckoo prematurely dying apoplectic. He was very anxious to have tried his compress on the head of his groom, in order to destroy his amative organ; but Dick could not be persuaded; nor could he induce me to try to become as great a poet as Milton, or as great a philosopher as Newton, by putting on his compress. For himself—he was so well satisfied with his bumps as they were, that he declared he had not the least occasion for the compress.

EXPERIMENT THIRD.

"Cold," said my uncle," is a solid as heat is a fluid body, which fact I thus prove. Put your hand amongst this pounded ice and you will feel all the flesh and blood of it shrink, and crowd, as it were, more closely together—in a word, become more solid than before. Nay, in a frosty morning, I can distinctly feel the solid cold in the air, and you may see it also in the thick vapour of the breath. Every one has smelt the cold, particularly during a London fog; and I shall now let you hear that it is an elastic solid. For this purpose I have procured this waggoner's whip, which Dick shall operate with on the cold in the garden." Dick, accordingly, accompanied my uncle and me to the garden, where he begun most scientifically to crack the whip. "Now," said my uncle, "mark the sound; the cord of the whip striking the solid body of cold in the air, acts in a similar manner to a drum-stick striking on the head of a drum. This experiment," he continued, "must convince every body who witnesseth it, that cold is a hard solid substance, which may be touched, tasted, smelt, seen, and heard, as distinctly as any other substance in nature, heat and magnetism not excepted. This I esteem, my dear Hal, one of my most important and useful discoveries, save, perhaps, my discovery of the real existence of the fluid of darkness."

I am sorry that I have mislaid the experiments by which he proved the fluidity of darkness, and also those which proved *nothing* to be an internal motion of the particles of the air, as they were, in my opinion, superior in ingenuity to those which are usually brought to prove heat to be motion, and light to be fluid. To make some amends for the want of these, I shall give you a laboured and eloquent

ORATORIAL PANEGYRIC ON LORD BACON, BY MY UNCLE.

"Bacon," said my uncle Harry, when he had concluded his experiments, proving darkness to be a fluid, "may be considered as the great father of all that is useful in modern philosophy—having most fearlessly and most successfully attacked all the bulwarks of prejudice—having disencumbered himself of the shackles of the grammarians and commentators, whose stupidity and dullness had nearly smothered

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all the celestial fire of genius that lived and burned in the works of the Greeks and Romans, and had portentously threatened to bury the human mind itself under their tomes of unintelligible lore—and having trampled on all the useless mass of grammars and comments, and made his way with fearless heroism into the pure atmosphere of nature—Lord Bacon stood alone among the works of God, and looked abroad on their sublimities with all the humbleness with which it becomes an imperfect being to look upon perfection. He felt his ignorance, and felt it strongly, and he looked with contempt, or with pity, on the dull and ignorant grammarian, who, bedecked with his unintelligible jargon of unmeaning terms, strutted amidst his pile of musty volumes with all the insolence of untamed and untamable pride, and thought the works of the Almighty beneath his regard—because he could not so well and easily bepatch them, as he could do the works of man, with the musty cobwebs of the schools. He could not persuade men to talk of the *potentiality* of the sun, nor make the stars to be *cases* or *moods* of the moon; though they suffered him to rack out his dull invention upon Homer and Demosthenes, and to try to dim with his vile breath the unquenchable light of their genius. All the accumulated rubbish of the grammarians Lord Bacon cleared away from his study, and determined to employ the sublime and unrivalled powers which God had given him, in thinking for himself; and it is to Lord Bacon alone that we owe the whole goodly fabric of modern art and science, as it was he who taught men to experiment and to observe; and to think rather than to fancy and dream; and to invent unmeaning terms to apologise for their stupidity and ignorance, and impose upon the vulgar by a learned array of mysterious and meaningless words. In brief, my dear Hal, it is to Lord Bacon that the world will be indebted for this sublime discovery, which I have now happily completed, of the fluidity of darkness."

My uncle, on concluding his oration, retired to consign himself to the arms of sleep for the night, and to continue his investigations upon dreaming, on which he has also learnedly experimented and profoundly spoken. *Sed nunc satis jam in presentia:* my uncle himself may, perhaps, send you something better than this scrawl.

A.

MR. BROWN'S ATTACK ON THE WAR ESTABLISHMENT, AND THE POPULATION RETURNS.

Of the several ways of obtaining notoriety, that of taking up singular opinions, and persisting to defend them with inflexible and head-strong obduracy, seems much easier, and greatly more successful, than any sort of useful and meritorious exertion which is pursued with unobtrusive modesty; and so long as such opinions interfere not with the public welfare and happiness, there seems no good reason why the persons who hold them should not be indulged to talk about them, and write about them, till they reap the gratification of their boyish vanity, in seeing their names capitalized and bandied about in the public prints of the day. The case becomes very different, however, when a person attempts to make himself notorious at the expence of the public, by spreading alarms of vague and undefineable danger, which are but too apt to lay hold of the minds of the people, and influence their conduct. Mr. Brown, we conceive, is a person of this stamp, and we feel it to be our imperative duty to denounce him as such, and render, as far as our influence goes, his unfounded alarms harmless and nugatory. We have his own assertion that his motives are not selfish and interested, and we verily believe, that his alarms do not rank under the category of productive labour; but he *must* have motives for coming before the world swaggering and dogmatising so outrageously—he must have proposed to himself some end or aim to be attained—and to us that end seems to be nothing else than the gratification of an idle and culpable vanity. But let that pass—we should not indeed have taken the trouble to disturb his little day-dreams had it centred in the moon or in the depths of the earth; but, assuming as it does a shape so questionable, we wish to

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put the public on their guard against him, though perhaps our admonitions may not, to use his own elegant language, "possess perspicuity sufficient to make an impression on the faculties of an idiot, or force sufficient to constrain the resistance of madmen."

What makes Mr. Brown at this moment a very dangerous sort of person, is the known prevalence of small-pox, which, after they had for some years nearly disappeared, have again resumed their ravages in many parts of the country. Now the causes of the reappearance of this terrible disease are obvious enough, and have been clearly traced and stated by gentlemen of the highest professional eminence. They are briefly these: 1. *The neglect of vaccination*, particularly among the lower orders, who, notwithstanding the facilities held out to them, have been lulled into security and neglect in proportion as small-pox have been lately of rare occurrence. 2. *Imperfect vaccination*, from not employing Mr. Bryce's test, and from trusting to non-professional vaccinators.* 3. *Most of all from continuing the practice of small-pox inoculation*, in which Mr. Brown is an avowed delinquent. He talks of prohibiting the cow-pox inoculation by Act of Parliament; but if he, and such as he, had met their deserts by a salutary law of restraint, we hesitate not to declare our opinion, that we should not have now heard of the re-appearance of small-pox. It well becomes Mr. Brown, after doing all in his power to keep the poison of small-pox afloat for several years past, in the healthful air of Musselburgh, by continuing to inoculate all whom he could persuade to submit to the measure—it well becomes him, we say, to come forward now with alarming accounts of their increase! Why, he himself has been the main cause of the evil, so far as his influence reached, and, we think it would be doing no more than their duty requires, if the magistrates of Musselburgh should set about a serious investigation of his conduct, with a view to adopt coeroive measures to restrain such farther assaults on the public health of the borough. In these sentiments we are sanctioned by the authority of S. Bourne, M. P. who stated to the House of Commons, that, in his opinion, they would be as much justified in preventing, by restraint, the inoculation for small-pox, as a man would be in snatching a fire-brand out of the hands of a maniac about to setfire to a city. We conceive, indeed, Mr. Brown is almost as culpable as if he were going about bullying his patients to allow him to introduce into their families the contagion of the plague or of typhus fever, for the small-pox have not been less destructive than either in their former ravages; and if Mr. Brown, and such as he, be allowed to persist in propagating the virus, the consequences may again become dreadful. In a limited degree they are so already.

But let us more closely examine Mr. Brown's proofs, otherwise he will not hesitate to complain of "detraction;" though on this subject we think it would not be easy to *detract* him, if we may so use the term. He tells us, that experience has shown that the natural small-pox have made their appearance after complete vaccination—not in the least modified, but in the highest degree confluent and followed by death. But the experience of no practitioner in the kingdom bears Mr. Brown out in such round and unblushing assertions, and Dr. Munro has inferred, from a most extended induction, that in the whole "annals of physic there are not above six or eight fatal cases of small-pox after cow-pox; whereas, at an average, one in four hundred dies from the inoculated small-pox; not to mention that this practice often entails the loss of an eye, of a limb, or of general health, which the cow-pox *never* do.

But Mr. Brown maintains a determined scepticism with regard to the authority of all who oppose his views, and he promises "*once for all*," which phrase with him means again and again, that, after the various tergiversations [a learned term for *lies*] of these gentlemen, it is impossible to allow much, if any credit, to the different opinions and

* All parents should insist upon their surgeons using Mr. Bryce's test, in cases of cow-pox. It consists in inoculating, on the fifth day, the other arm from the one first inoculated. If the first inoculation has been perfect, both pocks will ripen at the same time; if this does not take place, the constitution has not been properly affected, and the inoculation must be repeated.

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defences they now bring forward—their evidence must be considered as that of parties to the cause, and entitled to very little attention." By the same rule, Mr. Brown's own evidence must be wholly set aside, as he also is a party to his own cause; which, moreover, he would have most effectually betrayed, even had it been tenable, by his intemperate violence. He seems to have something like an instinctive antipathy towards all his professional brethren connected with the army, or holding official situations, and in no very guarded terms gives them to understand that he does not believe one word which they have said, or shall say, on the subject. It is but fair to conclude, he says, that the minds of those who are connected with the Duke of York and the medical board, must labour under considerable prejudice; and farther, it is curious to observe, even the anxiety of a private soldier to support the cause of vaccination—again, it is somewhat surprising, and rather suspicious, that the vaccine practice should receive its principal support from medical practitioners connected with the army. Indeed, in almost every page he throws out similar insinuations, which, to say the least of them, are more likely to bring Mr. Brown himself into suspicion, than those highly respectable gentlemen he so unfairly and unprovokedly stigmatizes.

Our readers will no doubt wonder that we are all this while overlooking Mr. Brown's proofs; but they will wonder more when we tell them that we have *bonâ fide* been actually giving them as his proofs are chiefly of the nature of snarling negations, directed against the army practitioners, mixed up with a few broad assertions respecting his own practice. He calculates most sanguinely on the belief of his readers, and thrusts his opinions with so much audacious hardihood upon them, that unless they previously know something of the man, they might think he had more interest at stake than the indulgence of a little vanity.

When Mr. Brown so liberally deals out his suspicions and accusations of others, it is but natural to infer, that he is himself in the habit of unfair dealing: it is an inference indeed which few would fail to make. But we shall not lay so much stress upon it, as to rank him among "the least creditable class of practitioners," who, according to the report of the National Vaccine Board, are the only persons that now persist in the pernicious practice of small-pox inoculation; and Mr. Brown confesses, that he is fully aware of the contemptible state of those who have hitherto opposed vaccination, and shudders to be classed among them. Circumstances, however, have come to our knowledge, which reduces the value of Mr. Brown's authority, more than the irascible and unmannerly style in which he attacks all that is respectable in the profession. We shall just bring to his recollection, his not only calling himself, but, when he met with a rebuff, repeatedly sending his apprentice, to insist upon the mother of a respectable family to give her authority for a statement concerning her children, dictated by him, and favourable to his views of inoculation, though directly contrary to what she distinctly knew and told him was the fact; which fabricated statement, with others in all likelihood of a similar cast, he intended, no doubt, to use for persuading others into his absurd opinions. It may be stated also, that Mr. Brown is not professionally employed by that family; and the inference is, that he must be at a distressing loss for favourable cases among his own patients, when he is forced to commit so unblushing an outrage on good manners as this was, to get up a number of cases plausible enough to make a swagger with.

After such unfair and unprofessional conduct in one instance, and we pledge ourselves for the truth of what we have said—how can we be sure that Mr. Brown will not resort to a similar mode of going to work, whenever he is puzzled to extricate himself from the net he has so blindly run his head into—nay, how can we be sure that he has not resorted to it in numerous other instances, in laudable imitation of Drs. Eady, Jordan, Whitlaw, and others of the confraternity of quacks, who earn their daily bread thereby. After knowing this, it would not be easy for any one to force himself to credit Mr. Brown when he says. "I can assure you, sir, in examining my own practice, few or none escaped (small-pox) at the distance of six years after vaccination, that were placed in circumstances favourable for the operation of the epidemic; very few at four years, and at the moment I am now writing, cases of failure are occur-

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ring here exactly in conformity to these principles." Now, the question naturally suggests itself, if this is so, if cases are so plentiful, what induced Mr. Brown to try to induce a respectable mother to tell a direct falsehood concerning her own children, for the purpose of aiding him to support his system. But it is not so, at least such things have occurred to no respectable practitioner so far as we know, except Mr. Brown himself. Dr. Munro expressly says, that it appears both from the cases which occurred in his own family, and numerous others, "that the preventive power of cow-pox does not wear out, and also, that it is not proportioned to the ages of the patients."

We do not deny, for the fact is notorious—that small-pox has frequently succeeded perfect vaccination. But we are sure that the disease is in almost every case mild and mitigated—that the primary fever, though sometimes severe, runs a rapid course, and has an early termination, and that secondary fever never supervenes at all; and we challenge Mr. Brown to bring properly-authenticated cases of the contrary, or to give up his cause; got-up cases will not do. But in this the cow-pox stand nearly on the same ground with small-pox; a position, however, which to Mr. Brown appears "so ridiculous and destitute of all truth, as not to deserve the smallest attention." That is, in other words, Mr. Brown's αυτος ἐφη is to be believed in preference to a whole host of the most respectable practitioners, namely, Willan, Kite, Withers, Mills, Adam, Ring, Bryce, Laird, Bateman, Woodville, Moore, Hennen, Ramsay, Smith, &c. (*See Munro, page* 81.)

Nay, the second attack of small-pox is, according to the same authority, sometimes malignant and fatal, as was the case in a patient of Dr. Graham's, of Dalkeith; who, though he had had small-pox when three years old so severely as to be considerably marked, was twenty years after seized again, and died on the twelfth day. It is well known, also, that nurses who have had small-pox, often catch the contagion again from suckling children labouring under the complaint; and surgeons who inoculate, have not unfrequently been seized with it from the matter being absorbed in casual scratches on their hands. "No," says Mr. Brown, "it has been distinctly proved that whoever has once passed through small-pox in a satisfactory manner, will not again be subjected to that disease." Here is assertion with a vengeance, in the very face of the fact which so lately occurred only about four miles from where Mr. Brown resides, in the fatal case of Dr. Graham's already mentioned.

Mr. Brown seems to be particularly vexed to think that our increased population, should be ascribed to the banishment of the small-pox by means of vaccination. Perhaps it would be going too far to say, that the rapid doubling of our population is wholly owing to the introduction of cow-pox; but when we consider, that before its introduction small-pox carried off, in Britain and Ireland alone, from thirty to forty thousand souls every year, or about one in fourteen of all that are born, and that since the cow-pox was introduced there has been an increase of our population of about fourteen in the hundred in ten years, in all about four millions of souls of increase: when we consider all this, we must certainly look upon cow-pox, notwithstanding Mr. Brown's ill-natured declamation, as indeed a boon from heaven. And though, as Mr. Bryce says, there should still remain one in three thousand unprotected after vaccination, or a hundred and eighty-seven of those annually born; and though of these there should die one in fourteen from small-pox, yet will thirteen persons only die annually from small-pox, in place of forty thousand. It appears not so to the profound and diving intellect of Mr. Brown, who has most perversely discovered, that, "those who were employed to take down the numbers (in the last census) in a great many instances, if not *in all*, took down the numbers which *belonged* to a family, and not those who actually *formed* the family at the time, by which means a vast number were taken down twice." And mark what follows: "the consequence of all this foolish and criminal conduct has been, that for these six or eight years past, the ravages of small-pox have been nearly as great as before the Jennerian discovery was introduced." If this is not absolute raving, we must give up our claims to understanding. We can only account for Mr. Brown producing such a proof of his incapacity to talk soberly, by supposing his thoughts to be perpetually haunted with a huge bug-bear, in the form of a Jennerian practitioner. What

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must the worthy clergymen, schoolmasters, and others who numbered the people think, when they see themselves thus publicly accused by a professional surgeon, of going from house to house propagating the pestilence of small-pox. We dare say it would have been the last thing which they would have dreamed of, that a few names innocently repeated, would have led to such awful consequences.

Another charge which Mr. Brown makes against cow-pox is, that he has observed, since their introduction, an increased severity in scrofulous cases, and a more early occurrence of phthisis pulmonalis: he also coincides with those who think they have rendered measles more severe and fatal. We are quite astonished to hear such doctrines broached by a professional man. Who does not know that it was one of the greatest evils attending small-pox, to aggravate scrofula and consumption, if not to engender them? How many did they not render blind and deformed by the developement of scrofula? Every old woman in the country, indeed, speaks as decidedly on the *dregs* of small-pox, as Mr. Brown could do of the sequelæ of syphilis or scarlatina. And as for the increased severity of measles and hooping-cough, it seems in a great measure out of the reach of proof, and an assumption of a very gratuitous stamp.

It would be endless to follow Mr. Brown through all his misrepresentations; but we cannot pass over his mode of giving effect to his alarms, by referring to years yet to come, when, he says, in the confident spirit of prophecy, that the small-pox will infallibly drive the cow-pox from the field, after making victims of thousands of the unsuspecting. It is consoling to think that Mr. Brown's credit is not so great as to give general currency to any oracular speech, which it may seem good to him to utter and publish, though it may influence many. We hope, however, that we have in this paper prepared an antidote for the virus he has been so industrious to propagate; and, in doing so, we have, we hope, a laudable and proper interest for the welfare of the public. We assure Mr. Brown that we do not belong to the army, and are quite unconnected with official situations. But we cannot sit quietly and hear the institutions of our country impudently abused; and we think that those who do so, richly deserve to get "kail o' thare ain groats." We declare most solemnly that we have no malice towards Mr. Brown, but we think that so long as he persists in sending abroad the plague of small-pox, that he is a very dangerous person, whom it would be injustice to the public for us to overlook, and we pledge ourselves to keep a strict watch over his future proceedings with regard to the controversy.

TRIALS AND TRAVELS;

Being a few Leaves from the unpublished Note-Book of Sir Joseph Jolterhead, Bart. made at Home and Abroad. 1 *Vol.* 8*vo. pp.* 380.

In the introduction to this curious diary, Sir Joseph gives some account of the ancient, illustrious, and truly English family of the Jolterheads; and, in the course of it, he makes some remarks which would be very serviceable to those of our cotemporaries who fill the same situation in the world of letters that the Jolterheads do in the world of life. There is this difference, however, between them, that he makes such a claim to ancestry, and shews a knowledge of the antiquarian, to which they can have no title. He proves, very triumphantly, that the Jolterheads did not, as some would have us believe, come in with the Saxons, the Danes, or the Normans; that they were not only great before the heptarchy, but even leading men long previous to the invasion by Julius Cæsar. According to Sir Joseph, they derived their patronymic appellation from the builder of Stonehenge; and, according to what we hold to be antiquarian authority, many degrees overproof, we find, that the Jolterheads had not only much influence in the Celtic parliament, which, from the evidence of the "Cheesewricy" in Cornwall, and the remains of the garden of the Black Prince in Kennington Oval, were holden alternately upon Salisbury Plain and Cader Idris (at which latter, by the way, the project of invading Mexico by Madoc, and working the silver mines there, under the direc-

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tion of the same Parson Jones who turned the Pavys mine, in Anglesey, to such account, was planned) but that their power at court was so unlimitted, that they could elevate to the kingly office, or dethrone from it, whomsoever they chose. It was for this reason that the aforesaid founder of Stonehenge had his own name of Joe (which has, by the bye, always been the family-name) augmented by the garnish of "alter-head," making, in all, "Joe-alter-head," which, for the sake of euphony, or according to a well-known tendency in language, has been changed to "Jolterhead," the modern name. At least such is the opinion of General Vallancey and the Reverend Mr. Davies. We presume not to decide.

The baronet is most successful in defending his family against the imputation of having obtained their name from their political alterations, from the shiftings they had from York to Lancaster, and from Lancaster back again to York; from their violence during the civil war, and their alterings in every thing that followed. In all these ancient matters he is equally dignified and satisfactory; but when he comes to his own times, and treats of the indignities and wrongs which his family have sustained, at the hands of a certain Lord Yesterday, he loses his patience, and with that, as is very apt to be the case, his argument.

The mother of Lord Yesterday had been charwoman at the treasury during the influence of Lord Bute, and he himself had passed through a remarkable gradation of offices, till he had been elevated to the peerage, and had built, as nearly under the nose of Sir Joseph Jolterhead as he could, a splendid mansion, to which he had given the name of Perquisite Priory. Sir Joseph hated both this mansion and its owner; and, in return, the latter, whose diplomatic practices had enabled him to procure a story out of the least possible number of hints, had alleged, that the pure descent of the Jolterheads had been rendered a little doubtful by a French valet, a Scotch tutor, and an Irish gentleman, who had been in the family for three successive generations. The means which the baronet took to prove his truly English descent in this case, was a challenge to his lordship to a bout at cudgels; but his lordship pleaded his privilege, and the matter went no further.

The baronet began, however, to be not at all pleased with his situation. Changes had taken place in the country, at which he felt not a little mortified. The rustics, who used to think it an honour if his ancestors condescended to salute their wife and daughters, or sent them a puppy to nurse, now hinted that they would not bear the freedom of the first, or submit to the expense of the second; the farmers, who used to borrow all their ideas at the castle, would now both dispute and disobey the oracles of its wisdom; once the barber would not shave the baronet, till he had completed his tonsorial services for the excisemen, to whom he had made a previous engagement, and who was, in fact, under his hand; and the apothecary refused to leave the blacksmith's wife, upon whom he was attending in a case of extremity, although the baronet's favourite horse had the bots.

These were hard matters enough, but still they were only the beginnings of sorrow. As in cases of weakness of the heart, the blood rushes there, leaving the extremities cold and blanched; so, when the chief of the Jolterheads began to be in trouble, the posse who possessed the neighbourhood, poured their aid toward Jolterhead castle, till they were exhausted; cousins, connexions, and acquaintances of Lord Yesterday, men of more elevated noses, and more sable or sallow complexions than the Jolterheads, occupied the lands from which these were ejected; and Sir Joseph complained that he was left alone in the midst of strangers. These soon outfaced him at the sessions, and out-bullied him at elections, till his power was confined to the church, and the parish-offices; and this he held solely because the successors to his people being mostly of the Jewish persuasion, or in some way descended from or connected with the scattered of Israel, gave themselves little trouble about Christian worship.

But when a man has once lost his influence in secular matters, his hold upon the clergy is but slight. The parson smelt the sweet savour of the newly-established kitchens, and forgot the decaying castle; the Jews were in time converted, the apostles were well paid for their trouble, and the result was, that Sir Joseph Jolterhead was eclipsed at church, and Miss Biddy, his sister, (or, as the parson had magniloquently styled her, the Lady Rodolpha) was jostled in the very chancel, by a dame in gay dia-

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monds and greasy satin, with a nose like the back of a reaping-hook, eyes like two jars of black-currant jelly, and a mouth, which, as Sir Joseph avers, Miss Biddy Jolterhead could compare to nothing but the mandibles of an unfledged sparrow.

These again were matters hard to be borne, especially by those in the hands of whose ancestors had been the destinies of kings; and, therefore, the baronet began to bestir himself. The houses, the equipages, the improvements, every thing about the Hebrews were now grand and expensive; and he, to beat them upon their own ground, felled all the old timber and mortgaged part of his estate. This brought him but small advantage: the sale of the timber did not pay the expense of improving the land from which it was cut; and the premium, together with a few years interest, eat up all that had been raised upon the mortgages. So that Sir Joseph Jolterhead was, by a good deal, a poorer man, and as far behind his neighbours as ever.

He was hampered in his very sports. Fences, visible and invisible, put a stop to his coursing; and if a favourite dog found a circuitous path to the old cover, bounce went a spring-gun, and the faithful animal never returned to his master. Even at the race-course he was out-done; for after these new personages came about him, all the skill in horse-flesh which he had been aforetime allowed to have, could not enable him to bet upon the winner; and, it seemed that, as the sons of pawnbrokers and old-clothes-men were gaining upon Sir Joseph Jolterhead, so crazy-looking hacks were distancing the best cattle in England. Whenever he met with his Hebrew neighbours they not only had much more money in their pockets than he, but what they had seemed to draw what he had towards it, by an incomprehensible but powerful attraction.

Meanwhile rents fell and taxes rose: and as Sir Joseph had to depend wholly upon the former and to pay the latter to their last farthing, his situation became more unpleasant every day. He had once supported the minister through thick and thin, and he now made clamorous application for support in return; but the minister, finding where the power was, turned a deaf ear to Sir Joseph Jolterhead, and leaving him to shrug his shoulders, went on to improve the commercial laws. Upon this, Sir Joseph became very angry, and affected to talk big; but his influence was gone, and so nobody cared a straw for his talking; nay, some of those who really had stuck by him for a long time, and who had vowed to stick by him to the end of the chapter, began to hint at the great public advantages which followed when the land frequently changed its proprietors. In consequence of these things he became sullen, and dragged and stalked about quite an altered man, blaming every one of that government which he had once worshipped, and railing at every institution of that country which he had once adored.

In this state of things, Miss Biddy's conduct had nearly broken his heart. Though he had neither the means nor the inclination of falling into the habits of the males of the new race, Miss Biddy loved, though she could not afford to imitate, the finery of the females. She, however, took every method in her power to cultivate their acquaintance; and, in the course of a few months, Miss Biddy Jolterhead became the wife of Jacob Jacobson, Esq., a gentleman possessed of more hundred thousands than teeth, and whose pedigree, which could be traced by a very short and clear line to a blind alley of Houndsditch, became there oblivious even to herald eyes.

Defuit Multum.

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A DEFENCE OF PLACEMEN AND DECAYED BOROUGHS, IN REPLY TO PARLIAMENTARY REFORMERS. BY A TORY.

Mr. Editor—I trust to your impartiality with respect to political partyism, for the insertion of the following remarks on an interesting topic. They are, indeed, obvious enough; but they cannot, I think, be too often and too strongly stated, when the misrepresentations which they combat are circulated with so much industry. I am, &c.

A Staunch Tory.

Toryfield-house, Jan. 30, 1819.

The most superficial acquaintance with human nature will enable us to perceive the absurdity of any system of laws or form of government which pretends to be incapable of amendment. Society is in its very nature fluctuating and changeable, and laws and institutions, which do not keep pace with the march of its improvements or decline, must always entail a multitude of evils.

How absurd, then, it will be said, the conduct of those who oppose and deprecate all the measures which our patriots have recommended for abolishing the errors and purging off the corruptions that so notoriously infest our constitution and our government! Is not the country sinking into the gulph of ruin, from which nothing but a reform in parliament can snatch her? Are not the people amused with this phantom of liberty, and with high-sounding acclaims of prosperity and abundance, while they are loaded with every species of political grievance: their corn kept at a high rate by a wicked and interested regulation—every necessary of life, such as tea and tobacco, taxed beyond the reach of purchasing—the right of suffrage withheld from the body of the people—and seats in parliament and boroughs sold like cattle in a cattle-market? And all for what?—To have every bad measure of the administration supported by interested hirelings—mere pieces of court-machinery, who only move by the weight of gold—solid gold, which the minister contrives to have introduced into their pockets.

Now the remedy of all those evils is easy and safe—as we have nothing more to do than reform our parliament, by excluding placemen from the house of commons, by abolishing the right of election in decayed, or—(in the elegant language of the reformers)—rotten boroughs—by making suffrage universal—and by rendering parliamentary elections annual. Let us think for a moment of these proposed improvements in the order we have stated them.

Placemen have for many years been an inexhaustible theme for the declamation of the party in opposition. By them every person who occupies a public-office is considered and denounced as a vampire, who goes his nightly rounds to drain the public purse and fatten on the spoils of the treasury. And for these charges, I admit, that there exists but too much proof. I am convinced that peculation to an enormous extent is carried on in the public-offices, and that undue methods are often resorted to for the increasing of court emoluments, though I am equally convinced that these abuses are much exaggerated. But such are not the principal evils that are dreaded from those hated placemen. They are denounced as forming a junto of interested supporters of the measures pursued by the executive, and are, consequently, supposed to hesitate at no deceit, however wicked, and to scruple at no measures, however dishonest or dishonourable, in order to accomplish their designs.

But, would the influence and the means of peculation, which placemen possess, be diminished or destroyed by their exclusion from the House of Commons? It would indeed be exerted in a more secret manner, but perhaps with still more efficacy than now, when it is almost acknowledged, or, at least, but thinly veiled. The proposed reform then would, probably, in this particular case, open a path for more dangerous forms of intrigue and corruption, and might have a greater tendency to debase than to elevate the characters of our public officers.

There would also result from the proposed exclusion an evil, which seems never to have occurred to any of our reformers—it would shut up almost the only access which the House of Commons has to important state-information.

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The proceedings of the executive are, from their very nature, in a great measure concealed, till they come to be known by their effects, and a destructive measure can only be stopped in most cases by a legislative act, after it shall have produced irreparable evils. This is not a speculative opinion. The members of the first American congress were, perhaps, as much prejudiced against placemen, as the most determined exposer of corruptions in Britain can possibly be; and yet they were under the necessity, in spite of the most obstinate and preposterous opposition, to request the presence of the secretary of the treasury to assist in their financial measures. When such exclusion as our reformers advise was found to be so embarrassing, and placemen found indispensible in the legislative assembly of the United States, where prejudices against them were so strong, how can we avoid concluding that they were not only useful, but that they cannot at all *be* dispensed with; with the evils which they bring with them, therefore, we must bear, or palliate them as we best can.

But how is this salutary measure to be obtained? How are the public officers, whose presence is necessary to the very existence of a well-regulated legislature, be introduced into the House of Commons? It is not indeed provided for by statute, nor perhaps is it necessary. But I shall be told that there is a law almost directly against it, which enacts, "that if any person, being chosen a member of the House of Commons, shall accept of any office from the crown, during such time as he shall continue a member, his election shall be declared to be void, and a new writ shall issue as if such person so accepting was naturally dead." It is, however, wisely subjoined, that such a person shall be capable of being again elected, at the choice of the electors.

Now this, which to a theoretical inquirer into the British constitution would appear to be a defect of no common magnitude, is most effectually remedied by connivance. At the first institution of boroughs, the number of members which they were declared to be capable of returning, was no doubt proportionate to their wealth or their population. But wealth is continually shifting its channel, and population is frequently transferred from one town to another, according to the fluctuation of manufactures and trade. When this happens, it would no doubt be but fair, that the right of suffrage should be transferred also; but, justice and right, in practical politics, must often give way to expediency and public utility. In this case, the transference proposed would violate justice as it would infringe the charters of the boroughs which had thus in the change of human affairs fallen from their former station. Besides, their decay is productive of great advantage, as it remedies the evil which would otherwise accrue from the exclusion of placemen—and enables the administration to get their own members elected into the House of Commons, which in many cases would have been otherwise impracticable; for, the electors of such boroughs as have fallen into decay being less numerous, gives the friends of administration an opportunity of obtaining a greater influence over them, and they are consequently thus empowered to have the public officers returned to parliament in defiance of popular clamour. Time has thus produced, as in politics it frequently does, what the wisdom of the framers of the British constitution had overlooked, and has converted what is ignorantly denounced as a nuisance, into a useful and almost indispensible part of our constitution.

These treasury-boroughs also are indispensible for the support of the crown; for were the minister unable to secure a majority in the House of Commons, almost every public measure would either be negatived or produce an impeachment; there would be perpetual changes of ministers—the whole nation would be stirred up to commotion—and would exhibit one continued scene of confusion and misrule. This the decayed boroughs do much to avert; and they must, on that account, be reckoned the greatest blessing—next to liberty of speech and freedom of action, which our constitution provides for.

But it is contrary, it is said, to political justice, that two or three men in one part of the kingdom shall have the power of checking as many members of parliament, as several hundreds of equal or superior rank and wealth in another.—Perhaps the objectors are right in this; for, if the right of suffrage be granted at all, why not grant it in an equal degree to men of the same rank and influence. If this doctrine of right however be adhered to and acted upon, I am afraid that instead of that august

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fabric which it has cost us so much blood and treasure to rear and maintain, we should soon have nothing to boast of, but the confusion of a lawless rabble or the rule of a lawless tyrant. Nay, if we are allowed to refer to experience, we may be bold to say, that it is contrary to human nature, and to the texture of human society, that such a right should ever be recognised, for we can adduce no example of any country where it ever was acted upon—nor could I imagine it ever brought into operation except in the fancies of Utopian dreamers; we demand an unequivocal example before we risk a hazardous experiment.

But what, it may be asked, would the House of Commons be improved were the right of suffrage extended, so far only as is practicable? The number of the members, it must be obvious, could not be increased, without being productive of the utmost confusion, for every numerous assembly is a mob, and although the treasury-boroughs were deprived of their ancient charters, and their rights transferred to towns which have recently increased, no very great number more could be returned to parliament by those boroughs which wish to be considered independent. The House of Commons, in short, would consist in that case of similar elements as at present, with the serious disadvantage of wanting official information—from the exclusion of the public officers. Their deliberations would of course be the same, and the laws would have a similar character and tone to what they have now.

There are at present in the House of Commons members of the most various professions and pursuits, and it may be doubted whether there is a single individual in the whole nation who is not represented, or, which is the same thing, whose sentiments are not some time or other expressed in that house. Now this is exactly what is wanted; for no man, I presume, would expect that all the acts of the legislature should tally with his political opinions, or even with the opinions of any party. It is sufficient that these sentiments be expressed in the House and published to the nation. If they are important and just, the most venal administration that ever ruled the British empire, would find it unsafe to disregard them. If they are of a contrary stamp, they will fall deservedly into contempt.

This leads me to consider the only circumstance which would render reform at all expedient—namely, that it would humour the prejudices of a numerous and respectable class of men who have taken umbrage at the glaring corruptions in the representation, and will be satisfied with nothing short of complete perfection. They do not seem to recollect that nothing human admits of this; and since, by their own acknowledgment, we have advanced farther towards perfection than any state, ancient or modern, ever did; would it not be better to abide by the system we have found so superior, rather than overturn it by rash experiments, which, in every probability, would make things worse instead of better?—I meant to have said something about elections, but I find my paper is already long enough, and tedious enough too, as my opponents will say.

ANOTHER INVENTION BY THE CELEBRATED M. ARC-EN-CIEL.

ANOTHER of M. Arc-en-Ciel's inventions, though not so aspiring as sun-making is, nevertheless, exceedingly ingenious. He does not, however, lay claim to originality in the invention of the Terasanthrôpôn, as it is mentioned by Homer in the eleventh Iliad.

Εν νέφει δτηριξε τερας μεροπων ανθρωπων; ver. 28, though the art of rainbow-making has been lost these two thousand years. Newton, indeed, made some approaches towards it in his prismatic experiments; but it was reserved for M. Arc-en-Ciel to revive it in all its original Homeric splendour.

The Terasanthrôpôn is contrived with the same philosophic simplicity as the kosmoholoscope, being nothing more than a small elegant globular bottle of polarized Iceland spar, inclosing, like the other, a quantity of M. Arc-en-Ciel's essence of light. The bottle is inclosed in two opaque cases of ass-skin parchment, the inner of which is full of imperceptible needle perforations, of the most tasteful patterns, through which

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the essence makes its way so soon as the outer case is shifted. The result is beyond all description wonderful; the sight is dazzled and overpowered by the brilliant rainbow tints, which are thus poured upon it in regular and unceasing radiance and variety; it is, indeed, a Terasanthrôpôn.

The chief use which M. Arc-en-Ciel proposes to make of the instrument is as a female ornament, and were it not degrading to philosophy to make it a nursery-toy, there certainly never was a more happy device for the amusement of infant curiosity. The poor nurse will, indeed, no longer have to lament her inability to gratify a squalling child with the pretty rainbow, heretofore out of her reach, as the Terasanthrôpôn is expressly contrived for making rainbows of every possible diversity of size. At Paris they are quite the rage at present, no lady of ton venturing to appear without, at least, one splendid iris, either on her head-dress or playing about her neck. The Terasanthrôpôn does, indeed, make the most superb necklaces and bracelets: Zones also and flounces have been lately introduced, far surpassing the natural rainbow in richness and play of colouring. But the grandest triumph of the Terasanthrôpôn was seen in the person of Madame Arc-en-Ciel, who appeared one evening at the opera in a costume wholly composed of rainbows. Every conception of angels, and sylphs, and seraphs which painters and poets have given us—was so splendidly outshone by the iridescent robes of Madame Arc-en-Ciel that the whole audience burst out into one loud exclamation of *Mon Dieu!* and sunk swooning on the benches. The device, however, which seems to have made the most impression on my friend, was that of an iris reversed and stuck in the front of a wig-turban, like the crescent of Mahomet, or the horns of the Egyptian goddess Isis. With this effect of the Terasanthrôpôn—my friend was quite in raptures, and raves of it with all the extravagance of a mad lover. The rainbow scarf is also a great favourite with him—and it may gratify your female readers to learn, that a large order for Madame Arc-en-Ciel's scarfs, &c. has been dispatched to Paris express, from the house of M. B. M. and Co. and may be expected in a few days.

M. Arc-en-Ciel also gives displays, by means of the Terasanthrôpôn, on a scale of matchless grandeur—throwing rainbows over a vast extent of country, to the amazement of the people included in the measureless span of the iridescent arches. He means, indeed, to announce himself, on his arrival in England, by a display of this kind—the most superb which has ever been attempted in this country. He has constructed a grand Terasanthrôpôn for the purpose, which will throw an iris the whole way from Dover to London, or from that to John O'Groats.

C. E.

THE PARADISE OF PLENTY.

Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle slumber dread,
With divers trees, and sundry flow'ring bankes.——
———A spacious plain on every side
Strewed with pleasaunce—like a pompous bride
When first from virgin bower, she comes on early morn.

SPENSER.

ALZARA, who had never felt a wish to leave his native mountains, nor ever conceived that happiness could exist beyond the barren steeps of Gnmar, chanced, one day, as he watered his camels at the spring, to meet with a caravan of Circassian merchants, whom the water had attracted thither. On entering into conversation with the strangers, they described the bounties of Arabia the Happy in such glowing colours, as to kindle in the breast of Alzara an irresistible desire of visiting that garden of bliss. He became weary of the bleak prospect which Gumar unvaryingly presented. To him the mountains now wore a darker shade of brown, and the pure streams which fell from the rocks, and were lost in the desert, wanted the bordering of flowers, the shade of myrtles, and the music of birds, which his imagination had pictured in the happy region. He went with reluctance to tend the flocks of his father, and murmured at his scanty fare of milk and dates. His countenance be-

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came gloomy, and melancholy settled in his bosom. The smile of cheerfulness rose on his cheek only when he had climbed to the summit of Ras el Djed to look, with longing hopes, towards the mountains on the horizon, beyond which the happy Yemen was situated. Determined to leave a country which, to him, presented nothing but sameness and misery, and not daring to ask permission from his father, he contrived, on a beautiful evening in summer, to elude observation, and bid farewell to the rocks and deserts of Gumar.

To avoid being discovered by those whom he knew would be dispatched in search of him, he took a rout which, being destitute of water, was never traversed. Guided by the star which had so often directed him in his wanderings through the desert, he hastened over the sands in all the impatient anxiety of hope. The pleasures which he expected soon to enjoy glowed in his fancy, and caused the long track of the wilderness to appear in his eye of less extent than the vale of palms, where he had passed his youth in many a gay frolic and innocent amusement. He had now reached the ridge of mountains which he had often seen far in the horizon, when the sun arose in splendour from the edge of the desert behind him. All day he wandered, with unabated ardour, along the foot of the ridge, in search of the path which had been described to him by the Circassians. But the evening approached before he could discover any part of the rocks that was accessible. Having then discovered a slope, which, though rugged, did not present so formidable a barrier as several others, which he had attempted previously without success, —he clambered up from cliff to cliff, till he had nearly reached the middle of the mountain. But coming, at last, to the bottom of a precipice, which was not to be surmounted, he began to despair of ever arriving at the happy Yemen.

On casting a look of sullen disappointment at the barrier which seemed to terminate his hopes, he perceived a Dervise on the top of the precipice, gathering berries from the over-hanging shrubs. He made signs to the old man that he had lost his way, and requested him to point out the path over the mountains. The Dervise readily directed him how to find the way to the summit of the rock, and offered him such accommodations as his tent afforded, promising to direct him on his journey on the morrow.

Alzara's mind was so full of the beauties which he imagined were to be found in the country whither he was travelling, that he could not conceal from his entertainer the purpose of his journey. Instead of approving of his design, however, the prudent old man began to describe to him the pains of pleasure, and the listless languor induced by uninterrupted happiness. But observing that Alzara was little inclined to listen to his advice, he took him to a rock adjoining the tent, where he hoped, he said, to convince him by his own observation. They entered a passage which led through the rock to the opposite side of the mountain, and seemed to be scooped out by the hand of nature. When they had reached the farther end of the passage, a prospect burst upon the astonished Alzara, which far exceeded in beauty the brightest of his dreams.

On the one hand was an extensive forest of orange and palm-trees, of the most stately growth, the tops of which were yellow with the evening light of the sun. The shrubs, which grew on the borders of the forest, were covered with variegated blossoms, and imparted to the air the fragrance of a thousand odours. This wilderness of flowering shrubs was parted by a stream, the murmurs of which were faintly heard from a plain on the opposite side, which extended farther than the eye could reach, and was adorned with every flower which beauty, or fragrance, could render pleasing. But, amidst all this profusion of delights, the enraptured youth did not perceive the least trace of an inhabitant, and turning to his guide, whom he had forgotten in the first ecstacies of astonishment, "Why," said he, "does the lovely scene before us attract no inhabitants? I think I should never tire in wandering along the shades, or regaling myself with the fruit of those beautiful orange-trees, in tracing the windings of the brook, which murmurs so sweetly, and of gathering nosegays of the spikenard and laurel-roses which grow on its margin."—"It is only inexperience," replied the Dervise, "that makes you so enchanted with those imaginary pleasures. This is called the *Paradise of Plenty*, and is a place of punishment and not of enjoyment. Thither the Sultan of Yemen sends all those who have endeavoured to amass wealth, at the expence of probity and

ustice, foolishly conceiving that riches are calculated to yield them unmingled happiness. For this purpose were those flowers planted on the borders of the stream; for this were the orange-trees reared in the forest. Here ripe fruits hang on every bough; the purest water flows in the brook; and every sense is gratified at the moment of wishing. It is not then without inhabitants as you supposed, but listlessness has so overcome them, from the satiety of gratification, that all have retired to their bowers of myrtle, to dose away the hours, which to them seem never advancing. Numbers of them, in a fit of despair, swallow a deadly draught of opium, and choose to perish in the energy of madness, rather than sleep away a whole life of indolence. Those beautiful colours of the evening-sky which, to you, heightens so much the loveliness of the landscape, cannot force from those slumberers a single glance of delight. Nothing, indeed, appears alive in that silent region, but the industrious bee, which, as it collects the honey from the blossoms, lulls the listless exile into deeper slumbers. No, Alzara, these delights, in our present stage of existence, we cannot enjoy. Allah has forbidden the sons of men to be idle. Return with me, then, to the tent, rest till morning, when you may go back to your father, and content yourself with the moderate pleasures to be found at home."

Alzara paused for a moment, and, with a sigh, was about to take a farewell look of the Paradise of Plenty, but the sun had now set, and darkness veiled all its beauties. He turned to follow the Dervise, and went toward the tent, musing in disappointed silence; but whether he pursued his journey, or returned to Gumar, the story sayeth not.

N. N.

ANCIENT POETS.

No. I.—Gawin Douglas.

"GAWIN DOUGLAS," says Holinshed, "was a cunning clerk, of many faculties, a man of excellent erudition, and a very good poet;" and as we heartily agree in this with the old chronic'er, we shall try to make good our opinion. In due obedience, therefore, to our author's judicious but quaint advice,

> Consider it warily, read oftener than anis,
> Weil at ane blink sly poetry not ta'en is;

We have perused and reperused his "Werkis," and, for many an hour, have been delighted with his merry humour, his graphic strokes of character, his richness of fancy, and his fresh picturesque sketches of rural landscape and rural feelings. It is somewhat singular, that the Bishop of Dunkeld has been so much overlooked in this age of revived admiration for the fathers of our poetry; though the reason is obvious enough, his language being rather difficult, and believed to be more so than it really is, by those who shrink back from the trial because it is Scots. Yet the same persons will read and relish the productions of Burns, or Sir Walter Scott, though it is to be recollected, that there was a much greater approximation between the English and Scots of those early times than now; and those who can read Chaucer, Gower, and Langeland, will have little difficulty, with the help of a glossary, in understanding Gawin Douglas. The language was considered indeed so analogous to that of the South, as to be called English by cotemporary writers; for example, in Sir David Lindsay's character of our author, in his "Prologue of the Complaint of the Papingo"

> Alas for ane, whilk lamp was in this land
> Of eloquence, the flowing balmy strand!
> And in our English rhetoric, the rose,
> As of rubies, the carbuncle been chose;
> And as Phœbus does Cynthia precel,
> So Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkell,
> Had when he was into this land on live,
> Above vulgar poets prerogative.

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* Edit. Edinburgh, 1592, 4to. p. 185.

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Those who are fond of the Scots poetry of the more modern national poets, will find the productions before us much superior to them all, with the single exception of Burns; who, it must be confessed, far excelled our author in sweetness, tenderness, and pathos, though he can bear a comparison in graphic description, in the painting of rural scenery, and in unbounded variety of fancy, while the glow and the energy of his mind give a charm to his most barren and unpromising subjects.

Gawin Douglas was of noble descent, being the third son of Archibald, commonly denominated the great Earl of Angus; who, when he was unable to persuade James IV. to abandon the invasion of England, retired from the court, and sent his two eldest sons as his representatives to the ill-fated army, both of whom were killed in the field of Flodden. Our author's profession involved him in all the wicked machinations so common in those times of turbulence and misrule; and though he did not want decision of character, he disliked the warfare of altercation; and resigning his pretensions to certain appointments, because they were contested, he established himself quietly in the diocese of Dunkeld, a place richer, perhaps, in poetic attraction and picturesque landscape, than any other in "the land of the mountain and flood." It was here that he employed his leisure in composing his poems, which have often derived some of their most splendid passages from the fine romantic scenes where he watched,

> The brightening roses of the sky,
> And gaz'd on Nature with a poet's eye. *Pleas. of Hope.*

The excellence of his genius, and his great erudition, caused his renown, as he says of the fame of Hercules, "to walk wide," and he was, in consequence, chosen to settle some negotiations in London, where it is supposed he died of the plague;* for

> To popes, bishops, prelates, and primates,
> Emperors, kings, princes, protestates,
> Death sets the term and end of all their height.
> *Palice of Honour*, iii. 79.

According to the taste of the period, he was fond of writing allegorical pieces; and this spirit sometimes breaks out even in his prologues to Virgil, as in the eighth book, which is a fine moral allegory, but much deformed and obscured by alliteration, though in his other pieces he seldom offends much in this way. As a specimen of this corruption of genuine poetry, we shall quote a stanza or two of the eighth prologue.

> Of drivelling and dreams what doth to endite?
> For as I lean'd in an lea in Lent this last night,
> I slid on ane swevning, slumb'ring ane lite,
> And soon ane selcauth sage I saw to my sight
> Swooning as he swelt would, and sowped in site
> Was never wrought in this world more woeful ane wight
> Raming:—"Reason and right are rent by false rite,
> Frienship flemed is in France and faith has the flight,
> Lies, lurdanry, and lust are our load stern,
> Peace is put out of play,
> Wealth and welfare away,
> Love and lawty both tway,
> Lurkis ful dern.

END OF VOL. I.

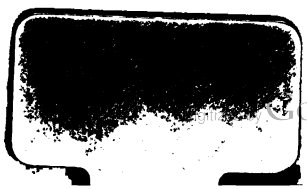
* Polydore Virgil, Ang. Hist. p. 53.

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